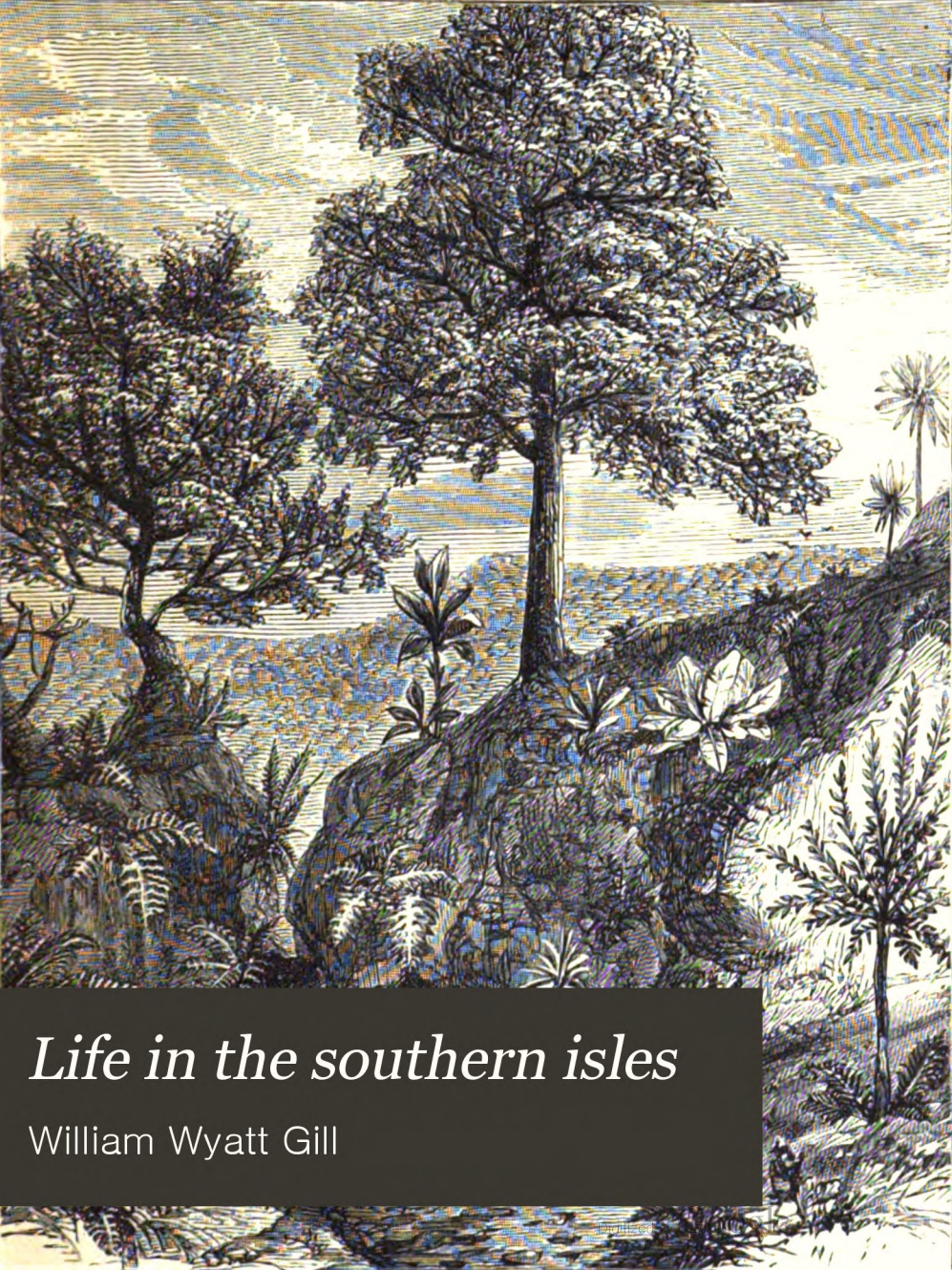
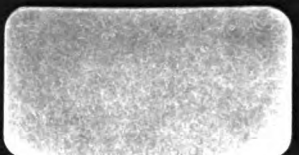


Life in the southern isles

William Wyatt Gill



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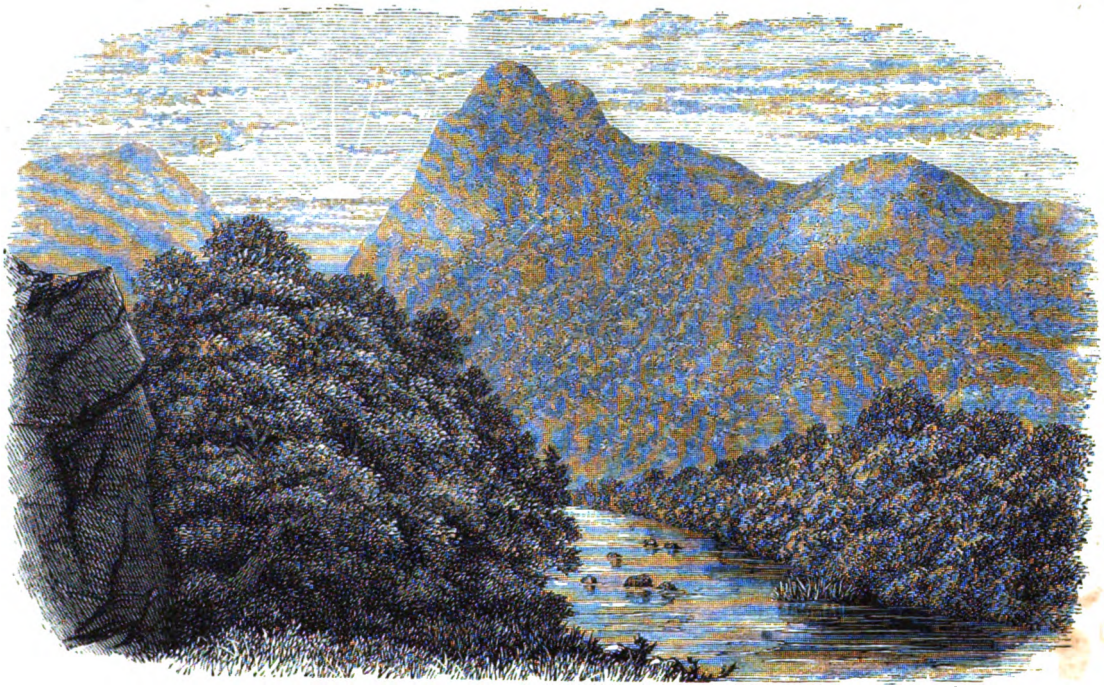

EROMANGA.

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(The scene of the Martyrdom of Williams, and subsequently of the Gordons.)

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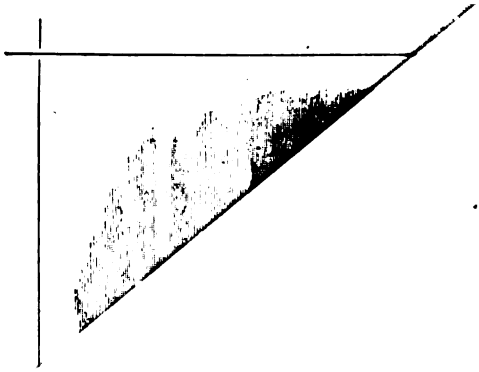

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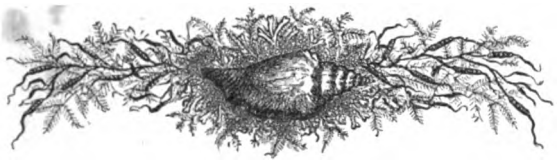


LIFE IN THE SOUTHERN ISLES;

OR,

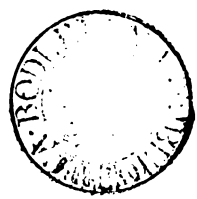
Scenes and Incidents

IN THE

SOUTH PACIFIC AND NEW GUINEA.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM WYATT GILL, B.A.



LONDON:
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,
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Worship of the rising Sun.

PREFACE.

AFTER an absence from England of twenty-two years the author revisited his native land, and scattered through various periodicals Notes on some of the topics which had interested his own mind during his missionary career in the Pacific. Ere resuming his work he has collected these Notes, with much additional matter, into a small volume. The substance of the chapter on New Guinea was read before the Royal Geographical Society in Nov. 1873.

In reference to the permanence of the Polynesian race, there is no necessary law why it should perish. In some islands the population is steadily increasing; notably in Samoa, Niué, Aitutaki, and others. The lamentable reduction of population which has been noticed elsewhere, may be accounted for by kidnapping, epidemics such as measles, small-pox, and other virulent diseases introduced by foreigners, the introduction of "fire-water"—that curse of the white man, the unwise use of heavy clothing (worn for show during the hot day, succeeded at night by garments of the lightest description), and the licentious practices transmitted from heathenism, and alas! encouraged by Europeans at Tahiti and elsewhere. The Polynesians have not the stamina possessed by Europeans. Indeed, they too much resemble the gorgeous flowers of

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their own fair islands, which open with the dawn and drop to the earth at sunset. But whatever may be in the future, our duty to these interesting islanders remains the same, viz., to do all we can to preserve and elevate them.

A recent critic, referring to the South Sea Missions, speaks of "the smallness of the results obtained from the enormous expenditure upon Mission-work." Now what are the facts of the case? Sixty-five years ago the whole of the Pacific was heathen. Now upwards of three hundred islands are Christianised. When missions were commenced in the Pacific, commerce did not exist. The commerce of the Pacific is now estimated at £3,000,000. So surely does civilization follow in the wake of Christianity. Idolatry, in the greater portion of the Pacific, is a thing of the past. Education is advancing. 500,000 natives are under instruction; 60,000 are, we hope, "disciples indeed." Wherever a Christian community is ministered to by a native pastor, he is sustained, not by contributions drawn from Europe or America, but by the free-will offerings of his own people. All this has, under God, been done by various Protestant Missionary Societies at little more than the total cost of the Alexandra Palace,—less than a million sterling!

Seven complete translations of the Scriptures have been made by missionaries into dialects hitherto unwritten. Thirteen others are proceeding at the present moment. That the message of love should thus be conveyed in twenty barbarous dialects is itself a wonderful feat, whether regarded from a literary or a religious point of view. The Rev. W. G. Lawes is engaged in translating the Gospel by Mark into the language spoken at Port Moresby in New Guinea,—a place unknown to the world four years ago.

The writer has not yet discovered an island of saints. If he were in search of one, he would naturally look for it not amongst those who within his own memory were heathen, but nearer home, where Christianity has been professed for nearly eighteen centuries. None are so conscious of the manifold defects of their converts as the missionaries themselves; but they believe that they are equal to the church at Corinth (who were honoured by an epistle from an inspired apostle), and certainly far superior to those hordes who in the middle ages cast aside their idols, and became the founders of our modern Europe.

WILLIAM WYATT GILL.

LEWISHAM:
July 21st, 1876.

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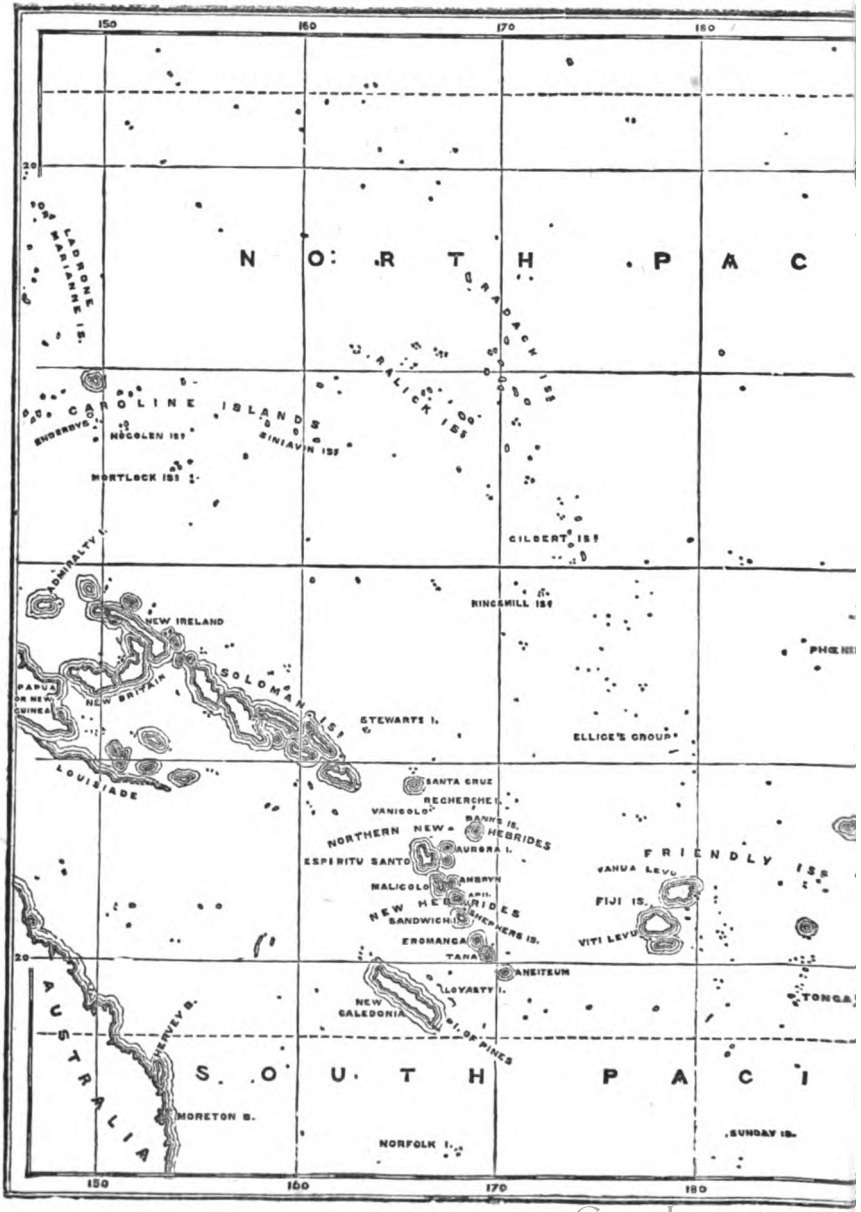

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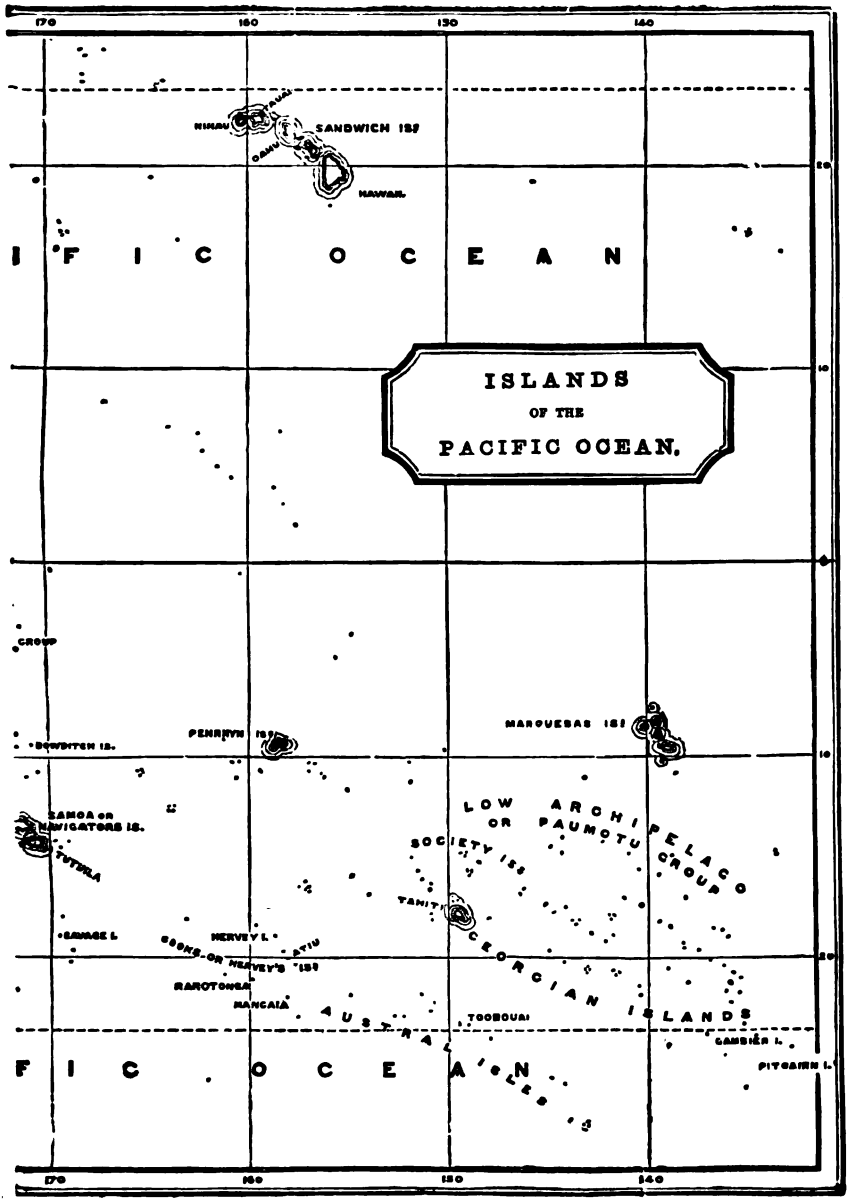

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"The isles shall wait for His law."

ISAIAH xlii. 4.

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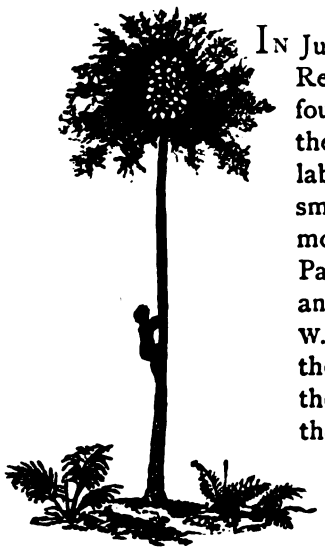
LIFE IN THE SOUTHERN ISLES.

CHAPTER I.

THE HERVEY ISLANDS.



Papao Apple (*Carica papaya.*)

IN July 1851, in company with the late Rev. A. Buzacott of Rarotonga, and four other missionaries, I sailed for the Pacific. I was appointed to labour in the Hervey Group, a small cluster of islands lying almost in the middle of the South Pacific, between the parallels of 19° and 22° S. latitude, and 157° to 160° W. longitude. The trade winds in the southern hemisphere blow from the S. E. to the N. W., and most of the islands of the Pacific lie in the same direction. To this rule the seven islands constituting the Hervey Group are no exception.

In 1773 Cook discovered the twin islets enclosed within one reef, which he named *Hervey's Island.* It is strange that the group should be named from the least important member of it. The native name for one

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ISLAND OF AITUTAKI.

of these islets is Manuae, and for the other Au-o-Tu, *i.e.*, "Tu's kingdom." The only food on this barren and almost uninhabited atoll is the cocoa-nut.

Aitutaki is situated in 18° 54′ S. lat., 159° 41′ W. long. This beautiful and fertile island was discovered in 1789 by Captain Bligh, in the *Bounty*, a few days before the celebrated mutiny broke out. It is hilly and park-like, and about eighteen miles in circumference, with an encircling reef extending on the S.W. for seven or eight miles. A number of islets, shaded by a dense growth of cocoa-palms, stud the outer edge of the reef. There

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are two settlements on the island; the principal one, on the sheltered N.W. side, is almost hidden among groves of orange and citron. This picturesque village is built opposite to an opening in the reef, which enables boats to land in safety under the guidance of expert natives. The spacious church and school-house reflect great credit upon the Aitutakians.

At nearly the same distance (fifty miles) from Hervey's Island on the S.E., as Aitutaki on the N.W., lies the island of *Atiu*, which is twenty miles round. It consists mainly of uplifted dead coral, perforated in every direction by deep caverns. Everywhere near the sea it is well wooded. There is no harbour; so that landing is at all times difficult, sometimes dangerous. The natives are congregated into one settlement built on the flat top of the central hill; so that their spacious church is visible at sea to a great distance. The geological structure of this island is similar to that of Mangaia. The chiefs of Atiu rule over the adjacent islands of Mitiaro and Mauke, each about ten miles in circuit. The former, with its deep lagoon, is barren in the extreme; the latter, which is evidently an older formation, and without a lagoon, is very fertile. There is no opening in the reefs which surround these small islands.

The southernmost islands of the Hervey Group are *Mangaia* and *Rarotonga*. Mangaia is in 21° 57′ S. lat., and 151° 7′ W. long. It is twenty miles in circumference, and not more than five hundred feet above the sea. It may be seen, in clear weather, at a distance of thirty miles. Mangaia is a complete coral island; it rises from deep water as a ring of live coral. The unbroken fringing reef is covered at half tide; beyond it, landward, are broken masses of dead coral rock. At the distance of some two hundred yards from the rugged beach rises gradually a second or inner ring of dead coral, which, towards the interior, is perpendicular. This remarkable belt

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of uplifted dead coral, surrounding the island like a cyclopean wall, is from one to two miles across. In some places to cross it is like walking over a few millions of spear-points. Many ghastly wounds are occasioned by foot-slips. Numerous sea-shells of existing species are imbedded in the highest parts. It is honeycombed with very numerous and extensive caves, formerly used as habitations, cemeteries, places of refuge, and stores. Scores of them are filled with desiccated human bodies. Stalactite and stalagmite abound, and form thick and fast-growing layers of lime rock. The largest and most famous of these caverns is known as "the Labyrinth" (*Tuatini*).

The interior of the island is formed of dark volcanic rock and red clay, descending in low hills from a flat-topped centre, known as "the crown of Mangaia." There is no lagoon. Streams of water, after fertilizing thousands of taro plantations, find their way to the ocean by subterranean passages through the second or inner ring of dead coral to which reference has been made.

The population of Mangaia is gathered into three villages: the principal one being on the west, the second in size and importance on the south, and the third on the north-east.

Captain Mainwaring, of H.M.S. *Cameleon*, referring to his recent visit, says: "The church and mission-house at Oneroa deserve special mention, being by far the best built I saw amongst the Hervey Group and Leeward Islands,—the rafters of both being covered with a very fine sinnet plaiting, laid on in most artistic and tasteful patterns. The grounds about both church and mission-house are well laid out and carefully kept."[1]

Rarotonga, the largest and most picturesque island in the group, is situated in 21° 20′ lat., 160° W. long. It was dis-

[1] Cruise of H.M.S. *Cameleon*, printed for private circulation.

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VEGETATION OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

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covered by the martyr Williams in 1823, and is thirty miles in circumference. According to native tradition it was visited by a Captain Goodenough about the year 1820, but not reported to the civilized world. The misdeeds of these first white visitors were terribly revenged by the natives. Rarotonga is a vast mass of volcanic mountains, rising peak above peak, until the height of 4500 feet above the level of the sea is reached. It has a broken fringing reef of living coral.

From one to two miles of rich alluvial soil extends everywhere from the base of the mountains to the sea. The whole island is clad with rich tropical verdure. It is difficult to exaggerate the strange forms of beauty which everywhere meet the eye,—gigantic and fantastic columns of rock draped with vines; deep valleys lying in the shadow of overhanging mountains; primeval forest, with its many shades of green; immense chestnut trees, laden with fragrant blossoms, marking off the actual domain of man; miles of breadfruit groves, intermingled with cocoa-nut palms, shading plantations of coffee. Nearer the beach are plantains, bananas, sweet potatoes, and, lastly, growing to the water's edge, are graceful iron-wood trees, with hair-like leaves hanging down like tresses.

There are several small harbours in Rarotonga; only one of which, however, is really safe. Each of the five settlements boasts a church, a school-house, and a manse.

Connected with the Hervey Group mission are four small islands as out-stations. The nearest of these—Penrhyn Island, with a noble lagoon nine miles across, is famous for its pearl shell. This atoll, which is barren in the extreme, is situated in 157° 10′ W. long., and 9° S. lat. The native designation of this island is Tongareva ("Tonga-in-the-skies"), a name inclusive of all the islets. But the more ancient name is Fararanga—"land," evidently given by their ancestor Mahuta upon the first welcome sight of the island. Penrhyn

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was evangelized in 1854, but in 1863 was almost depopulated by the Peruvian slavers.

Three degrees to the S. S. W. of Penrhyn lies the interesting island of Rakaanga, and at the farther distance of twenty-six miles the sister island of Manihiki. There is a fine lagoon at Manihiki, but none at Rakaanga. These islands are covered with forests of cocoa palms, richly laden with fruit. They are inhabited by one race. Until 1852 only one island was occupied at a time; but the frequent waste of human life in their migrations induced these islanders, at the suggestion of the Rev. W. Gill, amicably to divide themselves into two distinct communities.

About three hundred and thirty miles to the west of Manihiki is the lone island of Pukapuka, or Danger Island, where the first *John Williams* was lost in 1864. It consists of three islets studding one fine lagoon, into which there is no entrance. The Gospel was introduced to Pukapuka in 1857 under very interesting circumstances.

All these northern atolls are very low and hot, and produce little besides cocoa-nuts and pandanus fruit. A coarse species of *Caladium*, called "puraka," however, grows in Rakaanga. The *Caladium petiolatum*, as well as the "puraka," is cultivated by the natives of Pukapuka.

Intellectually, the half-starved Penrhyn Islander is the lowest in the scale; next comes the Danger Islander; and then the clever and industrious natives of Rakaanga and Manihiki. The houses of the latter are well built of snow-white coral.

I shall never forget my last visit to these interesting islanders. The day had been spent in examining the schools, preaching, and conversing with inquirers. When most of our visitors had left, we strolled down a narrow sandy path through a dense growth of cocoa-palms to the beach. It was a scene of singular beauty. The stillness of the night, the

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bright moonbeams glancing through the cocoa-nut fronds, interlaced like the aisles of a cathedral, and the dark blue waters at either end of the long avenue, seemed like a glimpse of fairyland.

The population of the Hervey Group, including the four northern atolls, is somewhat less than 9000.

As the result of several years' careful observation of the thermometer at Mangaia, the southernmost island of the Hervey Group, we found that in the shade at 6 a.m. it was never lower than 62°, and at 2 p.m. in the shade it was never higher than 92°. The season for cyclones is from January to the end of March.

Whilst the inhabitants of the Hervey Group proper were formerly cannibals, those of the northern atolls seem to have been of a gentler mould. This may be accounted for by the smallness of their respective populations, and the great distances between the atolls.

In six out of the seven islands of the Hervey Group cannibalism only ceased with the introduction of Christianity. But it is worthy of note with regard to Mangaia that this revolting practice ceased *before* the introduction of Christianity,—a circumstance unparalleled in Polynesia. It was on this wise: About a century before the Gospel was conveyed to these islands, the famous priest-chief Mautara had by craft and force crushed out all his foes, and seized the reins of government. There was not a person living on the island but was connected with him or his by worship, blood, or marriage Mautara was undoubtedly the greatest and most far-seeing man the island ever produced in heathenism. His family swayed the destinies of Mangaia from about 1720 until the disastrous battle of Araeva in 1821. When Mautara acquired absolute power, he wisely forbade cannibalism, through fear of perpetuating the anarchy which for generations had existed. This fine specimen of a heathen ruler has gone

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down to posterity by a nickname (Mautara) derived from a wretched cannibal who was slain at Ivirua, because he himself was long addicted to this horrid practice. The true name of this great priest-sovereign was Rongo-i-mua, which has almost been forgotten by his own descendants. Occasionally[1] the old habit showed itself again even in Mautara. Instances of cannibalism are known to have taken place in later times. Thus I knew men whose fathers gloried in having eaten the notorious Potai; this, however, was done by stealth, not openly and constantly, as in the early days of Mautara.

Sacred Tree of the South Pacific.[2]

The flora of the Hervey Group is similar to that of the Tahitian and Society Islands. The forests abound in *Callophyllum inophyllum*, *Barringtonia speciosa*, *Cordia*, *Thespesia populnea*, *Fagræa berteriana*, the candle-nut tree (*Aleurites triloba*), and a beautiful species of gigantic laurel. The blood-red flowers of the coral-tree (*Erythrina coraldendron*) contrast pleasantly with the dark leaves of the forest. The hill-sides of Atiu and Mangaia are overrun at

[1] See an instance related on a subsequent page.

[2] The flower of the *Callophyllum inophylium*, the Sacred Tree, answering to the oak among the Druids.

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the base with the lemon hibiscus; while farther up the *Casuarina* and the screw-pine shade the traveller. Formerly the long leaves of the screw-pine thatched only the temples and the dwellings of great chiefs; now the meanest native uses it, without fear, for the covering of his own hut.

The staff of life in Mangaia and Atiu is the *Caladium petiolatum*. The natives of Rarotonga and Aitutaki subsist chiefly on bread-fruit, plantains, bananas, and sweet potatoes. At Mauke and Mitiaro plantains and the papao apple (*Carica papaya*) are the principal food. Bananas, yams, chestnuts, arrowroot, sugar-cane, gigantic taro, an acrid tuber called "teve" (*Amorphophallus campanulatus*), Brazilian plums, and the baked roots of the *Dacræna terminalis* are also eaten.

The birds of this group are not numerous. Hervey's Island was once famous for yielding the red feathers sacred to the gods, consisting really of the two long feathers in the tail of the handsome Tropic bird. Tern, boobies, black and white herons, woodpeckers, kingfishers, pigeons, linnets, and doves abound.

It is a singular circumstance that whilst pigs were found on Atiu and Rarotonga at the time of their discovery, on the neighbouring islands of Aitutaki and Mangaia the largest quadruped existing at that time was the rat. Yet at Mangaia there was a rocky district known as "Pig-sty" (*pa puaka*); another rugged spot was called "Grunting-pig" (*puaka ngunguru*), showing that at one time they had at least a tradition of pigs.

The outward condition of these islanders has been marvellously improved since the introduction of Christianity. The soil is better cultivated, waste lands have been reclaimed, numerous places once sacred to the gods are now planted for the good of mortals, better houses are built by all classes of the population.

At Rarotonga, Aitutaki, Manihiki, and Rakaanga sub-

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stantial erections have taken the place of the wretched reed huts covered with shreds of cocoa-nut fronds, usual in the olden time. Coffee, cotton, arrow-root, mangoes, oranges, limes, citrons, pineapples, are now generally cultivated. New varieties of the banana have been introduced, of which that from Cochin China is by far the most valuable. Horses, cattle, goats, pigs, turkeys, ducks, fowls, and the honey-bee have been naturalized. Sheep do not thrive. The inhabitants are well clothed; most of them can read and write in their own language, can cipher fairly, besides possessing some knowledge of geography, etc. When missionaries began their work, the language had to be reduced to writing.

A generation ago most of these islanders knew not the value of money. Within my own memory, in one island a bag of Californian gold "slugs" (each worth £10), from a wrecked vessel, was *cooked to make them tender for eating!* They are now well acquainted with the value of most of the coins of the civilized world.

The abolition of human sacrifices, war, cannibalism, polygamy, idolatry, and a crushing despotism are due to Christianity. The thief has become honest, the immoral pure in life, the cruel-hearted kind. Many hundreds have become the disciples of Jesus. Churches, school-houses, and manses have been built throughout the group. An institution for educating native pastors and teachers is in full operation,—thus an indigenous ministry has been raised up. The entire Bible has been translated into the vernacular, of which three editions have been sold. A volume containing upwards of three hundred hymns is used in public worship. Some elementary works on astronomy, geography, grammar, etc., have been translated. In fine, a generation of men and women have grown up without having seen the idols worshipped by their ancestors.

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II.

Life among the Natives.

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A VILLAGE IN PUKAPUKA, UNDER HEATHENISM

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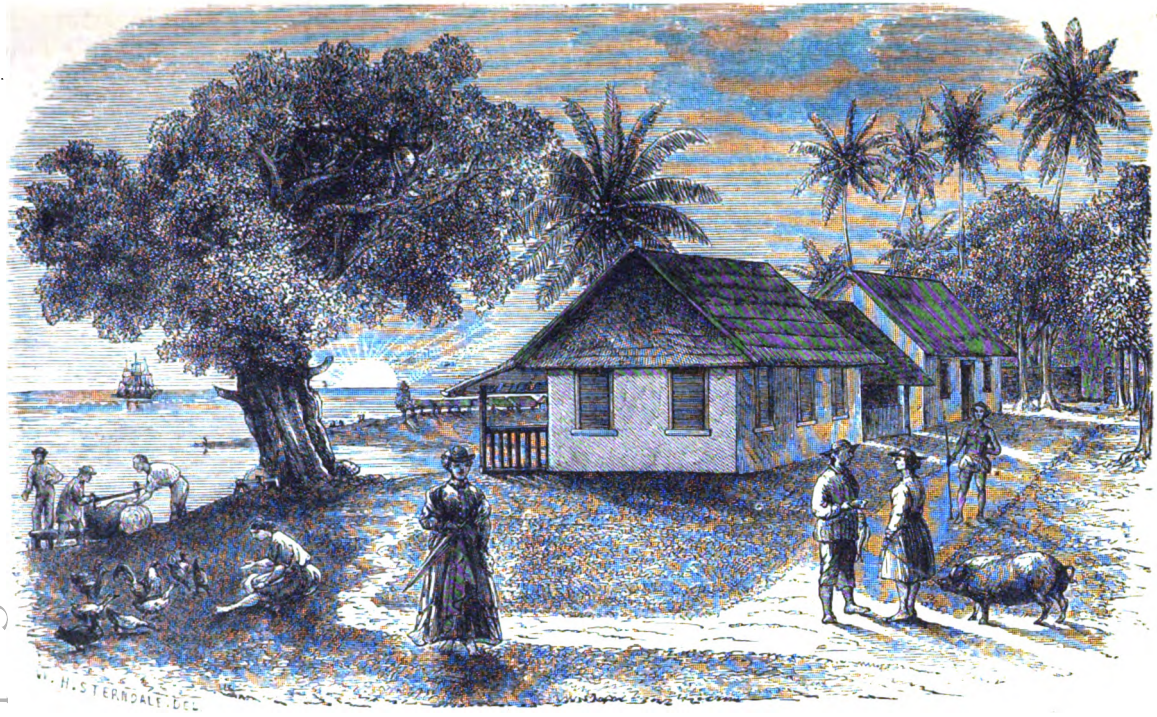

THE SAME VILLAGE, UNDER CHRISTIANITY.

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A VILLAGE IN PUKAPUKA, UNDER HEATHENISM

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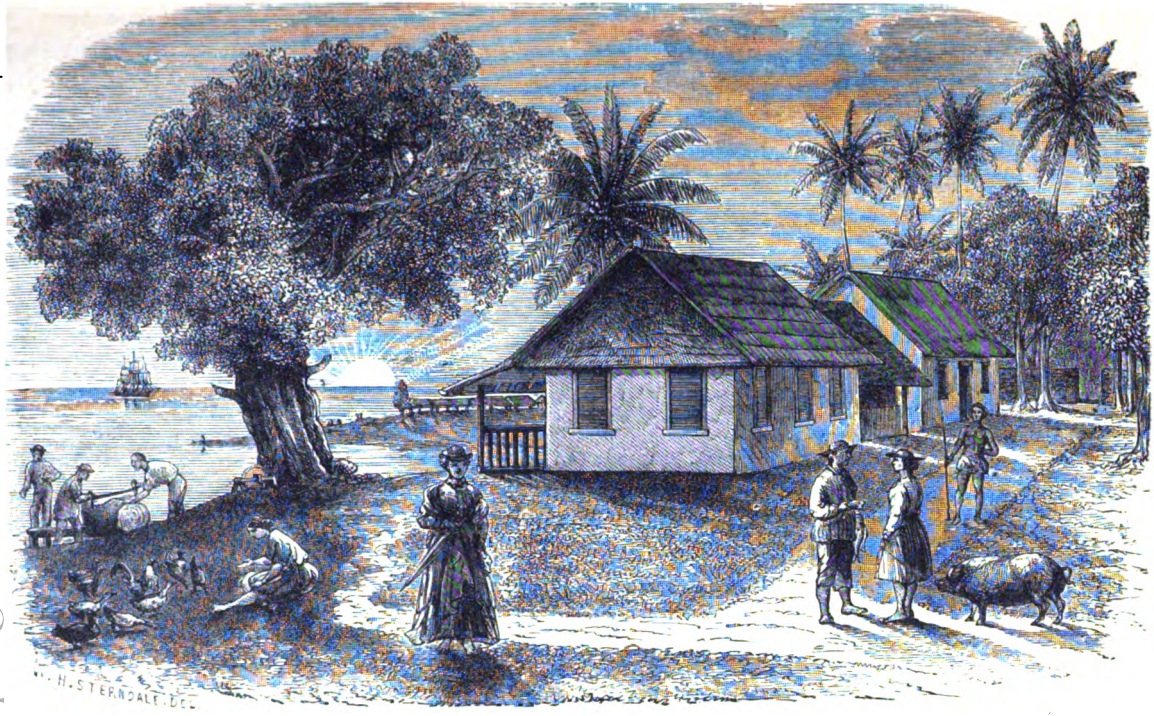

THE SAME VILLAGE, UNDER CHRISTIANITY.

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CHAPTER II.

LIFE AMONG THE NATIVES.

I.—THEIR ORIGIN.

Candle-nut Tree (*Aleurites triloba*).

THE theory that the Polynesians are descended from a race which once overspread a great submerged southern continent, has been advanced by Mr. Alfred Wallace in his work on *The Malay Archipelago*.[1] As the land gradually sank, a few of the aborigines may have escaped to the tops of the loftiest mountains, around which subsequently coral reefs formed. Whilst admitting that "Polynesia is pre-eminently an area of subsidence, and its great widespread groups of coral reefs may mark out the position of former continents and islands," I still think Mr. Wallace's inference to be unwarranted, for—

1. Supposing a remnant to have escaped, it is scarcely possible that life could be sustained, as usually there is nothing to eat on these lofty mountains, to say nothing of the difficulty of obtaining water.

[1] Page 593, Fourth Edition.

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2. The theory is utterly opposed to the native accounts of their own origin, which all point to the north-west.

3. The spread of the race can easily be accounted for on the basis of historical facts. In 1862 I saw on Manu'a an open boat which had accidentally drifted thither from Moorea, a distance of one thousand two hundred and fifty miles, and no life lost. A few months later on in the same year, Elikana and his friends drifted in a canoe from Manihiki to Nukuraerae in the Ellice Group (lying N.W. of Samoa), a distance of about one thousand three hundred and sixty miles. Half the party perished from want of food and water. In both these instances the drifting was from east to west, before the trade winds. A far more memorable event occurred in January 1858, during the prevalence of the *westerly* winds, when a numerous family drifted from Fakaofo in the Union Group, north of Samoa, to Nassau Island, thence to Palmerston's, and finally to Mangaia; altogether a distance of one thousand two hundred and fifty miles in a south-easterly direction.

4. The colour, hair, general physiognomy, habits, character, and especially the language of the Polynesians, indicate a Malay origin. This cannot be accidental. It would be easy to give a long list of words identical or nearly so, in Malay and Polynesian.[1] My impression is that long ago the progenitors of the present race entered the Pacific from the south-eastern fork of New Guinea, but were driven to the eastward by the fierce Negrito race. The greatest distance from land to land as they proceeded eastward would be from Samoa to the Hervey Group, about seven hundred miles, which, as we have seen, has been successfully traversed within my own observation.

The Hervey Islanders are undoubtedly of modern origin; so too I believe are the Eastern Pacific Islanders. Tahiti

[1] See Mr. Whitmee's able article on the "Ethnology of Polynesia," *Contemporary Review* for 1873, p. 405.

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and the neighbouring islands were peopled some generations previous to the Hervey Islands; the first island colonised in that neighbourhood being Raiatea, the centre of a widely-extended and most sanguinary worship. Those islanders speak of their ancestors as having come *up* from the "po" ("darkness" or night) or from "Hawai'i" (Savai'i). By "coming up out of darkness," no doubt the lands where the sun sets are intended; and "Hawai'i" is Savai'i, the largest island in the Samoan Group. Of course "Hawai'i" naturally reminds one of the great island in the Sandwich Group; but the traditions of our eastern islands all point westward, *not* northward.

A close study of the question for several years past induces me to believe that the Hervey Group was colonised about five or six centuries ago. The grounds of my belief are the following particulars derived from the natives:

1. As to the lovely queen-island of the group, Rarotonga. A celebrated chief, Makea Karika, sailed from Manu'a, the most easterly island (or, more strictly, *cluster*) of the Samoan Group, and first discovered and settled on Rarotonga, so named "in memory of Western Tonga." Eight times did this daring voyager traverse the ocean, the last time to return no more. It is believed that he perished in a storm. But the colony he founded prospered under the rule of his son. This is known at Manu'a, as well as at Rarotonga.[1] When the martyr-missionary Williams discovered Rarotonga, in 1823, the twenty-fourth Makea was king of the island, or, as it is still termed, "the Tongan Kingdom" ("te au o Tonga"). "Makea" is a title of office, like "Pharaoh" and "Candace." Allowing to each a reign of twenty-five years, we attain a total of six hundred years; but from what one knows of savage life, twenty-five years is too long a period.

[1] At Manu'a there is a place called Rarotonga, the marae of Salia = Karika, who went with his warriors to cruise about, and at length arrived at Rarotonga. Makea's marae at Rarotonga is named Manuka, *i.e.*, Manu'a.

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There is on Rarotonga a lesser chief, Tinomana, likewise descended from Makea Karika. In the year of the discovery of the island, the nineteenth in direct descent was then ruling over his tribe. Allowing, as in the former instance, twenty-five years to each chief of the subordinate branch, we obtain a total of four hundred and seventy-five years.

2. A hundred miles north of Mangaia is the island of Atiu, which exercises sovereign authority over the lesser islands of Mitiaro and Mauke. Mana, the old chief and "wise man" of Atiu, acknowledged that his ancestors sprang from the renowned Makea Karika family. Being a younger branch, the oppressive law of primogeniture induced the first chief of Atiu to seek a home elsewhere; so he collected his vassals, and departed to this comparatively barren isle, so like Mangaia, still in possession of his descendants. This, to a native mind, humbling confession was made a few years back, upon the marriage of the present chief (Povaru) of Atiu, with Takau, the reigning Makea of Rarotonga. I have in my possession a long and wonderful account of the origin of all things at Atiu; but it cannot be doubted that these are the echoes of older traditions adapted to new circumstances by the all-powerful priest of Terongo, tutelar god of Atiu.

3. With regard to the history of Mangaia, a great difficulty in settling the question arises from the fact that these restless, fierce islanders were no respecters of kings. Most of their royal personages were from time to time murdered by their subjects at the instigation of the priests. These crafty fellows well knew that their own persons were generally safe, on account of their ghostly functions. We turn, then, from the list of kings—in which there are numerous interregna—to the well-known succession of priests of the three principal gods of Mangaia. This gives us only *nine* very long lives; or, to speak with absolute correctness, seven *very* long lives and two shorter ones (of murdered priests). Allowing each priest

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to discharge his functions during the long period of fifty years, we get a result of four hundred and fifty years.

The Mangaians themselves trace their origin to Avaiki, or nether world; but Avaiki, Hawai'i, and Savai'i, are but slightly different forms of one word. The *S* of the Samoan dialect is invariably dropped in the Hervey Group dialects, whilst a *k* is substituted for the break at the end. No native of these days doubts that by Avaiki his ancestors really intended Savai'i, the largest island of the Samoan Group. In Polynesia, to sail *west* is to go *down;* to sail *east* is to go *up.* To sail from Samoa to Mangaia would be "to come up," or, to translate their vernacular closely, "to climb up." In their songs and myths are many references to "the hosts of *Uk*upolu," undoubtedly the Upolu of Samoa. At Rarotonga Upolu is Kupolu. In one myth the god Tane is represented as travelling in a canoe from Ukupolu to Avaiki, which is the usual mode of communication between Upolu and Savai'i, the islands being only a few miles apart. In heathen times, when a man died, his spirit was supposed to return to Avaiki, *i.e.*, the ancient home of their ancestors in the region of sunset. In course of time this was expanded into the belief that Avaiki was a vast hollow beneath them.

A single tribe on Rarotonga and Mangaia trace their immediate origin to Tahiti, but assert that a few generations earlier their progenitors came from Avaiki. The god of the tribe on Mangaia, which came from Tahiti, is the Tane referred to, who went from Ukupolu to Avaiki.

The name Samoa means "the family or clan of the Moa," whose lineal descendant, still bearing the name of Moa, is yet living on Manu'a, whence Makea Karika sailed for Rarotonga.

Four hundred and fifty miles north of Samoa are the eight inhabited low coral islands known as the Ellice Group. With the exception of the Nui Islanders, who trace their origin to the Kingsmill Group, they are, according to their own account,

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the children of a number of Samoans who drifted to Vaitupu several generations since. A few years ago the inhabitants of Vaitupu pointed out to me, as they had previously done to other visitors, the identical chestnut-tree planted by their ancestors on their first landing.

The Kingsmill Islanders are understood to have come from Japan. Their colour, language, and features are very different from the lighter-coloured Samoans and Rarotongans.

The natives of Penrhyn trace their origin to Mahuta, an expelled chief of Manihiki and Rakaanga. These latter came from Rarotonga.

The natives of Easter Island (Rapa-nui) claim to have come immediately from Rapa-iti, originally from Mangaia. From conversations with some of the Easter Islanders, I conclude their island to be the long and vainly-sought-for island of Tuanaki, of which I have heard the old men speak, and after which the south-western part of Mangaia is named.

The problem now remaining is, to ascertain whence the Samoans sprang. Those islanders, I believe, still point to the setting sun; but more definite information is needed. A brother missionary long resident in Samoa told me that he recognised the name of a mountain in Java in their ancient myths, with which he is well acquainted. On landing on the eastern peninsula of New Guinea, we were struck with the evident similarity of those light-skinned natives to the Samoans and Rarotongans, though physically inferior, owing probably to the depressing influence of fever and deficient food. Many words in all three dialects were identical, such as the words for "eye," "hand," "fire," etc. The *r* of our Polynesian dialects was, however, dropped.

Of the Asiatic origin of the race amongst whom I have spent so many years, it seems to me there can be no reasonable doubt. The very modern colonisation of the Hervey Group is unquestionable.

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The form of prayer used on public occasions at the marae of Tangaroa, Rarotonga, until the subversion of idolatry, illustrates the native tradition as to their origin :

Intoned by the Priest.

Vananga mai te tupua Tangaroa, Ki tapatapa atua, Kimo Tangaroa ! Kimo !	Speak, thou ancient Tangaroa To thy worshippers, Praise Tangaroa ! praise (him).

People.

Kimo ! Kimo ! Ourourourō ! Iē.	Praise (him). Praise (him) Ha ! ha ! (War dance).
Vananga mai nga atua. Vananga mai nga ariki Teia te turanga pure, aku atūa.	Let the gods speak, Let the kings rule. We offer thee worship, O god !
O *Atia* ra te pou enua īa, Ei tupuranga tupuranga, e torō !	*Atia* is the original land From which we sprang.
Avaiki ra te pou enua īa, Ei tupuranga tupuranga, e rire !	*Avaiki* is the original land From which some came.
Kuporu ra te pou enua īa, Ei tupuranga tupuranga, e torō !	*Kuporu* is the original land From which we sprang.
Vavau ra te pou enua īa, Ei tupuranga tupuranga, e rire !	*Vavau* is the original land From which some came.
Manuka ra te pou enua īa, Ei tupuranga tupuranga, e torō !	*Manuka* is the original land From which we sprang.

Intoned by the Priest.

The native account of "Atia," is, that it is *an enclosure*, out of which came the primary gods of Rarotonga. "Atea" (Vatea or Avatea=*Noon*), their ancestor, is said to have split open the solid rock, and permitted the gods Tu, Tangaroa, Rongo, Tane, and Tongaiti joyfully to emerge out of utter darkness (po) to the light of day. Is Atia the name of some island westward of Samoa? Or is it to be regarded as an

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etymological speculation founded on the verb "aati," "to break?"

Bows and arrows were used in the Eastern Polynesian Islands; they were used for sport, not for war; the reason being that their persons were so well defended with folds of cloth, that such arrows as they could get would not have pierced the skin. It is quite different amongst the naked savages of Western Polynesia.

II.—THEIR LANGUAGE.

THE great Malay family have in a marvellous way spread themselves over the Pacific, from New Zealand on the south to the Sandwich Islands on the north, and from Fotuna on the west to Easter Island on the east; that is, a distance of four thousand three hundred miles in one direction, and three thousand five hundred in the other. The language spoken by this widely-scattered race is essentially one. Yet each cluster of islands has its separate dialect; and in the Hervey Group there are almost as many dialects as islands, on account of their extreme isolation. In the Hawaiian dialect, which boasts an alphabet of twelve letters, the *t* and *ng* of the southern islands are represented by *k* and *n*. Thus "tangata" (man) of the Samoan and Hervey Groups becomes "kanaka" in the Sandwich Islands. The Tahitian, with its alphabet of thirteen letters, is distinguished by a continually recurring break, like an incipient *k*, and the frequent use of the aspirate. In Tahitian, "tangata" becomes "ta'ata;" tāvare (deceive) of the Rarotongans becomes "haavare." The Hervey Islanders possess thirteen letters; and, as in the New Zealand language, *ng* frequently begins a word, making these dialects very guttural. The Samoans rejoice in an alphabet of fourteen

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letters, of which the sibilant and the *f* are in frequent use. The Samoan is a musical and highly-polished language, and has been justly called the Italian of the Pacific. Like the Tongan, it has a chief's language, also a high chief's language; so that virtually three dialects are simultaneously spoken by the same people. There is no trace of a chief's language in the Eastern Pacific, indicating that the Tongan and Samoan groups were the ancient seats of civilization, from which colonies were sent forth at various times to the eastern islands, without, however, carrying with them all the refinements of the original stock. The antiquity of the civilization of the Samoans and Tongans, as compared with the Tahitians, Hervey Islanders, and New Zealanders, is attested by the fact that the latter have no word for "thanks," whilst the former have it ever on their lips. The Savage Islanders are always saying "thanks" (ouē). The Hervey Islander is silent on the reception of a gift; if he wishes to express gratitude, it must be by a circumlocution.

The New Zealand dialect, with its alphabet of fifteen letters, is closely allied to that of the Hervey Islanders, from whom in part at least they are descended. The Maoris are accustomed to call the Hervey Islanders "elder brothers." A man who can read the one dialect will have no difficulty in understanding the other.

Compared with the highly-polished languages of Europe, these dialects have many deficiencies; yet the universal use of the dual number and of the inclusive and exclusive pronouns, impart to them a force and precision which more cultivated races might envy.

There is much of natural poetry about the Polynesian conception of things. Thus the Hervey Islanders speak of old age as "a mountain-top yellow with the rays of the setting sun." Violent death is "eternal deafness;" natural death is to "follow in the track of the setting sun." To recover from

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sickness is "to go to the region of sunrise." Man is universally compared to the fruit of the cocoa-nut tree; the designations for the various stages of its growth being the ordinary words employed for infancy, childhood, youth, mature life, and old age. "Pakari" means *ripe* and *wise*, it being supposed that when men become ripe of years they are wise.

The word (mataiapo), commonly rendered "chief," literally means, "the eye that sees in the dark," implying that the chief as the father of his people is ever wakeful, on the look-out for possible danger. Humility is to "creep like the roots of a tree," because the slave population used to approach their chiefs in that fashion. A widow or a widower is "only a bone" (ivi ua), *i.e.*, unclothed, useless, alone.

"Au" means "peace," also "reign," because a chief was said to reign only so long as he was able to maintain peace and order.

A childless wife calls herself, and is designated by her friends, "a food-waster." The eldest son, as the future head of the family, is called "the chief," special honour being paid to him at his birth and death. Trowsers (piripou) are "covering for the pillars," *i.e.*, legs. "Toa" (casuarina) signifies "ironwood" and "warrior," *i.e.*, a man who wields weapons of iron-wood, or who is as tough as ironwood. "Tanu" is to "bury" or "plant," beautifully suggestive to a Christian mind of the doctrine of the resurrection. "To rest" is "to cause weariness to vanish."

A clever man is a "*right*-handed" man; a clumsy fellow is a "*left*-handed" man. To be victor is to be "standing on your feet" (vaevaetu); to be defeated is, "feet prostrate." A protected state is "a state overshadowed."

Morning is "hungry" (popongi). Evening is "fire—fire" (a'ia'i), *i.e.*, time of fires. Dawn (aengata) is the dividing of the dark shadow of night. "Mata" means "eye" and "face," because the eye gives expression to the face. Fresh water is

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"water native of the soil" (vai maori), as opposed to sea-water, which is called "tai." Every member of the Polynesian family calls himself a "tangata maori," *i.e.*, a "native of the soil," as opposed to whites and negroes. To call a native "black" is an insult never to be forgiven. Should a mother hear her infant called "fair" she feels immensely flattered. Their expressions for hunger and thirst are extravagantly strong. Where we say simply, "I am hungry or thirsty," a Hervey Islander says, "I am dying of hunger or thirst." Words are said to be "eaten," and the "stomach filled with them." A waterspout is a "whirling, whirling of the sea;" a cyclone is "a turning upside down" (uriia). The Rarotongan word for "write" (tata) in reality describes the process of tattooing (*i.e.*, writing on human bodies), meaning literally "tap—tap," or "strike—strike." The Mangaian word for "write" (tui) primarily refers to the tracing of clan-designs on native cloth.

Real refinement of feeling is evidenced by the ordinary reply to the query of a stranger, "Whose house is this?" "Yours and mine" (no taua). And so of anything else that your guest sees or touches. By subtle flattery the servant that prepares your food is called "mistress" or "master" (pu).

The salutation on meeting varies considerably in different groups. Tahitians and Rarotongans beautifully say, "May you live in God;" Mangaians simply, "Brother;" Samoans and Savage Islanders, "Love to you." On parting the Samoan politely says, "May you sleep" (tofa), sleep being their highest idea of felicity. The Hervey Island visitor on leaving addresses his host thus, "Do you remain; we are going." The height of politeness on the part of the host is then to say, "Go then, go."

Birds are named from their note. There being an indigenous race of pigs[1] on Rarotonga and Tahiti, the name

[1] Now extinct.

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(puaka) for pig was subsequently used for all quadrupeds, rats excepted. Horses are called "pigs that run over the ground," or "pigs that carry men;" goats "horned pigs;" dogs "howling pigs;" cats "pigs that mew," etc. When you meet a native leading a pig or riding a horse, it is polite to inquire, "Where are *you two* going?"

Some words are evidently in imitation of the sounds of nature. For example, "thunder" is *mangungu;* "billow" is *ngaru;* "snap" is *kā*, etc.

The elder missionaries were struck with the similarity to the Hebrew in the conjugation of the verbs and in many of the primitive words, such as *mate*, death; *mara*, bitter; *rapaau*, to heal; *pae*, side; *ina*, behold, etc. Most verbs have a causative active and a causative passive form, resembling the Hebrew conjugation *Hiphil*, and its passive, *Hophal.*

These islanders, like the Hebrews of old, place the seat of the affections and intellect in the bowels. A parent giving vent to an excess of tenderness to a child will say, "My belly is all gone out towards you." In writing to an absent son, the father will use the expressive phrase, "My bowels are pained through grieving for you." Of a choleric little man I once heard it said, "What can you expect, seeing there is no room for a large heart?"

So too of the intellect. A native will praise after this fashion: "Your bowels are full of light;" *i.e.*, you have a clear intellect; or the reverse, "Your bowels are dark indeed." A conceited fellow is said to be "One whose bowels are full of pride." Courage is located in the liver. A brave warrior is "a man of large liver." Of a coward it is sneeringly said, "What could you expect, his liver is so small?"

With these people, our "beating of the heart" is "the trembling of the liver." To the "heart" proper nothing whatever is attributed. And, strangely enough, the name for it (*utu*) is the same as for the poisonous fruit of the

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magnificent Barringtonia tree, on account of the similarity of size and shape.

Polynesians are addicted to the use of diminutives. To almost every noun in Rarotonga and Mangaia are prefixed the diminutives "mea" or "manga"—"bit of;" "a ship" thus becomes "a bit of a ship;" "a man" is spoken of as "a bit of a man," etc. In presenting a basket of taro, the owner will depreciate it by calling it "a few buds or off-shoots;" a bunch of bananas becomes "a sprout;" a great feast dwindles to "something wrapped up in leaves." In giving out the needful directions for a feast, a chief will sometimes tell his people "to look out for wild 'nono'[1] apples," intending by this delicate hint that their finest taro should be taken up on the day specified. This style of expression runs through everything. A plantation is described as "a holeful of earth," or "a leaf-full of soil," or "standing-room for a bread-fruit tree." A widow once told me that her deceased husband "had left her *beneath the post* of their dwelling," meaning that he had given her their house to live in. A man with an armful of cloth will confess to "a patch." A fisherman who has secured a shark will describe it as "a minnow." A comfortable dwelling-house becomes a mere "ant-hole."

The crimes and cruelties of past ages have left indelible traces upon the language in daily use, thus proving the justice of Archbishop Trench's remark, that language itself attests that man is fallen.

In many of these islands there is a pretty bird named from its cry Titi. Its flesh is regarded by the natives as a delicacy. The Titi burrows its nest in the mountain side. During the period of incubation it is easily caught by the hand, or by plaintively imitating its cry. Accordingly, in the Tahitian dialect, a slave or conquered person is called a Titi, because

[1] *Morinda citrifolia.*

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the conquered took refuge in the mountains, where they were easily captured and slain. At Mangaia they were designated "the smitten ones," "the encircled," "the downsliding," as of an unfortunate who, having lost his balance, is rolling down a steep hill to destruction. The most offensive appellation of all is "worms" (*iro*).

At Rarotonga it is customary, in anticipation of a great feast, to mark pigs by piercing the nostrils and inserting cinet string. In like manner the slave population were called *tuikaa, i. e.*, "marked with cinet," implying that, although allowed to cultivate the lands of Makea, these poor creatures were but pigs reserved for the day of feasting! This was literally the condition of the slave population down to the introduction of Christianity.

A curse, in the European sense of the word, is not possible in the native language; but what is held in similar abhorrence by these islanders are expressions relating to cannibalism and sacrifice. For instance, "May your head be cooked for me!" or, what is more common, as being delicately suggestive of the whole body, "May your ear be cooked!"

Then, in regard to sacrifice, "Thou shalt be my offering (fish) to Rongo!" This is falling into desuetude, as those who actually were liable to be offered as human sacrifices are now safe.

A protector, or saviour, is called "the hole by which we emerge to light," referring to the gloomy caves in which the conquered took shelter. The only hope for these unfortunates would be the pity of some chief, who at the mouth of the cave might call out those starved ones whom he wished to befriend.

Truth is "strong word," because truth alone will stand. It is also "a straight word;" "a word straight as a reed;" whereas falsehood is "a kinked cinet-string." Thus God left them not without a law written on their hearts.

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III.—OFFERINGS TO THE GODS.

A VISIT paid by me to an aged man who in his youth had taken an active part in providing human sacrifices for the gods may illustrate this part of our subject.

A pleasant ride on an afternoon of August, 1869, brought me to the foot of a steep hill on the south of Mangaia, over which the ordinary road runs. Avoiding the beaten track, I passed through a dense grove of cocoa-nut trees laden with tempting fruit, and slowly rode up a narrow gorge once the scene of a bloody battle. Musing over the past, the dusky heathen warriors seemed to rise up before me, as I slowly threaded my path through clumps of tall reeds. The once all-powerful clan of Tongans has almost passed away. In the days of their prosperity the district through which I was travelling was utterly unapproachable to strangers.

At last I gained the summit of the hill-range which serves as a boundary-line between two large districts, whence a pleasing prospect unfolded itself. On the one hand, a number of narrow and well-wooded valleys opened out into one great plateau, marked off like a chess-board into squares, and well planted with taro. The streams which continually irrigate this vast collection of taro-patches drain off into a picturesque lake, overhung on one side with lofty crags. Beyond the pile of rocks the magnificent Pacific stretches to the remote horizon.

On the other hand, *i.e.*, on the Tamaruan side, was visible at no great distance the roof of the neat village church. Between the village of Tamarua and the lofty ridge on which I stood was a rather deep natural basin, fortified on all sides by precipitous hills. With no little difficulty I succeeded in leading my horse down the narrow winding path. At length we passed through plantations of arrowroot, bananas, paper-mulberry, coffee and cocoa-nut trees,—these latter

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planted as usual round the margin of the taro-patches, by way of shade. Under the far-spreading branches of a gigantic chestnut, I found a deacon of the church and his aged uncle Paitiki. We sat down on a seat of nature's own providing,—a bed of fragrant fern. A draught of cocoa-nut water was soon brought, and I listened to the old man narrating his heathen experiences until the deepening shadow from the perpendicular cliffs at our back warned me to return homewards.

Paitiki, now one of the oldest church members on the island, had in his young days taken part in many treacherous and cruel deeds. I wished to hear from his own lips the narrative of his early life, as illustrating the character of the people and the nature of their religious customs ere the light of the Gospel had shone upon them. Amongst many similar incidents he told me the following.

After the decisive battle of Araeva, in 1821, the defeated party took refuge at a place named Butoa, about two miles from where we were sitting. A beautiful young woman, named Makimaki, belonging to the defeated tribe, had lately married. Unhappily, she was on her father's side descended from the Maruata family, which had long been devoted to sacrifice. But the young, pretty wife had been adopted into her mother's tribe, who were ineligible for the altar, and consequently did not dream of danger.

Early one morning, with several young girls, she left the encampment to fish on the reef. In the course of a few hours they succeeded in filling their baskets with edible sea-weed, shell-fish, and such spoil as their scoop-nets could procure. Their next object was to obtain some taro for their friends in the encampment. Makimaki unwisely left her friends, in order to pay a visit alone to the taro-patch she had planted before the war had begun. In a few minutes she had collected two bunches of taro-tops, which taste much like spinach.

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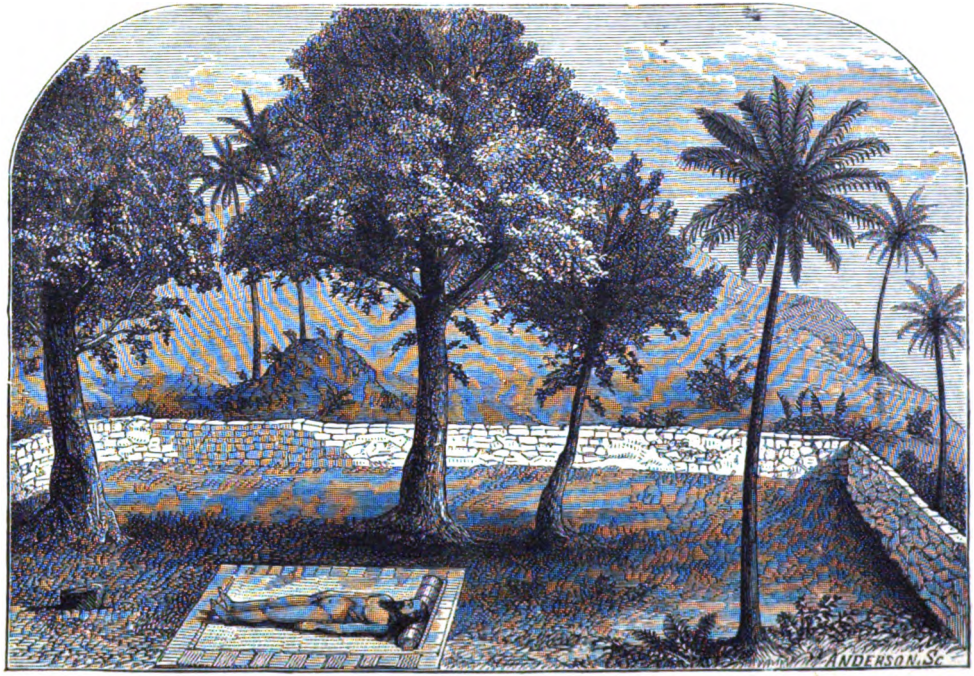

AKAORO, THE FIRST RESTING-PLACE OF THE SACRIFICE—NOW A COW-PEN. (page 35.)

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In the stronghold of Butoa lived Erui, a friend of her husband. On the morning referred to, Erui started off with a companion to the taro-patches. Seeing Makimaki alone, he carelessly approached her, and desired her to come out of the muddy taro-patch. The moment she got on the dry pathway, Erui seized her flowing hair and pronounced the fatal formula, "Death to Rongo's *fish*." He dragged his astonished victim by main force through the taro-plantations into the bush, where his companion came to his assistance. Why not kill her there? That part of the island was sacred to Turanga, the giver of fine cloth to gods and men, and therefore she could not be offered as a sacrifice to Rongo whilst in it. On and on the resisting girl was dragged by those cruel men, each holding one arm; now under the shadow of frowning rocks, now through a dense growth of hibiscus, until the limits of the sacred district had been passed. Of the many who saw from a distance this cruel tragedy, but one person, an elderly relative of the girl, endeavoured to save her. Disregarding the angry words of the old man and the loud lamentations of the beautiful young girl, they succeeded in forcing her to the very spot where we were sitting. A blow from Erui's club ended the struggle.

The cowards now ran back through the bush as fast as their legs could carry them. The first person they met was the now aged Paitiki. The victim-seekers begged him as a member of the victorious tribe to convey to the chiefs the information that a victim had been secured for Rongo. This was done in the hope that Erui would be reinstated in the possession of his forfeited lands. They dared not go openly; as members of the conquered tribe they were considered lawful prey for any who desired to slay them.

Paitiki assented to their request. As he proceeded he picked up Makimaki's *pareu*, her only garment, which had

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fallen off in the struggle. With kindly feeling he covered the corpse with it, and then conveyed the news to the chiefs. A consultation was immediately held respecting the proffered sacrifice ; but it was pronounced unsuitable, because slain without the consent of the magnates, and without the king having put on the murderer "the sacred girdle," to show that he was commissioned by the gods. The body was ordered to be buried next day. Early on the following morning the present king Numangatini with his then wife, an elder sister of Makimaki, wrapped up the corpse and threw it down the horrid chasm Auraka, the burying-place of her mother's tribe. The husband wept long and loudly, but dared not follow her to her last resting-place.

Makimaki had a brother named Akaruke, who a few years previously had been laid upon the altar. But then the lad followed his father's tribe and god, Teipe. At the time of his death he was about eight or nine years old. A rope was tied round his little naked body for the convenience of those who led him to slaughter. The mother of Akaruke wished to die with her boy, but was detained by sheer violence. The child was led round the northern part of the island in order to secure the approbation of certain powerful chiefs living there. On their way the victim-seekers killed a relative of the boy in revenge for some ancient grudge, not for the altar. Arrived at the residence of the chiefs, a feast was made for the murderers. This over, late in the afternoon they started again. But little Akaruke was this time in the care of Katia (who died recently in the faith), who really had a tender heart under a most rugged exterior. He bade the child hide himself in the dense bush till nightfall. But it was in vain ; for as soon as it was known that Akaruke was missing a careful search was instituted, and the rope revealed the hiding-place of the victim. They were now all on the watch, and led him on carefully until they reached Tuopapa, where

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the child was slain, and his body conveyed with shouts of joy to the bloody altar of Rongo. This occurred *circa* 1810. This boy, had he lived, would have been brother-in-law to the king of Mangaia.

To proceed with the narrative of Paitiki. It happened that, on the day that Makimaki was uselessly put to death, a party duly authorised by the chiefs crossed the island in quest of a suitable offering. A feast of taro and fresh-water eels had been disposed of, and Paitiki was selected to decoy the intended victim, Arapoiri. The stupid murder of Makimaki disarranged their plans, and drove the boy they were in quest of into concealment.

Shortly afterwards Reonatia was delivered to death by my venerable friend Rouvi. The body was laid on the altar—the last human sacrifice offered to Rongo, Christianity being successfully introduced in the year 1824.

Several years previous to that happy event, Paitiki was requested by the chiefs to decoy a poor girl named Ketetakiri. She was unmarried, and was deemed by the priests to be a highly desirable offering. Now Ketetakiri was on that particular night engaged with a number of her companions in rat-catching. Paitiki observed that one of these girls was her confidant. He sought to ingratiate himself into favour by assisting them in their sport. He even pretended to be violently in love with the chosen friend of Ketetakiri. I inquired why he made this pretence of love to the confidant, and not to the intended victim. Paitiki said it was in order to avoid rousing the suspicions of the girl, who well knew that she was liable to be sacrificed, whilst her companion was not.

At midnight the victim-seekers came well armed. Ketetakiri had fallen asleep, but her companion was still detained by the joking and flatteries of Paitiki, then in his youth. But for this she would have roused her sleeping friend, and Ketetakiri would been hidden somewhere in the rocks. As

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the murderers surrounded the sleeping bevy of girls, Paitiki indicated with his finger the proper victim, who was instantly dispatched, and in a few hours afterwards laid upon the altar.

A few years earlier still (1808 or 1809) the battle at Teatuapae secured the supreme chieftainship to Koroa. The island had been planted with food, and a long reign of peace was vainly hoped for. Only a few months elapsed when certain restless warriors resolved to seize the chieftainship for one of themselves. A harmless fellow, named Ikakona, should be put to death and offered to the god of war, in order to ensure the success of the plot. Ikakona was selected because he belonged to the Maruata, or Teipe tribe. Not long before his elder brother Akapori had been laid to rot on the altar of the god of night. Ikakona's hut was about a hundred yards from the present mission premises at Tamarua. He was under the protection of the priest of Turanga, who had married his sister. The great difficulty was to get Ikakona away to a place not sacred (*noa*), where he could easily be clubbed. The nephew of the intended victim undertook the ignoble task. That nephew was Paitiki.

Very early one morning he went to his uncle to beg for a stone axe. Ikakona said there were two hidden in the roots of a tree growing on the brow of a hill. He would go with his nephew and fetch them at once. He washed his hands in the running brook, and led the way to the cliff. On the opposite side of the valley the king of those days met and saluted them with seeming indifference. Ikakona did not know that the king slipped into the nephew's hands "the sacred girdle," or he would have run for his life. They made their way through tall reeds and tropical plants for a distance of half a mile ere reaching the place where the coveted implements were hidden. Had Ikakona looked back, he might have seen Tavare, the ruthless murderer of his tribe, dogging his footsteps, holding in his hand a stone adze. The pathway leads

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over the brow of a beetling cliff; it is possible to climb it only by the expert use of one's toes and fingers. Ikakona went up first, all unsuspicious of danger. Tavare, who had put on "the sacred girdle," hurried past Paitiki, and stealthily crawled close to the unoffending victim. A blow from the stone adze on the head of Ikakona dispatched him. Paitiki disappeared at once, intending to make his father believe that he had no share in the business. But the priest of Turanga was not to be deceived. After giving vent to curses against him, he finally drove him away from his home and lands.

That same day the body of Ikakona was borne to the great *marae* on the west. The charm of peace was gone; two great camps were formed, and the result was the battle of Rangiura, where, curiously enough, the enraged priest of Turanga was on the losing side, but his eldest son was among the victors. Paitiki claimed and received the district over which his irate father once held sway—the father becoming a serf to the son! This land Paitiki has kept, despite the two succeeding battles, to the present day.

The old man never forgave his son for his cruel act. Friends said, "Why all this fuss about the murder of a slave? Was it not in honour of the god Rongo?" How true are the words of the apostle—"Without natural affection!"

"Ah," said Paitiki, "those were dark days! Life and property were of little value then. Our evening meals were eaten before nightfall, through fear of a surprise. It was customary afterwards to lie down on the place where women blanched their new cloth, the stones securing the edges of the cloth standing in good stead in case of a sudden attack. At night we hid ourselves in secret places till daylight; only women and children dared to sleep in our dwellings. But for the gospel I should long since have been slain in my turn. I was but a boy when my uncle Ikakona was offered. When Davida and Tiere landed here in 1824, I was still but a young

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man. For many years (over thirty) I have served Christ; and now, tottering with age, I live without fear on my lands, and hope to bequeath them to my grandchildren. Never, never before was such a long peaceful period known on this island."

Taunga, a deacon of the church at Tamarua, once told me that three times he was marked for sacrifice. The wood was cut down and dried to make a hurdle on which to convey his corpse to the altar. Hence the commemorative name Amamaro, "Hurdle-ready," borne by Taunga's nephew.

Another member of the church at Tamarua, Poinga, was twice appointed for the altar. The commemorative name in his family was Ikamotu, "appointed sacrifice, or fish." To such men the gospel was literally, as well as spiritually, "life from the dead."

These human sacrifices became more and more frequent, until about a third part of the population lived in constant terror from this one source. Rangi and Mautara were each content with a single victim selected on the field of battle. Marokore, in the memory of many still living, offered dozens on the blood-stained altar! At last, victim-hunting degenerated into a mere land speculation, and human life seemed to be without value.[1]

Grace before Meals.—The Mangaian heathen were accustomed to make an offering to their gods ere partaking of their principal meal, which, as we have remarked, was over before sunset.

When all was ready, the head of the family would take up a cooked taro, and, if a worshipper of Motoro and Tiaio, would break off the smaller end (which is never eaten), and,

[1] I expressly inquired of Paitiki, whether any of these victims had been guilty of crime which led to their being selected for sacrifice. He emphatically said, *No.* Doubtless their *ancestors* had provoked the wrath of the ruling priests.

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throwing it outside, would say, "Motoro, here is your taro; O eat!" Pinching off a second bit, he would throw it outside into the grass, saying, "Tiaio, here is your taro; O eat!" He would then add, "Grant presence of mind and safety." This ceremony (known as "the taro-throwing") concluded, the family would eat. If any of the younger ones had already taken a bite, the offender had to eject the morsel from his mouth. The great chiefs pronounced the names of all the principal gods, as the omitted divinity might stir up sedition by way of revenge.

At great feasts, ere pronouncing the name of the owner of each pile of food, the master of the ceremonies chanted in a loud voice,—

"Putunga kai,
Na Ruanuku, na Tangaroa,
Na te anau Atea,
E tini, e mano!"

"This pile of food is the gift
Of Ruanuku and Tangaroa;—
Of the offspring of Vātea—
A countless throng!"

In Christian times it has become the invariable custom to spread out clean fresh hibiscus leaves for the taro, etc., as a substitute for plates. They answer the purpose well, being nearly round; but new leaves must be plucked for each meal. It looks very pleasant, at least when contrasted with the old heathen custom of eating out of a basket, or picking up one's food off the dirty dry grass of their houses. Probably no Eastern Polynesian, whether a professor of religion or not, would think of tasting the evening meal without first asking a blessing in these Christian days.

From the old custom of addressing the gods before eating, we derive a word for "thanksgiving in prayer." We missionaries avoid this mode of addressing the Divine Being; but old men, accustomed to the ancient habit, occasionally use it.

Williams, in his *Enterprises*, mentions his having passed a night under the roof of a defeated chief named Maungauni, at Tamarua. Crowds of heathen came to get a sight of the

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white visitor. Great was the sensation in many at witnessing the performance of family worship. The crowning mystery of all was, that after supper Mr. Williams rose and went to a corner of the reed house (consisting of only one room) and knelt down. One or two of the more curious natives silently crept up to his side, and watched his movements. They saw his lips move, but could not distinguish his words. Was he praying for these poor idolaters? If so, his prayers were richly answered in after years, for this anecdote was told me by Rakoia, who was one of those who crept up to the side of Mr. Williams.

Does not the ancient heathen custom of "taro-throwing" shame many in Christian lands, who never return thanks for their bountifully spread tables?

IV.—THEIR LAWS.

Primogeniture.—The firstborn, whether male or female, was especially sacred. If a boy, he was designated "the land-owner" or "chief." He (or she) ate separately; only the grandfather or grandmother might taste the food of the little one. The remainder of the food was put into a different basket, so that it might not be touched by other members of the family. The very door through which the first-born entered the paternal dwelling was sacred, no one else passing through it.

At marriage this favoured child had a separate house; generally speaking, the parents turned out of theirs for the convenience of the first-born. I have often been grieved to see the old folks occupying a mere hut by the side of the old family dwelling. The largest share of land would, of course, fall to the eldest upon the demise of the father; and all the younger brothers were bound to submit to his authority. In general, the chieftainship and priesthood of the clan were

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exercised by the firstborn. By a curious perversion of ideas, the god was sometimes said to have taken up his abode in the youngest of the family, who was then invested by the clan with all the honours due to the firstborn. This was resorted to whenever the feebleness of intellect or lack of energy on the part of the real leader exposed the tribe to destruction.

At Penrhyn this doctrine was carried to the absurd length of forbidding the firstborn to kiss his sister; nor might she cross his path, when the wind which had passed over her was likely from its course to touch his most sacred person!

The Heathen Law of Theft.—In the South Seas it was customary to punish theft with death. At Danger Island it was a recognised law that if any one were caught stealing food—the most valuable property they knew of—the offender was bound hand and foot, and laid at the bottom of a canoe, which was at once launched with its living freight on the ocean. Upon getting into deep water a large stone, provided for the occasion, was tied to the feet of the thief, who was then thrown overboard.

The treatment of thieves at Mangaia was also very summary. Oriau, cousin to the chief of Keia, had, in a season of great scarcity, been guilty of stealing food in another part of the island. The entire population of that district, bent upon revenge, came armed with spears and axes to devastate the whole of Keia. Cocoa-nut trees were felled, bananas cut down, taro uprooted and destroyed, and even the dwellings of the tribe were pulled down, and the thatch scattered to the winds. When the revenging party retired, the clan to whom the offender belonged was reduced to the utmost misery through the fault of one of its members.

Now the relatives of Oriau were worked up to a pitch of frenzy by his repeated offences and their repeated punish-

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ments. Metuaiviivi, chief of Keia, with his younger wife Tapaivi, seized the offender, and dragged him the distance of a mile to a remarkable chasm where the tribe was accustomed to throw down their dead. The entrance to Auraka ("Don't"), the Avernus of Mangaia, is frightfully gloomy. On one side the ground shelves down to the murky chasm, so that a single false step would hopelessly precipitate the visitor down to the abode of the dead. On the opposite side it is approachable: the shallowest part is eighty-one feet deep.

Down this dark opening Oriau was mercilessly thrown. As the chief and his wife went home that morning, they never expected to be again troubled by their thievish relative, thus prematurely and literally "gathered to his fathers."

The flooring of this cave is of soft earth, strewed with the uncoffined dead of past generations. Oriau lay insensible for a time in this ghastly place; but, on returning to consciousness, finding himself able to move, though not without great pain, he sought for some means of egress. Groping about among the dead, he came upon a narrow passage, through which he painfully felt his way in utter darkness. About halfway he was nonplused by a sudden descent, down which he cautiously let himself, not without sundry blows from overhanging stalactites. The pathway was now comparatively easy, on account of the soil washed into the cavern in past rainy seasons. After many windings, to his inexpressible joy he saw a faint light beyond, and Oriau emerged to the light of day. Here he remained till nightfall, when the poor fellow with difficulty reached the hut of his astonished father Raeka.

After a few days it became known that Oriau was alive, and was being secretly doctored for his severe bruises. Metuaiviivi took no notice, in the hope that his foolish relative had learnt a salutary lesson. But such was not the case, for food being still scarce, Oriau some months after re-

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turned to his thievish tricks. In fact, he regarded himself as a favourite with Iro, god of thieves. Unluckily, however, the patron of robbers left his votary in the lurch, for Oriau was again caught, and the lands of Keia were again laid waste. Smarting under this new infliction, Metuaiviivi and his wife went openly to the home of the thief, and in the presence of his old father led him to death.

According to the ideas of those days, the chief dared not shed his blood save on the field of battle, under pain of offending their clan-god Motoro. But the expedient adopted was not less effectual. All three walked silently to Auraka. The thief was securely bound hand and foot with strips of green hibiscus bark, and, despite his loud cries, was thrown down a second time. The bones of Oriau lie at the bottom of this gloomy chasm to this day. This took place a year or two before the introduction of Christianity; that is, within the memory of many now living. The king once told me that he himself took part in disposing of his relative Kiritauaki in the same way for repeated offences of a similar kind.

A good old man, recently gone to his rest, once related in public an exploit of his about the same time. He was then a young man, and lived in the village of Ivirua. He had noticed a particularly luxuriant taro-patch in the great valley of Veitatei. On the next moonless night sacred to Iro (his own natal day), he crossed the island. On descending from his hiding-place in the mountain fern he offered "the thief's prayer" appropriate to his clan. The following is a specimen of it:

"Pupu mātā, pupu mātā.
Rikia kikau, rikia kikau.
Tavarearua; omai ra i te piri
Kia piri ake te taringa."

"Hushed be these pillows of dry grass.
Let there be no rustling of palm-leaves.
Let the slumber be profound: close every ear
In utter unconsciousness!"

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This pious duty performed, he cautiously got down into the taro-patch, which might be half an acre in extent. Koi's plan was novel. An ordinary thief would have pulled up the entire taro, the leaves furnishing a palatable dish. This would, doubtless, have led to detection and death. Koi made his way to the middle of the taro-patch, and began to break off the thick part of the taro root, taking great care not to disturb the top of the taro, or any of the leaves. This was no easy matter. A basket received the precious tubers as they were extracted out of the deep mud. The task was nearly completed, when, to the dismay of the thief, voices were heard. From some cause or other the owners of the taro were on the alert, and walked round their plantation with lighted torches to see if all were right.

Koi concluded that his last hour had come. To screen himself, if possible, from observation, he lay at full length on one side, almost burying himself in the mire. As taro is invariably planted in rows, with the utmost regularity, this was easily done; the chief obstacle being the thread-like fibres extending on every side from the taro roots. The tall, broad leaf of the taro completely hid the terror-stricken thief, who held his breath, expecting instant death.

The glare of the torches revealed nothing to excite further suspicion, so that the watchers retired. The now exulting thief emerged from the mud with a full basket of fine taro, and speedily made his way home to Ivirua to enjoy the fruit of his nocturnal adventure.

By morning light the proprietors became aware of their loss, because the leaves in the middle of the plantation unnaturally drooped. Upon inspection they found the hollow where the thief had for a time buried himself alive, and discovered that the taro had been mysteriously abstracted, whilst the stems and leaves were untouched. The thief was not discovered. It was only the assurance of safety under a

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Christian rule, with the lapse of years, that made my friend, the quondam thief, confess his misdeeds and narrow escape from condign punishment.

But all thieves were not so fortunate as Koi. Arikikaka, the last heathen of Mangaia, owned a year before his death that he once helped to kill a thief. The taro patch robbed was well fenced in with ironwood stakes, a small door being made for the convenience of the proprietor. One moonlight night Arikikaka heard a rustling of leaves inside the fence, and ran off to fetch his friend Buangaina. Each came provided with a short spear. Buangaina entered the half-opened door, over which Arikikaka kept guard. The unlucky thief now became aware of his critical position. The stakes were too high for him to climb over, he therefore crawled towards the open door, hoping to be hidden by the taro leaves. But he was detected and speared to death, and the body trampled down in the mire of the taro patch to prevent reprisals. The secret was kept for about forty years, until, upon the old man's being baptized in 1865, he resolved to make a clean breast of it.

Utoe, of Tamarua, lined the banks of his fine taro patch with the bodies of thieves slain by his own hand. Nine are known to have been thus disposed of. The bright redness of the clay of the said banks is superstitiously believed to be owing to the soil being sodden with human blood. None of these murders have ever been avenged.

Contrast with this what the captain of the *John Williams* told me in November, 1869, that upon the arrival of the new vessel at Aitutaki, he found a great number of fowls ready for the ship. For awhile he could not understand it, until the natives explained that in 1864 Captain Williams had accidentally left behind him a number of fowls. The old *John Williams* was wrecked; the second of the name never reached Aitutaki. But when the third *John Williams* reached

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that beautiful island, a great flock of fowls, the progeny of the fowls left five years previously, were faithfully presented to the captain as "God's property."

V.—THEIR MODERN PUBLIC ASSEMBLIES.

A NATIVE pastor once remarked in the pulpit, that there are two things for which every man, woman, and child in Mangaia will turn out: one is to collect sprats, the other to enjoy our May missionary festivities. The sprats arrive with the new moon in February; but stormy weather may cause the long silvery trail shoals—invariably chased by large voracious fish, and by flocks of equally voracious white birds—to pass our islands. This is very tantalizing to those who have been preparing nets to catch sprats, and neat bark sandals to protect their feet in running along the reef after them.

I do not, however, wish to write about sprat-catching in Mangaia, but about the May services, in commemoration of the introduction of the Gospel to that island. The following narrative of one of these festivals a few years ago will serve to illustrate their general character. On Wednesday, May 6th, long ere break of day, the church members from the inland villages (one four and the other six miles distant) were travelling towards the principal settlement. About an hour before sunrise I was roused from sleep by the noise of the people of the village, of all ages and of both sexes, carrying food to the appointed place of feasting, which is the open grassy level between the missionary premises and the ocean. Two or three days previously stakes had been driven into the ground and roofed in, so as to form a long row of booths for the visitors; green cocoa-

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nut branches covered these booths, so that they really looked quite inviting.

For convenience sake our church members are arranged into classes; each class at this, the principal place, provides a feast for one Tamarua and one Ivirua class. Next May the good folks on the other side of the island will provide the food; *these* people will then be *their* guests. The year following (D.V.) the church members and young people on the southern part of Mangaia will give a feast; so that the trouble of providing a repast for others comes round to the same village once in three years only.

At eight o'clock a.m. all the preparations were completed. Our "church-going bells" (obtained from wrecked vessels) were merrily rung, and the missionary, accompanied by three native pastors, went to welcome the guests, who were waiting in good order in double file (*i.e.*, one from each village) on the hill, about half-a-mile from the church; in point of fact, whilst the people were piling up their baskets of food, and garnishing the piles with cooked pigs, fish, etc., their visitors were adorning their persons for the public entry into our village. All came over in the darkness of night in their ordinary clothes, carrying their gala dresses carefully packed in baskets. And very wisely so; for, although the pathway was weeded a month ago, in honour of our anticipated gathering, the heavy tropical dews on the grass do not improve the clothing of foot travellers in the early morning. The spot where the guests rest awhile and adorn themselves is just outside this village, and is very secluded. It is covered with wild citron trees, growing in picturesque confusion. The natives on such occasions convert these shady but thorny trees into dressing-rooms, and in due time emerge all radiant with smiles at their glorious appearance, decked in their favourite colours—white, scarlet, and blue. Not very far off a number of young men come

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forth with immaculate trousers and squeaking boots; for, to the native mind, boots are of no possible use save to intimate the approach of the wearer. The louder they creak the better. Stockings are as yet unknown in Mangaia, save by report, and by looking at the feet of the missionary and his family. All the dressing arrangements being completed, I met the visitors, and greeted them with a kindly smile, a word of recognition, or a shake of the hand. A banner or two, adorned with feathers, once used as spear ornaments on the field of battle in heathen days, lead the way. The double procession now moves slowly towards the village church, which is soon filled to overflowing. This year a new feature was admitted: others beside members of the congregation were invited to attend, which they did, filling the large end gallery. Each of them wore scented yellow native cloth, which they think wonderfully attractive. This yellow dress is cut with scissors into different patterns, like what people make at home for summer fire-screens of coloured paper. Of course these flimsy dresses are lined. No wreaths of green myrtle leaves or our universal sweet-scented gardenia flowers were introduced into the house of God, as, perversely enough, these pretty things bear an evil meaning with the natives.

The church itself deserves a passing remark. The first building was originally erected by my predecessor. Several years ago I induced our people to substitute one lofty roof in the place of three smaller ones. The edifice had been sadly battered and injured by three cyclones, so that it has been recently replaced by a new building. The lofty open roof is an object of great admiration to visitors from all the neighbouring islands, on account of the many thousands of yards of fine yellow cinet which adorn the beams and rafters. As the timbers are first blackened with a native dye, the various plaited patterns show off to great advantage. Formerly this cinet was an object of idolatrous worship.

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At half-past eight o'clock service began. The introductory part of it was conducted by a native teacher, who had, with many others, been expelled from the Loyalty Islands by our French neighbours, for teaching the heathen of those once savage islands *not* to devour human flesh, *not* to murder, *not* to steal, but to serve the one living and true God after the fashion of the Bible, and strictly to observe the Sabbath.

I preached on the words, "Prince of Peace," contrasting our pleasant gathering with meetings of a very different description in former days. Whence this difference? The influence of the Gospel of Jesus, and the presence and working of God's Holy Spirit, had wrought the mighty change. And these good tidings were brought by the missionaries who were sent to the islanders by British Christians.

As soon as the sermon was finished, the subscriptions collected during the previous twelve months in aid of the Missionary Society were announced. The amount was about £200, a noble sum for these poor people. Here was matter for thankfulness. Seven speeches were then delivered; one by the chief next in rank to the king, the rest by teachers and deacons. Most of our deacons are fluent speakers; some can preach well. It is so, I believe, throughout the Christianized islands. Two addresses were directed chiefly to those who occupied the gallery as mere spectators; others were addressed to the church members, urging them to greater watchfulness.

After a suitable prayer by one of our native pastors, the symbols of our precious Saviour's redeeming death were distributed to the members of the three churches of Mangaia. A brief prayer terminated a meeting of three hours' duration. About 1100 were present. Although accustomed to such sights, I was greatly moved at seeing our large church crowded by such attentive worshippers.

The guests were afterwards invited to go out, and eat what

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had been provided for them. Two hundred and fifty hogs, large and small, were cooked whole, and spread out upon the taro. As soon as a blessing was asked, the visitors fell to work with a thorough good will upon the viands. Some ate sitting, but by far the greatest number ate standing, for fear of soiling their gala clothes. The etiquette of a native feast is for those who give it to return home as soon as their guests are shown their food. The idea seems to be—Was it not prepared for the visitors? What, eat food provided for others!

As soon as the immediate claims of hunger are satisfied, comes the real tug of war,—the carrying away of the taro across the island. In a trice the finery disappears. As there are no friendly citron trees near the sea, the disrobing is of necessity done in public. One is surprised to see that beneath the fiery red flannel is a well-patched calico shirt. The removal of a pair of snowy trousers reveals an old pair underneath, that probably would not fetch a penny in "Rag Fair." Bonnets are taken off, and given to children too young to carry baskets of food. Each man and woman takes a burden as heavy as it is convenient to carry home. I am sorry to be obliged to add that the bearers of burdens here are the *women*. On ordinary occasions, they carry most of the food. Good, loving husbands deign sometimes to help their spouses. Some prefer to carry an umbrella over their own heads—I presume, to preserve their complexions; whilst the poor wife follows with a heavy load, under a tropical sun. But, on occasions like these, most of the umbrellas have to give place to a heavy basket of food, as to leave any behind would be a great insult to the entertainers.

But the May school-gathering is *the* grand day of the whole year. It is a great treat to all the young people of the island. On the occasion now described the school children here, about 400 in number, entertain the school children of Tamarua and Ivirua, who unitedly may be as numerous as themselves.

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If no dress has been prepared for little brown missie, to enable her to appear creditably at this grand meeting, it is probable that she will run off to her uncle, in the hope that *he* will take compassion upon her. The grand resource is to borrow the clothes of their seniors, which have already done duty. It looks strange to see a lad of twelve in a pair of trousers suited to a full-grown man, the legs being tucked up, of course. Little girls will gladly wear their mothers' bonnets. The preparation and procession are nearly the same as on the Missionary Anniversary, only that the young folks march much farther, as it greatly delights themselves and their parents; and it is a very pretty sight.

At eight o'clock the church was full. About 1300 persons attended, out of a population of somewhat less than 2300. When all were seated and quiet, a few sacred tunes were played by my wife on a new harmonium, as the young folks of the inland villages had no other chance of hearing it. The service then commenced in the usual way, by singing and praying. Katuke, a native pastor of more than thirty years' standing, preached a short sermon from "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

I then called upon the children of the different schools to recite portions of Scripture, "Pilgrim's Progress," and geography. Some of the classes stood up to read a verse each in the native Bible, in the hope of inducing others to learn. Each recitation was followed by a hymn. The children of each village were exercised against the other two in friendly rivalry, the question being, Who shall sing the best this year? The children had been practising their various tunes—twenty-two in all—for the past two months, with great delight; they sang several hymns in a very creditable way. The hymn which in the estimation of all carried the palm this year was the good old English one—

"Come let us join our cheerful songs."

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We allow one English hymn annually to please the young people.

This children's service occupied about four hours, yet no one seemed wearied. The parents were proud of their children. To me it was affecting to look at such a congregation, recollecting that, but for Christianity, many then present would long since have been offered in sacrifice to Rongo, the Mangaian Mars, and many more slain in actual warfare. So always and everywhere, the Gospel, if fully received, brings peace and healing for the body as well as the soul. In heathen times, few men died natural deaths. This island, like many others, is inhabited by mere remnants of various tribes, who have been constantly arrayed against each other in pitiless war; sometimes one tribe, and sometimes another getting the upper hand, peace lasting only for very brief periods. Anything that tends to bind them together is a good thing. And what can create so blessed and lasting a union as the worship of the one living and true God? What but the precious "blood of Christ" can obliterate the crimes and enmities of past generations?

The banquet was inferior to that of the missionary festival, only one hundred and fifty cooked pigs being provided. Had we been visited with another hurricane this year, feasting would have been out of the question; the people would have been starving instead. But God has had mercy on us in granting a cessation from cyclones, and consequent plenty—after nearly three years of great suffering and scarcity.

A curious custom prevails throughout these islands, dating from the establishment of Christianity. At eight o'clock at night the curfew gong is beaten, the watchmen shouting with a loud voice, "Let the people sleep in their houses; leave the roads to the police until dawn." This seems to be done as a preventive to thieving. At the first streak of light in the east, the gong again sounds, and proclamation is made, in

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perfect unison, "Arise; it is day!" On the morning of the children's festival, however, so eager were the people of this village to get ready, that they actually beat their gongs soon after midnight!

VI.—REMARKABLE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

IT was promised to God's ancient people that no more should victorious foes say to her, "Bow down, that we may go over;" no more should the chosen race lay down their bodies "as the ground, and as the street, to them that went over."

The humiliating custom here referred to was practised at Mangaia formerly, but with a different signification. It was performed in families of distinction on the marriage of the first-born. For example, a pet girl had recently been wedded, and something must be done to render the occasion memorable. To this end large quantities of native cloth and food are prepared. On the day appointed, at early dawn, nearly the entire population of the island assemble; some as relatives or friends, the rest as spectators. The feast, which had been got ready the day before, is now divided out, and the cloth piled up in a single heap. The son-in-law is then formally sent for. Gaily dressed in the fantastic trappings of heathenism, he makes his appearance outside his dwelling, where a continuous pathway of human bodies leads from his own doorway to the house of his father-in-law. The entire tribe, men, women, and children, assemble to honour their dusky kinswoman by permitting her recently-married husband to walk over their backs as they lie prostrate on the ground. As lightly as possible does this distinguished individual step over this "ara tangata," or "street of human bodies." Should the numbers of the tribe be insufficient to reach to the dwelling of the father-in-law, those first trodden

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on rise up quickly and run through the admiring crowd, again to take their places in front. Meanwhile the near relatives of the bridegroom accompany him in his progress, walking on the ground, clapping their hands, and chanting songs in his praise, or reciting the deeds of his ancestors.

On reaching the goal, three elderly females, enveloped in the finest cloth, so prostrate themselves as to form a living seat for the bridegroom. A fish is now brought forward, and with the aid of a bit of sharp bamboo, cut up into dice upon a human body. It is presented to the bridegroom, who eats it raw. The piles of native cloth and food are now formally presented to the happy man. All parties partake of the feast, and afterwards the road of living bodies is again formed for this honoured son-in-law to go back as he came to his home.

This grand display on the part of the wife's friends necessitates a corresponding one on the side of the husband. If possible, this second exhibition must surpass the first. Occasionally it would be deferred until the birth of the first child; but usually it would come off as soon as practicable. In a precisely similar way to the first "maninitori," the entire tribe of the husband would prostrate themselves on the ground until the young wife had passed over their backs, and in that way had reached the dwelling of her father-in-law. There she would sit on a couch of living bodies, hidden in thick folds of cloth, whilst she ate part of the feast, finally returning in the same dignified way to her home. Songs in praise of her beauty and accomplishments would, as a matter of course, be chanted all the time.

This singular custom is said to have been handed down from time immemorial. The natives can give no account whatever of its origin. Christianity is unfavourable to the continuance of such customs, although they are not expressly forbidden.

Ten years ago I started to church to marry a young

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A HEATHEN WEDDING-MARCH.

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couple, and, to my surprise, found the road filled with a row of living bodies, extending from my own gate to the entrance of the sanctuary, a distance of one hundred yards. The intended bride tripped merrily over the backs of the bridegroom's clan, not a little proud of the distinction conferred upon her. The mother of the bride followed, vociferating the praises of her daughter. Grieved at the revival of a heathen custom, I remonstrated with the parties chiefly concerned, and deferred the marriage until the day following.

Although "maninitori" was connected with marriage, it by no means constituted the nuptial ceremony itself. This consisted merely in a feast, when bride and bridegroom ate together in the presence of their friends, and received gifts from them.

VII.—MODE OF PREPARING FOOD.

THE mode of cooking was very remarkable. A circular hole, two or three feet in diameter, was dug in the ground, the centre being deeper than any other part. The firewood was split and piled up in the hole. Basaltic stones were laid on the firewood just before it was lighted. When the fire had burnt out, and the red-hot stones had fallen to the bottom amongst the glowing ashes, they were carefully arranged by means of a hooked green stick, one which would not easily burn. A large bundle of succulent leaves were thrown upon the hot stones, occasioning a dense cloud of steam to arise. On this the well-scraped taro, or split bread-fruits, or sweet potatoes were placed. Fish are invariably wrapped up in the leaves of the *ti* (*Dracæna terminalis*), so that their juices may be retained. The oven was then covered in with a second bundle of fresh-plucked leaves. The leaves used yesterday were thrown on the top, and the whole pressed down by heavy stones kept for the purpose.

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In the olden time in Mangaia the grandmother of the family sat on the oven, taking the place of the stones used to keep in the heat, and would doze pleasantly on, until by a sort of instinct she knew the food was cooked. Hastily throwing aside the leaves, the hot food would be gathered into a great basket for the use of the family.

This was in reality a steaming oven, and was a very clean and savoury mode of cooking. In fine weather the oven was made in the open air; in rainy weather under shelter. At Rarotonga the planting and cooking of food were done by men; at Mangaia by women only.

During one of the terrible famines that in heathen times so often desolated these islands, it was prophesied by an aged woman that a time would come when old cocoa-nuts—precious articles in those fighting days—should be used instead of stones for the native oven, so great would be the abundance of food during a long and peaceful reign. This I have often seen; but not until the Gospel had secured for the islanders peace and consequent plenty.

In no island eastward of Fiji was there any earthen vessel in which water could be boiled. If hot water were desired (a rare event), red-hot stones were thrown into a trough of water.

VIII.—AMUSEMENTS.

KITE-FLYING was the grave employment of old men in times of peace. The native name for a kite is *manu*, or bird. Kites were made of native cloth, stretched on slender reed frames. During a contest, aged men would often sleep on the hill-tops among the ferns, their kites flying all through the night in the steady trade wind, one end of the string being secured to an iron-wood tree. Prayers were chanted, so that the god of

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winds might give the victory. The kite which kept up the longest was considered the conqueror.

Cat's-cradle (*ai*) was a great delight of old and young. Teeth were called into play to help the fingers. One complication, in which the cord in the centre is twisted into a long slender stem, and therefore called "the cocoa-nut tree," I have never known a European to unravel.

Walking on stilts (*rore*) was an amusement for males of all ages.

Their mode of swinging was peculiar: a single rope of green tough vine would be suspended from the frond of a lofty cocoa-nut tree, with a large knot at the end. A young man or woman would then hang on the knotted end with both hands, and swing round and round the tree; or a second party would swing the hanger-on. Sometimes a loop is made for the swinger to sit in.

From time immemorial skipping was a favourite amusement of the young, stout vines being used as ropes.

Men were very partial to quoit-throwing (*tupe*), at which they excelled. In perilous times, when watching through the night, they would play this game by torchlight until dawn.

They have a game (*pere*) not unlike our draughts, but more complicated.

Reed-throwing matches and dances were grand national festivals in the olden time. The former were harmless games of skill; the latter were attended with numerous evils. Unlike the natives of some other islands, in Mangaia the sexes never intermingled in dancing.

But the supreme delight of South-Sea Islanders is surf-swimming. For this sport a thin board of light wood, three feet six inches long, is provided. The native goes to the outer edge of the reef to await some great wave. Then pressing the flat end of the surf-board to his chest, and extending his hands over the rounded end, he is borne to

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the beach on the crest of the wave amid foam and spray. Scores of young men will thus innocently amuse themselves for hours together.

The Pacific Islanders, both men and women, are expert swimmers and divers. When approaching Penrhyn in the *John Williams*, I have with wonder seen a number of them rise to the waist out of the water, as though possessed of webbed feet.

A small craft was one day launched at Mangaia. Two natural ropes of immense length, composed of strong vines knotted together, were employed to drag her over the reef; one was pulled by women, the other by men. The islanders accompanied the vessel out to sea until she was clear of the reef, swimming with their feet and pulling the ropes with their hands.

One morning, when about to breakfast on board our mission barque, a great many canoes came off. In their eagerness to come alongside to greet us, a man fell into the sea. As we saw from the deck the poor fellow floating a long way astern, we became anxious for his safety. We watched him until he could scarcely be seen. His companions seemed wholly unconcerned, because they saw a canoe approaching the ship in the direction of their friend, though it was at a considerable distance; and he managed to keep afloat till he was rescued by them.

A schooner was lost a few years since in a terrific cyclone off Mangaia. The event took place about two p.m.; on the following morning at nine a.m. a brother and sister—the survivors of a party of thirteen—swam ashore. They had been swimming in a fearful sea for about nineteen hours. The brother was far gone; but the sister was quite fresh, and walked up to the mission-house and related the sad particulars of the wreck. In this case, however, the survivors were aided by a portion of the wreck. Next day a native of

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the Kingsmill Group from the same vessel was flung upon the coral and killed, while swimming ashore at a very bad part of the island. The body was warm when I saw it. The poor fellow had no extraneous help save a bunch of cocoa-nuts under each arm, and must have been in the water for about forty hours.

In the Pacific it is usual for a native sailor, when he has determined to run away from his ship, to provide himself with two bunches (a bunch invariably consists of four nuts) of old dry cocoa-nuts as floats, one for each armpit. If he can only see land in the moonlight, he will noiselessly steal down the ship's side and strike out for the distant shore, which he rarely fails to reach. If overtaken by hunger, he will husk a couple of nuts with his teeth, eat the contents, and then strike out with renewed vigour.

The most remarkable swimming feat I have known occurred in Torres Straits. A native of Two Brothers, with some others, was put in irons for diving for *avicula* without a licence. Horrified at this new experience, and dreading the worst, the ignorant savage dived into the sea, and was no more seen. Happily, a bullet sent after him missed. It seems that, thinking his life in danger, he put forth his utmost strength, and, favoured by the tide, dived on and on, until the muscles of the hand contracted, and the irons fell off. He then rose to the surface unnoticed, and proceeded leisurely to Turtle Island. He rested a day or two, and then swam on to Cap Island—a mere rock. After a brief rest there he swam on to his home at Two Brothers (Kepara), in all a distance of twelve miles.

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IX.—DISEASES AND REMEDIES.

AMONGST a race so addicted to fighting, it was a matter of great importance to know how to heal flesh-wounds. Iron-wood (of which alone clubs and spears were made), being slightly poisonous, the fallen warrior, if rescued by his friends, would be carried off to the nearest running stream, in order that water might be freely poured into the wounds. The delicious coolness of the water would naturally tend to revive the sufferer. The wound, when washed, was bound up with native cloth. For broken limbs rough splinters were used, and the limb bandaged somewhat after the manner usual in more civilised countries.

Whilst the "doctors" were laying the ghastly spear-thrusts they chanted the following *mâu*, or "charm," on which they absurdly imagined the efficacy of their labours depended:—

RANGI'S PRAYER.

Tena rava te maû a maû,	This is the infallible cure;—
I mua i te aro o Vātea.	In the presence of Great Vātea.
Maûa te toanga, kua pongia koe.	Staunch, O wound, lest the sufferer faint,
Maûa; pongia aea, kua parangia koe.	Staunch quickly, lest he faint and die!
E vai ngaere te vai i tu ai.	Here is water from the swamp to cure
Maû aea koe.	thee.
	Wound, heal speedily!
E vai tua enua te vai i tu ai.	Here is water from the valleys to cure
Maû aea koe.	thee.
	Wound, heal speedily!
E vai pupu te vai e tu ai.	Here is water bubbling up out of the
Maû aea koe.	earth to cure thee.
	Wound, heal speedily!
E vai kauvai te vai e tu ai.	Here is water from the running stream
Maû aea koe.	to cure thee.
	Wound, heal speedily!

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E vai pae taro te vai e tu ai. Maû aea koe.	Here is water from the taro plantation to cure thee. Wound, heal speedily!
E vai maunga te vai e tu ai. Maû aea koe.	Here is water out of the mountain-side to cure thee. Wound, heal speedily!
Maû aea koe i te maû a Rongo e Tutavake. E tu, e rere, e te toa!	Be healed in the name of Rongo and Tutavake.[1] Poison of the iron-wood, arise, depart!

The last line should be uttered with tremendous emphasis, as if addressed to an invisible spirit. Unquestionably this idea was founded on the belief that the iron-wood tree is the incarnation of a Tongan demon.

This charm is of great antiquity, and, it is alleged, was used by the first king (Rangi) to save those wounded in the first battle ever fought on Mangaia. It continued in use until Christianity exploded the belief on which it is founded. It is the only formula of the healing art strictly belonging to the island. At a comparatively late date a similar charm was introduced from Rarotonga, called "the Prayer of Tangiia."

Broken limbs were invariably set in running water. Undoubtedly this hydropathic treatment is the best in a warm climate. The only medicine ever known or used in heathen times was cold water and shampooing. Latterly the practice of anointing the affected limbs with cocoa-nut oil has been introduced, as well as the use of a great variety of vegetable compounds, many of which are highly deleterious.

Numerous instances of the skilful cure of severe sprains and threatening paralysis have come under my observation.

Quite recently the beautiful yellow flowers of the lemon hibiscus have been advantageously used as an outward application.

[1] The slayer of the first murderer.

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The modern practice of drinking pure cocoa-nut oil as a purgative has proved extremely fatal to the natives. No argument will prevent their resort to this favourite but dangerous remedy. Native doctors reduce their patients to mere skeletons with their medicines, and then quietly say, "Your disease is quite gone. All that you have to do is to fatten yourself up again." In many cases the patient is too far gone to rally. It is usual for native doctors to receive a present if the patient gets well; never if he dies.

I once found a good woman who had long suffered from cancer in the breast cowering over a bowl containing a gallon of greenish liquid, which her nephew urged her to drink. This nephew assured her that it was a specific for cancer. I advised her to pour it on the ground. On a subsequent occasion she drank a new preparation, and died a few days afterwards of sheer exhaustion.

In heathen times no one was supposed to die a natural death. The friends took a present of fish and taro to the priest of the particular deity whom the sufferer worshipped, and inquired why he was sick. The reply usually given was the breach of idol-etiquette, or the shedding, not of innocent, but of related blood. As the pedigrees of the entire clan, in all their remote ramifications, were perfectly familiar to the priest, he could be at no loss for an answer. Sometimes the sickness was on account of the sins of the parents or uncles.

Amongst the small number of diseases then known to these islanders the most formidable was consumption. Syphilis and scrofula are now threatening the very existence of these dark-skinned races. It is the vices, not the civilisation, of Europeans, that have inflicted such fearful injuries upon the South-Sea Islanders.

Constant sea-bathing is exceedingly enervating to residents in the tropics. This is the universal testimony of whites and natives in these seas. The natives invariably wash themselves

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in spring water after fishing. If the minute pores of the skin be closed up with saline particles, painful boils will be the inevitable result. They expressively designate these salt-water boils as *nio tai*, "salt-water bites."

At Manihiki and many other lagoon islands there is scarcely enough water to satisfy thirst. The delicious water of the young cocoa-nut makes up this serious deficiency. By an interesting law of compensation, these poor islanders, who are compelled to bathe in salt-water, strangely enough experience no ill effect from so doing.

X.—BURIAL CUSTOMS.

IN nothing were the natives of the South Pacific more curious than their burial ceremonies. The bodies of deceased friends were anointed with scented oil, carefully wrapped up in a number of pieces of cloth, and the same day committed to their last resting-place. A few were buried in the earth within the sacred precincts of the appropriate *marae;* but by far the greater number were hidden in caves regarded as the special property of certain families. At Tamarua is the famous chasm *Raupa*, i. e., "Leafy-entrance," so called in allusion to the dense growth of hibiscus formerly surrounding this supposed entrance to the shades. This was the ancient burial-place of the Tongan tribe. It is a hundred and fifty feet deep, and has two openings. The smaller entrance was only for chiefs and priests.

On the west side of Mangaia is Auraka, the grand depositary of the dead of the ruling families who claim to have descended from Rongo, and whose ancestors came from the region of the setting sun. This chasm is not nearly so deep as Raupa, but, like it, has two openings, one sacred, the

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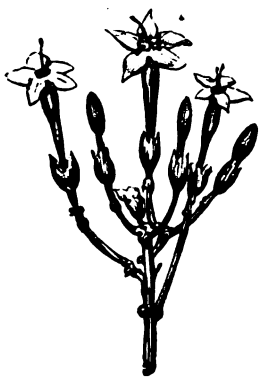
other common; the former being reserved for the superior class, the latter for the commoner sort.

The easiest entrance to this cemetery is by a romantic opening called Kauava. Thrice has the writer, with a number of attendants carrying lighted torches, explored its gloomy recesses. Sometimes the cave contracts to the narrowest dimensions; at other times its roof can scarcely be seen. Hundreds of well-preserved mummies lie in this natural home of the dead; some in rows on ledges of stalactite, others on wooden platforms. Most of them were over fifty years old, though some were more recent. Ten entrances to this vast subterranean cave are well known; there are many others, as the rock is everywhere perforated.

The spirits of the dead, assembled for departure to the shades in the track of the sun, or by the fatal *bua* (*Fagræa Berteriana*) tree, were supposed to take up their temporary abode in this spacious cave. Some of them were said at the winter season to issue from Kauava, march to the edge of the cliff overlooking the ocean, and leap from rock to rock, finally disappearing over the sea with the king of day.



Fagræa Berteriana (Flower).

The entire neighbourhood of Auraka was deemed sacred to wandering disembodied spirits, who were believed to come up at midnight, showing the ghastly wounds by which they met their fate. The main road of the island now runs through this ancient stronghold of superstition, neat cottages peeping out of banana plantations on either side of the road.

If a body were buried in the earth, the face was invariably laid downwards, chin and knees meeting, and the limbs well

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ENTRANCE TO KAUAVA (ANCIENT BURIAL-PLACE).

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secured with strongest cinet cord. A thin covering of earth was laid over the corpse, and large heavy stones piled over the grave. The intention was to render it impossible for the dead to rise up and injure the living! The head of the buried corpse was always turned to the rising sun, in reference to the ancient solar worship.

It was usual to bury with the dead some article of value. A female would have a cloth-mallet laid by her side; whilst her husband would enjoin his friends to bury with him a favourite stone adze, or a beautiful white shell used in the

Fagræa Berteriana (Fruit).

dance. Such articles were never touched afterwards by the living.

Numbers were buried in caves easily accessible, to enable the relatives to visit the remains of the dearly-loved lost ones

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from time to time. The corpse was occasionally exposed to the sun, reanointed with oil, and then wrapped in fresh cloth. As the intensity of sorrow wore off, these visits became less frequent, until they finally ceased.

It does not appear that they ever disembowelled the dead for the purpose of embalming. The corpse was simply desiccated (*rarā*), and daily anointed. Ngarā, when supreme chief of Mangaia, built a house at the entrance of the cave Tuatini for the purpose of desiccating the body of his beloved mother Teko, the pride of the tribe. So inveterate is this practice, that numerous instances have fallen under my own observation.

Warriors were generally hidden by their surviving friends, through fear of their being disinterred and burnt in revenge. Some years ago, an old warrior was lowered down the "sacred" entrance of Auraka. The sorrowing friends thus engaged above did not know that two foes were at the bottom ready to take possession of the corpse of him who had slain several members of their family. As soon as the relatives of the deceased warrior were gone, several men came to the mouth of the cave, and with long ropes pulled up the corpse and their friends below. That same night the senseless body was carried into a solitary spot and utterly consumed with fire. All those concerned in this discreditable affair came to a bad end.

At the present day, as soon as the change for death is evident, the friends dress the dying in his best clothes. I once was grieved to see a woman lying in a flaming red satin jacket, her head completely covered with artificial flowers! This grand collection of finery was to prove the affection of her relatives.

A young woman died some years since tenderly loved by her husband. To mark his affection, he actually arrayed the dead in a new pair of broadcloth trousers under her best

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Sabbath dress, and placed a silver dollar in her mouth! Thus absurdly appareled she was buried.

A chief of Atiu mourned seven years for his deceased child, living all that time in a hut in the vicinity of the grave, and allowing his hair and nails to grow, and his body to remain unwashed.

The dead are now invariably buried in wooden coffins, after a short religious service has been held either at the grave, or, in the event of rain, the usual residence of the deceased. A grand display of native cloth is sure to be made on such occasions, large quantities being wrapped round and round the corpse and coffin, and then wastefully buried in the earth.

The standing rule is, that if a man dies all his *manu* must die too; *i.e.*, all the pigs, ducks, and fowls belonging to the deceased. Why should they outlive their master? The people of the entire district where he lived take up taro and prepare a feast in honour of the dead. If the deceased left no pigs, his property must be collected to purchase some. Sometimes the relatives club together to purchase a pig or two, in order to save the credit of their family. A cross-grained old woman, in her last sickness, killed and ate the only pig she possessed, in revenge for supposed neglect on the part of her relatives, who were thus compelled to furnish one at their own cost for her burial. This ill-timed feasting is an ancient custom, arising out of the tribal system. At such gatherings the will of the deceased is made known to the elders of the tribe, to be either ratified or modified.

A grand interchange of presents is usual on these occasions; but, excepting the near relatives of the deceased, nobody is really the worse for it, as it is etiquette to see that distant relatives get back similar articles to what they brought. I once heard a native grumbling that whilst he had shown his "love" to the dead by the gift of a hen turkey, the household had only sent him back a fowl!

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Whatever is laid upon the corpse is buried with it, and no further notice taken of it; but whatever is placed by the side, without touching it, is repaid.

The wailing for the dead is long and loud, strongly recalling to mind instances recorded in the Bible. The most affecting things are said on such occasions, but always in a set form. Many persons have the reputation of being clever wailers. Scraps of song from ancient "laments" are introduced, and texts of Scripture are mingled with the most passionate expressions of grief. The wailers usually lose their voices for several days, and their eyes are frightfully swollen with crying.

The writer will never forget the prolonged wailing of the natives for his beloved firstborn, the kind words addressed to the dead, and the public mourning which followed, kept up for three months by the entire population—a voluntary mark of respect and sympathy with their missionary in the loss of two children laid in the same tomb within a week.

Their mourning customs are curious. A widow will lay aside her bonnet, and wear the hat of her late husband; sometimes a widower will go about in a loose gown of his departed wife, worn over his own proper dress. Instead of a shawl, a mother will place on her back a pair of trousers belonging to a little boy just laid in his grave.

A death in a family is the signal for a change of names amongst the near relatives of the deceased. The greatest ingenuity is exercised in devising new appellations. Sometimes these names are most offensive to good taste. Usually, however, they are unobjectionable. Sadaraka, a native minister of Mangaia, has suffered from weakness of sight. His grandson is consequently named "Dim-sight." A chief has adopted the name "Press-me," because his dying grandchild repeatedly said, "Press me," in hope of obtaining ease from pain. When the king's son was stolen by the Peruvian

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slavers, in 1863, the father gave out that his name for the future should be "Lost-son." The son was subsequently restored, yet the now inappropriate name is kept. A neighbour of mine is known as "Deal-coffin," because a young relative was put into an ordinary ship-chest, the key turned, and the whole committed to the tomb. Some, however, prefer Bible names.

The neighbourhood of Auraka was, until lately, famous for a species of red fly, covering the rocks and bushes, but found nowhere else on the island. These red flies were regarded as the guardians (*pa tuarangi*) of the cave and of the dead. Strangely enough, they have disappeared with the prevalence of Christianity. Did these flies prey upon the dead? If so, they should have been common wherever the dead were buried in open caves.

Chiefs and priests occasionally received the honour of a "spirit-burial" (*tanu vaerua*); the corpse being borne to the most renowned *marae* on the island, and allowed to remain within the sacred enclosure for some hours, but the same day hidden away in the tribal cave. In such cases the depositing of the body in the *marae* was "the burial," or the committal of the spirit to the care of the god worshipped by him in life, whilst the letting down of the corpse into the deep chasm was designated "the throwing away of the bones" (*tiringa ivi*), the well-wrapped-up body being regarded as a mere bundle of bones after the exit of the spirit.

XI.—TRADITIONS OF THE DELUGE.

TRADITIONS of the deluge have been traced among various nations. These traditions are of course adapted to the locality where they are found, and are disfigured by the introduction of numerous mythical personages. We subjoin

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two that have not before been made public; one from Mangaia, and the other from Rakaanga, a lone coral island between the Samoan and Hervey Groups.

Tradition of the Deluge in Mangaia.—It was said that originally the surface of Mangaia was everywhere a gentle slope from the centre to the sea, without a single depression or valley; and the following is the account given of the process by which the island was changed to its present condition.

Aokeu,[1] a son of Echo, disputed warmly with Ake who should perform the most wonderful thing. Ake's home is the ocean, and his constant employment to tread down its flooring; thus ever deepening its vast basin, and enabling it to contain more of his favourite element. Ake was confident that he could easily beat Aokeu, who was ignobly born of the continual drippings of purest water from the stalactite roof of a narrow cavern.

To insure success, Ake summoned to his assistance Raka, fifth child of the great mother, Vari—originator-of-all-things. Raka, as god of winds, complacently drove a fearful hurricane over sea and land, as though about to bury the island for ever. Tikokura and Tane-ere-tue, twin children of the god of winds, also lent their willing aid; the former being impersonated in the huge curling line of breakers which in bad weather threatens to shiver the solid coral reef to atoms; the latter in the rarely-seen storm-wave, which never fails to strike terror in the heart of the spectator.

On rushed these mighty monsters, sure of victory. They actually succeeded in covering the highest rocks near the shore, about a hundred feet above the level of the sea. As a lasting memorial of this achievement, numberless clam and other shells, as well as *ungakoa*, or "coral-borers," are to this day firmly embedded in the solid rock,[2] which is burrowed

[1] Aokeu = "Red-circle," alluding to discoloration of the ocean after heavy rains.

[2] Hardened coral, upheaved by volcanic agency in some remote period of the earth's history.

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and worn — even at its highest points — into a thousand fantastic shapes by the action of the sea.

Meantime, Aokeu had not been idle. He caused the rain —his favourite element—to fall without the slightest intermission five days and nights in dreadful torrents. The red clay and small stones of the interior were washed into the ocean, discolouring its waters to a considerable distance. Still the rain poured down with unabated violence. On every side the channels deepened, until the narrow valleys of the interior were formed; and as the storm went on, the larger valleys near the sea, walled in on the seaward side by perpendicular rocks, and now the principal taro-planting districts, gradually assumed their present dimensions. The flat summit of the central hill, Rangimotia, "the crown of Mangaia," was alone uncovered with water, to indicate what the original height of the interior had been.

At the outset, Rangi, the first sovereign of Mangaia, had been warned of the desperate strife of elements about to take place; and, with his few people, awaited at Rangimotia the issue of the contest. It was with great concern that he saw, on the one hand, the wild ocean covering the belt of rocks which surrounds the island, and, on the other hand, a vast lake of fresh water rising rapidly, and tumultuously rushing to meet the advancing ocean. Everywhere an immense expanse of water met the eye of Rangi, save only the long and narrow strip of level soil upon which he and his people tremblingly stood. Already the water had reached their feet. What if it should rise a little higher? Rangi resolved to appeal to Great Rongo to save him and his beloved 'Auau" (Mangaia) from destruction. To reach his marae, then facing the rising sun, it was needful for the brave Rangi to make his way through the waters, which reached his chin, along a ridge of hills to a point named Teunu, lying due east. Just here is a spot called "the standing-place of

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Rongo," because that divinity at once accepted the petition of his grandson; and, looking at the fierce conflict going on —the floods of the interior meeting, and raging against the waters of the ocean—he shouted, "A tira!" (it is enough): a phrase then for the first time used, but in after times scarcely ever off the lips of mortals.

The eye of Vātea (*i. e.*, the sun) too, opening at that moment above the scene of conflict, saw and pitied mankind. The ocean sullenly returned to its former level, and the rain ceased; after a while the waters of the interior were drained off, and the present agreeable diversity of hill and vale was eventually presented. Hence the proud name of the supreme god of Mangaia, *Rongo arai kea*, i. e., "Rongo, the warder-off of mad billows."

Mankind were saved; and the land became better adapted than ever for their residence. Aokeu, lord of rain, was acknowledged victor; for after the wild rage of ocean had expended itself upon the rocky heights near the sea, the appearance of the cliffs remained essentially the same; and the fierce sons of the god of winds had, after all, failed to reach the interior of the island. But the turbid floods rushing down from the central hill extended far away into the ocean, everywhere marking its triumphant progress with the red clay of the mountains of Mangaia.

To this famous contest Koroa apparently refers in his fête-song in memory of Tekaire, *circa* A. D. 1818:

Chorus.

Akaotu te ngaru,	The demon of the billows
E tei te moana ae ē!	Is disporting himself in mid-ocean.

Solo.

Te riri o Vātea.	Such is the might of Vātea.

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Chorus.

Vaere atu i te poue	Clear away the wild vines
I te paepae o Rongo ē!	Invading the precincts of Rongo's grove.
O Rongo arai mai i te kea ē!	'Tis Rongo who wards off the mad billows.

And again, in the same song:

Chorus.

Nga taae a kutu mai a kutu ē! These surf-gods are for ever thundering.

Solo.

Ae ē! Aye!

Chorus.

Te kutu nei nga maoata,	These angry sea-gods are ever at work,
Kua reru aere i te ngangie	Breaking down and crashing the trees;
I te mato i te raei ē!	E'en climbing the rocks and high cliffs.
O Rongo arai mai i te kea ē!	'Tis Rongo who wards off the mad billows.

It was so real a contest in the estimation of men of former days, that opinions were divided as to the route actually taken by Rangi in making for the marae of Rongo (formerly in the east, but afterwards removed to the west). Some asserted that it was by the direct path terminating at Vivitaunoa; others thought that, to avoid the dip beyond Vivitaunoa, Rangi traversed the south-eastern ridge terminating at Paeru.

This myth stands alone, no other achievement being attributed to Aokeu; which is a proof of its antiquity.

Tradition of the Deluge in Rakaanga.—A king named Taoiau[1] was on one occasion greatly incensed against his people for not bringing him the sacred turtle. The irate chief "awakened" all the mighty sea-gods upon whose goodwill the existence of the islands—Rakaanga and Manihiki—depends, particularly a great divinity who sleeps at the bottom of mid-ocean, and who at the prayers of Taoiau rose

[1] Taoiau = peace-bearer.

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up in anger like a vast upright stone. A dreadful hurricane began, and the ocean rose and swept over the entire island of Rakaanga. The few inhabitants of those days escaped destruction by taking refuge on a mound which was pointed out to me. This memorable event is known as "the overwhelming of Taoiau."

In Indian story, Mēnu, or Mānu, is the Noah whose boat floated in safety over the waters which drowned the world. "Mānu" is the great Polynesian word for floating on the surface, as of a thing submerged. "Mănu" is the universal word for bird, *i.e.*, as floating or gliding through the air. Is the similarity merely accidental? Is it not rather an indication of a common origin?

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III.

How Christianity was Introduced into Manyaia.

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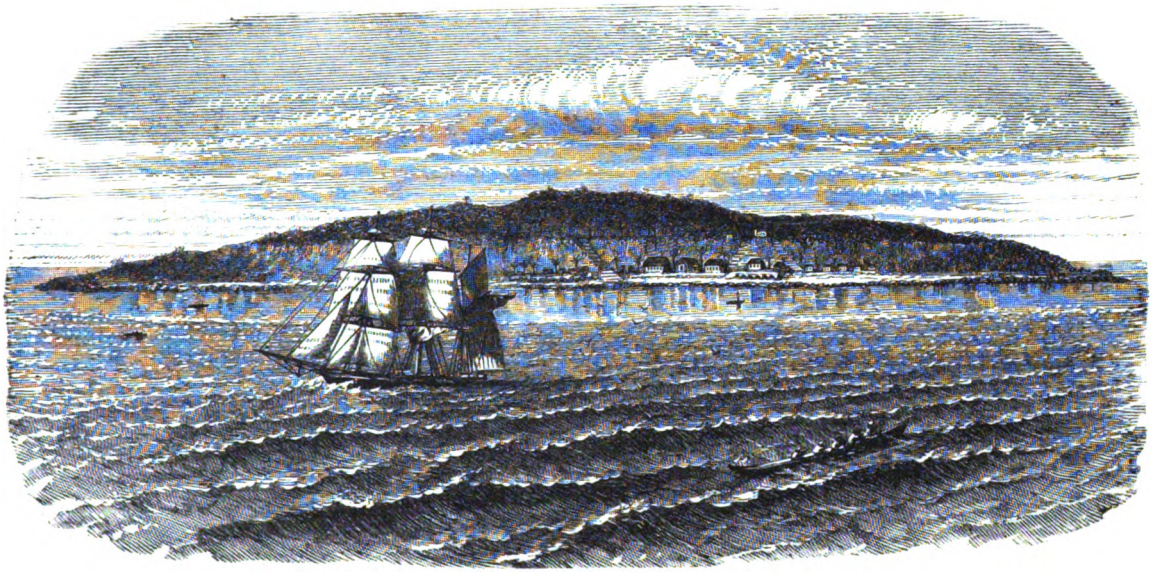

ISLAND OF MANGAIA.

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CHAPTER III.

How Christianity was introduced into Mangaia.

Fan-Palm of the South Pacific.

On the morning of March 29th, 1777, the natives of Mangaia were startled by the apparition of a "mighty canoe,[1] without paddles or outrigger," but rapidly approaching the southern coast as if possessed of life. By the time it reached the lee of the island, numbers of armed men had made their way to the outer edge of the reef, and gazed at this seeming monster of the deep with admiration and terror. The famous warrior Potai remarked, "This is unquestionably a visitor from the spirit-world." Another chief oracularly declared that "it was the great (god) Motoro himself come up from paying a visit to Vātea."

After some natural hesitation, Mourua and his friend Makatu, both worshippers of Motoro, launched a canoe and approached the huge visitor that had successfully "pierced

[1] Only one ship is mentioned in tradition, whereas the *Resolution* and *Discovery* visited Mangaia.

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the solid blue vault." The gift of a string of large blue beads (afterwards shown about as veritable chips off the azure arch), and a few nails (subsequently converted into brad-awls), rewarded their daring. The boat of the *Resolution* rowed along the reef in the vain hope of finding a landing-place. Mourua without hesitation jumped into the boat, and receiving from Captain Cook a large knife, stuck it in his right ear,—the pocket of those days. He was thus sketched by an artist connected with the expedition.

Numbers of natives now took courage, swam off to the boat, and received gifts from the great navigator. To Kirikovi, the then temporal lord of Mangaia, was presented an iron axe, the first ever seen on the island. A general scrimmage now took place; but Captain Cook, with great forbearance, after permitting these unceremonious fellows to possess themselves of all he could spare, returned to the *Resolution*, accompanied only by Mourua, who deemed himself wonderfully brave in venturing on board. This he would not have done but for the assurances of Mai (the "Omai" of the *Voyages*) that he would be perfectly safe. Much to his satisfaction, Mourua was eventually brought back to the reef in the ship's boat. He swam ashore, and related to his admiring countrymen the wonders he had seen; whilst Cook sailed on to Atiu, which lies about one hundred miles north of Mangaia. An important step had thus been taken in civilisation: they had become acquainted with the existence of a race different from all that they had hitherto seen or heard of, wiser, stronger, and more benevolent than themselves.

At the beginning of the present century, an English whaling ship, name unknown, touched at Mangaia. Emboldened by the profitable intercourse of their fathers with Captain Cook, several canoes at once pushed off to the ship. A brisk traffic was for some time carried on; but no native was allowed to board the ship. A chief named Koroa had

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just concluded a splendid bargain in exchanging a fine octopus for a knife and a tenpenny nail, when a wild fellow called Tairoa paddled up in his canoe, and, watching his opportunity, mortally speared a white man who was holding on to the ship's iron braces, and amusing himself with the scene. Highly satisfied with his valour, Tairoa paddled back to what he considered a safe distance, and watched the confusion on board the vessel. A long bamboo (as it appeared to the natives) was pointed at the aggressor, who did not dream of danger. An unaccountable light and noise issued from this hitherto unknown weapon, and Tairoa fell lifeless at the bottom of his canoe.

All now was consternation amongst the natives. Ngaunui proposed to Koroa to rescue the body of the slain; but Koroa wisely refused to interfere, and cursed[1] Tairoa for having spoiled the traffic. Ngaunui persisted in attempting to get the corpse, when a few swan shot in his shoulders induced him to retire with all convenient speed. A boat was now lowered, the crew of which took possession of Tairoa's lifeless body and his canoe. All being drawn upon deck, the captain made haste to leave this inhospitable island.

A sister of Tairoa commemorated this incident in the following lines:

Kua kite uā Tairoa ē	Weep for Tairoa, who first fell
I te māro i te tokotoko a to te pai.	By the weapon of the white man.
I aa' i koe, e Tai e,	By what mysterious means
I kakina uaia iko roa ia tai?	Wast thou hit far off on the sea?
Akaruke atu, e Koroa e!	Thy body was abandoned by Koroa,
Akaruke atu ia Tai e!	Was left in the hands of thy foes.
Vairanga mamao e!	How distant thy resting-place!
Vairanga iko roa e!	Far away on the wild ocean
Vairanga ia Tai.	Is thy grave, O Tairoa!

[1] "May Tairoa's head be cooked for my wife's supper!"

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Akaruke atu oia ua,	Utterly left alone;—
Kua oro te mataati.	The cowards all fled.
Kua pou te puruki—	The fight was soon over—
E puruki ia tai ē!	That sad contest on the waves
E ta 'i ia Tai ē!	When Tairoa perished!

About 1814, when Makitaka was lord of Mangaia, and a terrible famine prevailed over the island, another whaler arrived,—the third vessel they had seen. The weather was remarkably fine. The captain, wishing to see something of the island, landed with a companion. The names of the two white men who first landed on Mangaia are unknown. They crossed the reef, and walked in quiet over part of the ground now occupied by the mission premises. Very unwisely one of them displayed a fine pearl oyster shell. A rush was made by the natives to get possession of this wonderful treasure. The fortunate thief was himself chased into the interior by scores of envious countrymen. With this magnificent ornament dangling from his neck, he would be sure to carry the palm at the festive dances. The white men, alarmed for their own safety, fired repeatedly, though without effect, upon the retreating natives. Recollecting the fate of Tairoa, the natives disappeared in the thick bush then growing to the water's edge, whilst their white visitors hastily took their departure.

The next vessel that touched at the island was a schooner, having on board the lamented missionary Williams. This was in 1823. Papehia, Taua, and Haavi, with the wives of the two latter, were landed as the first evangelists of Mangaia. But the very rough treatment they at once experienced induced the five to swim back through the surf to the ship's boat. Their escape in safety was owing to Mr. Williams ordering a charge of powder to be fired from the ship to frighten the heathen, who were plainly intent on killing the men and taking possession of the women. All their property was stolen.

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In 1852 good old Haavi revisited Mangaia; and, in an address delivered to a most crowded congregation, he touchingly contrasted the savageness and wretchedness of 1823 with the pleasant and Christian aspect of the villagers before him. Many were affected to tears by his remarks, for not a few of their number had taken part in the attack upon these humble servants of God.

Mr. Williams left behind him a valuable souvenir in the shape of a couple of pigs.[1] The boar was named Tauiti (*Little Pet*); the sow Makave (*Ringlet*). They were gravely conducted to the *marae* of the war-god as foreign divinities. They were wrapped in sacred white[2] tapa, and the best of food set before them day by day. But the speech of these divinities was a great mystery. From their grunting about the *marae* the Mangaians derive the proverb, "Ua aue nga atua,"—"the gods are crying." Eventually the filthy habits of these foreign animals made the heathen suspect that they were no gods after all. The finest of the first litter was solemnly offered to Rongo in lieu of a human victim. Great was the indignation of some of the chiefs, in after times, at discovering that a mere "*rat*" (pig) had been presented to the tutelar god of Mangaia instead of a man!

After the departure of the teachers, their little property and books were used as ornaments for the night dances. Nobody suspected that the printed characters had a signification, the islanders regarding them as ingenious cloth-patterns. But soon after dysentery—hitherto unknown—decimated the population. The heathen very naturally referred this scourge to the anger of the visitors' God on account of the ill-usage His followers had experienced at their hands. A vow was

[1] Soon after our landing in 1852 a grand feast was held, when upwards of a thousand hogs were killed and eaten.

[2] The gods, and also the priests when on duty, were invariably clothed in white garments (*tikoru*).

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registered that, should He ever deign to send messengers again to their shores, they should be duly protected from insult and injury. The leaves of books, which had been worked up into head-dresses, and strips of calico, once the garments of the teachers and their wives, were carefully collected, and thrown down the deep chasms where they were accustomed to bury their dead, hoping that the scourge would disappear with these things.

On June 15th, 1824, their sincerity was put to the test. Two members of the church of Tahaa—Davida and Tiere—were landed on Mangaia by Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet on their voyage to Sydney. With the Tahitian New Testament wrapped up in their shirts, and secured to the top of their heads, these intrepid men leaped into the surf, and swam ashore in the presence of many hundreds of heathen. As Davida's feet touched the reef a long spear was thrust at him by a warrior, who exultingly shouted, "Thou shalt never catch sharks," meaning that the new God should never win victories on Mangaia. Providentially, the present king of the island—then a young man—was standing close behind the intending murderer, and at the very moment the lunge was being made arrested the weapon.

These humble evangelists landed on the reef, and were at once *literally* taken by the hand by Numangatini, the king, and conducted to his own sea-side *marae*, dedicated to Rongo, so as to invest their persons with a sacred character. The crowd dared not follow. After a brief rest the king led them to the interior, where his ordinary residence was. All this had been pre-arranged between the king and principal chiefs, as the schooner had been recognised on the previous evening as "God's ship." The carrying out of their wishes was entrusted to the king and his warlike friend Maungaati, who showed the strangers great kindness.

A feast was prepared for the teachers. The crowd was

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surprised that the strangers should close their eyes and pray before eating. On this well-remembered occasion the following colloquy occurred between the heathen and their new teachers:

"What are you doing?"—"Thanking God for His gifts."

"Where does your God live?"—"In heaven."

"What is His name?"—"Jehovah."

"Does your God eat food?"—"God is a Spirit. He is not like us; He lives for ever. It was He that made the earth, the sky, the sea, and all things. He made us."

The people were astounded at these simple truths. After a pause they inquired:

"Has this God a wife?"—"No."

"Whence, then, came mankind?"—"Out of the earth fashioned by God. He breathed into him, and he became a living man such as we are."

At this the crowd laughed outright, for to their dark minds this account of the creation of man seemed absurd.[1] They loudly exclaimed, "You are liars!" The teachers persisted that they only spoke the truth.

"What was the name of the man who was made?"—"Adam: we are all his children."

"Had Adam a wife?"—"Yes."

"Who were *her* parents?"—"She had none."

"Then how did she come into existence?"—"She was formed out of Adam; a rib was taken out of his side, and made by God into a woman."

The heathen multitude laughed immoderately at this, and wanted to know whether Adam was not much hurt, etc.

They next inquired *why* they came to Mangaia. "We come to make known to you the true God Jehovah, and His Son Jesus our Saviour."

Amongst other things Davida remarked that all who believe in Jesus will go to heaven (sky).

[1] The natives mostly claim Divine descent.

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The heathen said, "Are there people there?"[1]—"Yes, good angels and the spirits of the good."

"Ah! the flames from the oven of Miru will burn them all up."

A reed house was now built for the use of the teachers; and a rude hut for worship and daily teaching. The site was the enclosure where human sacrifices were first exposed.

Very diligently did Davida and Tiere labour to instruct the younger men in the mysteries of book-learning, and all who would attend in the first principles of Christianity. Nor were their efforts vain, for numbers came from all parts of the island to hear the wonderful words that fell from the lips of these devoted evangelists. After several months two warriors, Metuaarutoa and Rongoinga, came to have their long hair[2] (so much prized by the heathen) cut off, in token of their having renounced the ancient worship. Soon one and another came and submitted to Christianity.

At length Davida found himself strong enough to form a Christian village near the sea, where a good site could easily be obtained for the erection of a larger church and school-house. This had been originally suggested by the Rev. J. Williams. The new village was called "God's town." At that period its rocky shore was covered with large iron-wood and other trees. It was the custom of the early converts, like Nathanael of old, to retire at midday to the seclusion of these trees to pray,—each having his own particular tree.

Now, for the first time, husband and wife ate together at meals, and parents tasted food with their firstborn. The oppressive restriction thus broken through had prevailed throughout the South-Sea Islands, although no better reason

[1] This was in the spirit of jesting; for *they* believed "the sky" to be inhabited.

[2] In heathen times the women wore short hair (not parted in front); the men very long hair done up in a knot.

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could be assigned for it than that "such was the will of the gods."

In September, 1825, Mr. Bourne, the pastor of Davida and Tiere, visited Mangaia, and was much pleased with the striking change so speedily brought about by the blessing of God. "The natives laid hold of his hands, and examined curiously to see whether they were verily made of flesh and blood. When, to gratify their curiosity, he turned up his sleeve, they were startled at the whiteness of his skin, and one of them cried out that he must be a great king, or he would never have been of that complexion."

Not long afterwards—in 1826—Tiere passed away to his rest and reward, so that Davida was left to labour alone for some years. Tiere was a man of amiable disposition and winning manners.

Opposite to the marae of Motoro and the altar for human sacrifice was the idol-house, known as "The-prop-of-the-kingdom" (*Te kaiara*). Inside were the principal gods of Mangaia, which, with the exception of Rongo, all consisted of rude representations of the human form carved in iron-wood by Rori about one hundred and sixty-five years ago. They were as follows:

1 RONGO="The Resounder." Tutelar god of Mangaia, dwelling in the shades, and feeding exclusively on mankind. His chief representative was a triton shell, used only by the king, and deposited at the entrance. A block of stone, shaped like a man, and covered with cloth and coarse sacrifice-nets, was set up at his marae "O-Rongo" for the convenience of worship and sacrifice; where also stood a smaller image named "Little Rongo," or "Rongo-of-the-red-tongue."

2 *Motoro;* proudly called "te io ora"="living-god," as his worshippers were *not* eligible for sacrifice. His marae was named Araata. Supposed to be enshrined in cinet-work, in the "Oronga"-plant, and in the blackbird (Mo'o).

3 *Tane,* i.e. *Tane-papa-kai*=Tane-giver-of-food.

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4 *Tane-ngaki-au* = Tane striving-for-power; worshipped at Maputū. Supposed to be enshrined in *birds*—the Kauā and Kerearako.

5 *Tane-i-te-utu* = Tane-of-the-Barringtonia-tree; worshipped at Maraetēva. Supposed to be enshrined in *fish*—Sprats.

6 *Tane-kio* = Tane-the-chirper; worshipped at Maungaroa. Supposed to be enshrined in *planets*—Venus and Jupiter—and in cinet-work.

7 *Tiaio;* worshipped at Mārā. Supposed to be incarnate in the eel and the shark.

8 and 9 *Tekuraaki* and *Utakea*; worshipped at Nuvêe. Supposed to be incarnate in the woodpecker (Tatangaêo).

10 *Turanga;* worshipped at Aumoana. Supposed to be incarnate in the white and the black-spotted lizards.[1]

11 *Teipe;* worshipped at Vaiaua. Supposed to be incarnate in the centipede.

12 *Keretekī;* worshipped at Araata and Tauangaitu. Believed to have no incarnation.

13 *Tangiia;* worshipped at Rangitaua. Believed to have no incarnation.

Sacred Lizard-Fish of Rarotonga.

[1] The crocodile was regarded as sacred to the god Typho by the Egyptians. Several species of the *lizard* were worshipped in Polynesia. Whence this worship of a perfectly harmless reptile? May not the original settlers from Asia have brought with them traditions of crocodile worship? The lizard being the only representative of that order in their new-found homes, may not its worship by the South-Sea Islanders be only a modern adaptation of the old crocodile-worship? It is noticeable that lizard-worship was introduced into the Hervey Group by Tongans. The fear of the lizard was intense. I have seen strong men tremble at the sudden approach of one. A large tree-lizard exists in the forests of Rarotonga. It was formerly regarded as the incarnation of a Tongan deity, devouring solitary travellers. The alligator is unknown in Polynesia, notwithstanding the assertion of a popular writer that they are found in the noble lagoon of Aitutaki Island.

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HEATHEN CEREMONIES ON THE RETURN OF THE PLEIADES.

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The keeper of this Pantheon just before sunset cooked (or rather half-cooked) an oven of taro for the use of the gods! The first half-raw taro was thrown into the bush with these words, "Rongo, here is thy food, eat." Next came, "Motoro, here is thy food, eat." After going through the whole thirteen, the keeper threw in the deepening gloom a single taro, saying, "All ye little divinities, whose names and attributes are unknown to me, here is your food, eat." The last was addressed to those inferior gods who had no representatives in the Pantheon, and who might possibly feel angry. To this almost innumerable throng only one taro was given! The *essence* (ata) only was supposed to be eaten by the gods.

The entire family of gods was fed *before* the sun had actually sunk beneath the horizon, as that was the signal for them to go on their travels all over the island. At break of day they were said to rush back with a great noise "like wind in a cocoa-nut grove," ashamed of daylight![1] Occasionally the idols were sunned to prevent their fine wrappings from getting mouldy. New white cloth was put on them from time to time.

Some time after the introduction of Christianity it happened that one of the regal family was taken dangerously ill. Whilst the heart was softened by affliction, the parent was struck with the glaring absurdity of professed adherents to Christianity keeping up this idol-shrine with its daily oven of food. What should be done with the idols? It was decided by the king, Parima, Simeona, and the other leading men of the day, to surrender these dangerous things

[1] The constellation of the Pleiades held an important place in the heathen mythology. Its appearance on the horizon at sunset, about the middle of December, determined the commencement of the new year. When at sunset the constellation was invisible, the second half of the year was supposed to have commenced. The reappearance of the Pleiades on the horizon at sunset was in many of the islands a season of extravagant rejoicing, and was welcomed with frantic dances and discordant shell-music.

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to Davida. To the horror of the heathen, but to the great joy of the Christian party, the whole thirteen were carried in triumphal procession to the house of Davida by the sea. The wrappings were thrown away, and for the first time since they were carved by Rori they were exposed to the vulgar gaze. Soon after Messrs. Williams and Platt paid an opportune visit to the island; and they proceeded to Raiatea laden with these idols, which were eventually deposited in the museum of the London Missionary Society.

The day the idols were removed, the house in which they had been kept was set on fire; the *maraes* all over the island were desecrated, the little houses in which the deity was supposed to be invisibly present were burnt; the great stone idol of Rongo at the sea-side, where human sacrifices were offered, was smashed to atoms, and (what is much to be regretted) the magnificent native mahogany (*tamanu*) trees were set on fire, on account of their supposed connection with idolatry. Cocoa-nuts were planted on the crest of the *marae* of Motoro in commemoration of this happy event. In their wild excitement the war-dance was actually performed, as if they had gained an important victory! The heathen everywhere mourned the fate of their gods; but no chief was willing to do battle on their behalf.

Another important step was then taken. The chiefs had accepted Christianity, but polygamy prevailed. Davida, who had recently married, represented the incompatibility of this with the New Testament. To the credit of the chiefs be it said, that they heartily acquiesced in the proposition to abolish polygamy. The powerful chief Parima, who had six wives, set the example by putting away *five*. By divorce these women were not condemned to want, as to each was given a plot of land with fruit-bearing trees on it sufficient for her own subsistence and that of her children.

But a sharp trial was at hand. The heathen could not

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endure the radical change which had come about. A large tribe of defeated heathen had been living at Butoa, with whom Davida had no influence whatever. A teacher sent to them from the Christian party was ignominiously repulsed: a noble *puka*-tree (species of gigantic laurel) growing on a *marae* was cut down by Davida. Next day a clan blackened their faces, and covered with ill-smelling clothes as a sign of mourning, paraded the island with loud lamentations, and prepared to attack the converts to Christianity. The Christians were decidedly in the minority; but the upholders of idolatry were so divided amongst themselves, that when the battle came off in February, 1828, the numbers on either side were about equal. The heathen were led by Tereavai, priest of Tiaio, who, during the actual conflict, was in a thatched hut perched upon a rock engaged in rolling out, with his fine voice, prayers to the shark-god to destroy the worshippers of Jehovah for ever. But his incantations were cut short by the utter discomfiture of the heathen. Arakauae, a brave warrior on the winning side, forbade pursuit of the fugitives,—a noble act, which will never be forgotten.[1]

The terms given to the vanquished were that they should each receive a taro-patch from their conquerors, and for the future live in the Christian village, and give up their heathen practices. Forty-eight years have since elapsed; and the peace then made has never been disturbed. Tereavai afterwards became a useful deacon of the church at Tamarua, and an eloquent builder-up of the faith he had striven to destroy. From his own lips I learnt that *he provoked the fight, in order that his name might go down to posterity with glory!* He was the tenth priest in direct succession from Papaaunuku, who followed Rangi and the first settlers to this island.

[1] When twitted afterwards with their ill-success, Tereavai said, "It was not for want of will on the part of his god, but for lack of power; because *the Christian's God is the strong God.*"

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Tereavai died in March, 1865, washed, as I trust, from all guilt in the atoning blood of Jesus.

On one occasion a plot was laid to revive heathenism. The preacher Davida was to be slain and offered to Rongo, although the stone idol had been for some time destroyed. But these were merely the expiring agonies of an effete worship. The Christian body daily grew in numbers and in general intelligence. Scores learnt to write and cipher on slabs of wood covered with sand, the finger being used as a stylus. As the idea of book-learning became inseparably connected with Christianity, those who were friendly to the new order of things were nicknamed "Book-eaters" (*kai parau*); whilst their opponents, now that idolatry was outwardly given up, were called "Iron-Rust" (*tutaeauri*). And these names have been in use ever since.

In the year 1834 the first church of twelve members was formed at Oneroa, by the Rev. C. Barff, of Huahine. That band consisted of persons who did honour to their profession, but who have all passed away to the church of the Firstborn whose names are written in heaven. On the 1st of January, 1872, we had in the three churches of Mangaia a total of seven hundred and forty-five members. This wonderful increase may well cause the devout and thankful exclamation, What hath God wrought!

Subsequently to the formation of the church a code of civil laws was adopted by the chiefs of the island for the protection of life and property.

In the year 1839, that noble and apostolic man Maretu, the valued helper of the Rev. C. Pitman, of Rarotonga, was sent over, in the hope of building up the faith of the church; for in truth the knowledge of Davida was not great. Up to this period the island had been connected with the Tahitian Mission; but it was now transferred to the care of the brethren at Rarotonga. Hitherto all religious instruction had

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been imparted through the medium of the Tahitian dialect, which differs materially from that of the Hervey Group. In the ignorance of a half-enlightened people it was imagined that acceptable worship could only be offered in this almost foreign language. Maretu came amongst them with a strong genial nature, and exclusively used their own dialect,—thus at once winning the hearts of all. He applied himself diligently to study their unwritten history and traditions, in order to understand more thoroughly the people amongst whom he was temporarily appointed to labour. What had been but dimly apprehended before, because expressed in a foreign tongue, became clear and attractive in their own. In the Austral Group the original language of the islanders has entirely disappeared. And but for Maretu the same fate would have befallen the language of Mangaia.

The Rev. W. Gill of Rarotonga paid repeated visits to this island,—staying for several months at a time. To him the natives attribute their first acquaintance with the use of European tools. In many ways his visits were richly blessed.[1]

In July, 1845, arrived their first resident missionary, the Rev. G. Gill (brother to the preceding), who remained at this station until his removal to Rarotonga in April, 1857. His labours were incessant, and were owned by the Great Master to the ingathering of many to the fold, and in the general enlightenment of the islanders in spiritual truth. A stone church and a substantial school-house, erected in each of the three villages, testify to his energy. A mission-house of a superior character was built by him at the principal village of Onèroa. Although many years have elapsed since his removal, he still lives in the loving remembrance of the people.

On his arrival it was difficult to travel from one village to another; before he left an excellent road had been made

[1] The reader is referred to the interesting narrative given in his *Gems from the Coral Islands.*

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round the island. Several oppressive laws were cancelled by the king and chiefs at his suggestion.

On the 15th of July, 1851, the writer left England in the missionary bark *John Williams*, but did not land at Mangaia until March 1st, 1852. Not long afterwards the character of the people was put to a severe test by the wreck of two vessels within a few months of each other. Most of the property was saved for the captains. Upon the whole there was every reason to be much pleased with the way the people behaved.

In the year 1853 orange rum was first introduced from Tahiti, and for many years proved very pernicious to the health and morals of the young men of the island. In heathenism the only intoxicating drink known to these people was the highly narcotic *Piper mythisticum*, which was used exclusively by aged men. Stringent laws against the manufacture and use of rum were at length enacted by the authorities; and thus eventually the evil was quelled. Had the chiefs been younger and possessed of less firmness of character, the probability is that this terrible evil would still be dominant.

In 1853 a severe hail-storm passed over the island. On the southern part, where we were then stationed, the stones were of the size of pigeons' eggs. One native collected quite a number of these "sky *seeds*" (as they were called), and placed them carefully in a chest on his Sunday clothes. Next day he unlocked his box in order to have a look at these novel treasures; but they were all gone! He came to me about this clear case of diabolical agency, incidentally remarking that his Sunday clothes were, queerly enough, all wet!

During our absence from the island for twelve months on a prolonged missionary voyage in 1862, the Peruvian slavers first prowled about these seas. One Sabbath afternoon, at the conclusion of the service, a bark exactly corresponding to the well-known *John Williams* hove in sight. The natives at

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once concluded that their missionary had come back. Accordingly a canoe with six young men on board was sent off to fetch him ashore. Five climbed the ship's side, and were at once pinioned and carried off, the man in charge of the canoe being left to paddle back alone. Amongst the five was the king's eldest son and intended successor. Through the prompt exertions of the English and French consular residents at Lima, eventually a general delivery of South-Sea Island slaves was made. But, alas! thousands had already perished.

A mournful episode in the business was the fate of three hundred and sixty natives, who were by the terms of agreement to be sent back to their island-homes by the Peruvian Government. A vessel was chartered for the purpose, and sent to Rapa,—to which island, however, none of those on board belonged. The poor creatures were dying of smallpox and dysentery at the rate of ten or twelve a day,—the latter complaint arising from an insufficient supply of water and food. The natives of Rapa naturally objected to their landing, from fear of infection; but the captain coolly said that "he should force the wretched survivors overboard, and let them swim for their lives." Under these circumstances the Rapa people permitted the surviving sixteen to land,—though, as it afterwards proved, at a heavy penalty to themselves. Out of that number only one survived to tell the late Captain Williams the tale of woe. A third of the population of Rapa was cut off by the contagion.

On March 27th, 1866, a fearful hurricane devastated the island, unroofing the churches at Oneroa and Tamarua, destroying two hundred and sixty-eight houses, and uprooting two thousand cocoa-nut trees. The sea rose more than thirty feet above its ordinary level. The people suffered greatly from want of sufficient food afterwards; and many deaths were accelerated thereby. Yet this hurricane was

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over in eight hours! For exactly twenty years the island had been happily exempt from such visitations, though heavy floods had on several occasions inflicted severe injury on the island. In the same month of the following year (1867) there was another hurricane, which although of much longer duration did far less damage, as the natives had time to secure their dwellings with wild-vine ropes of immense strength. In March, 1869, a third hurricane occurred; but since then by the goodness of God the island has been spared.

The group is healthy, but the natives are liable to severe epidemics. Rarely do vessels from colder latitudes (say from New Zealand) touch at these islands without leaving influenza behind them. It is amusingly said by a native when unwell, *Kua pat au*="I am shippy," *i.e.*, "I am suffering from sickness brought by some ship." Of late years the population of Mangaia has been slightly increasing. The census of January, 1872, gave a total of two thousand two hundred and sixty-six.

Of the men who welcomed the first white missionary in 1845, and myself in 1852, few now survive; they were men who knew by bitter experience the cruel bondage of heathenism, and who lovingly embraced Christianity. We thank God that these worthies died as they had lived in the faith of the Gospel.

Our converts do not seem to be troubled with the doubts and fears which affect the highly-cultured European. May not this be owing to the childlike nature of their faith,—just taking God at His word?

Amongst the excellent men whose death-beds it has been my privilege to visit I would refer to Rakoia, chief of Tamarua, who died in September, 1865, nearly eighty years of age. He was emphatically a good man, ready for every good word and work. He was never absent from his place

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in the adult Bible-class or in church, except when ill. During the last two years of his life he became childish; yet I could nearly always fix his attention for a few minutes by referring to the interests of his soul. The last words I heard from his lips a few days before his death were, "I am dying; but I am in God's hands. Jesus alone is the Way, the Truth, and the Life!"

Three months afterwards Tamatangi, chief of Ivirua, died of inflammation of the lungs. I had ridden over twice to administer medicine and to converse with him On the first Sabbath of December, 1865, I spent the entire day at Ivirua. After the morning service I went to see him, and at once perceived that the last enemy was near, although he was in full possession of his mental faculties. Tamatangi might be seventy years old, and was reclining on a mat supported by a near relative. Like Jacob, he died in the midst of his people; for perhaps one hundred natives were in the chamber of death. His mind was fixed upon Jesus. Twice we offered prayer on behalf of the dying man; and twice we sung (first a version of "When I can read my title clear," and then a version of "Rock of ages, cleft for me"). I held his hand, uttering such words of comfort as I could think of. He looked around upon his wife and relatives, and then fixed his dying gaze on me. His last words were an exhortation to his clan to cleave to the Word of God. He then said "Farewell," and expired.

Mauapa died in the same year. He was the oldest man on the island, and had been a valuable deacon for many years. In visiting this worthy old Christian, I have often come away refreshed in spirit, beholding what Christianity can do for one who grew up to mature age in heathen darkness. His mind was clear to the last. He passed away without a cloud.

In October, 1866, Paunui, who had been my leading deacon at Oneroa for many years, was called away. His removal

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was rather sudden. Although by no means faultless—indeed, being possessed of great energy and decision of character, he often occasioned me great anxiety—his death was a brilliant sunset. One Sabbath morning early he sent for me. I was grieved to find him suffering greatly. Gasping for breath, he said, "My teacher, I am going. Do not detain me by your kind prayers and wishes. Let me go. I want to be with Jesus. There we will meet again." To me it seemed incredible that such a robust, noble frame should be so near dissolution. I spoke of his possible recovery, and the medicines I had in my pocket. He again said, "I know I am dying. I wish to go and be with Jesus. Medicines will not avail. Detain me not." I inquired the ground of his hope. He said that he was trusting in Jesus only. He then commended me and the native pastors to the special care of a chief (his relative) who was by his side. This he did partly from kind personal interest and friendship, and partly as devolving a sacred trust derived from his cousin Parima, the first chief who embraced the Gospel, and who thereby was universally considered to be the special protector and helper of the "servants of God." Other chiefs who visited him successively received the same charge, proving how sacredly he regarded the trust committed to him by those who nearly fifty years ago embraced the Christian faith.

I bless God for the many dying testimonies I have met with among these poor natives to the power of the Gospel to take away the sting of death, and to impart in its place a bright hope of a blissful immortality. It should be remembered that these men were all warriors in heathenism, and had freely shed blood without compunction in those days of darkness. They grew up in the practice of a debasing superstition, and yet cordially embraced the teachings and moral requirements of the Gospel.

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For the last seven years the contributions from Mangaia to the general funds of the London Missionary Society, after defraying all local expenses, have exceeded £200. During the same period, Rarotonga has contributed a much larger sum; Aitutaki has done nobly; but the other islands of the group collect a much smaller amount.

The first complete version of the Bible in the dialect of the Hervey Group was brought by the *John Williams* in 1852. In two years every one of the five thousand copies was disposed of. In 1855 a new edition of an equal number was called for. A third edition (of five thousand) with marginal references has just passed through the press, and is in general circulation.[1]

Until 1852, the books of Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job, and the Minor Prophets had never been seen in the native language. It was no ordinary privilege to expound to adult Bible-classes books absolutely new to all present but oneself. The natives seemed never weary of asking the meaning of the new and more difficult portions of Scripture. The Rarotongan version of the Bible is an excellent one, the originals being for the most part rendered into good idiomatic language.

The adaptation of many parts of the Old Testament to their simple, patriarchal mode of life is very striking. Thus the jealousies of children born of different mothers under the old system of polygamy have their exact counterpart in these islands; for although the system has long been abandoned, the evils generated by it in former years are but slowly eradicated. The histories of the Old Testament present, in innumerable particulars, a counterpart to their own, and the lessons inculcated come home to them with special force. And the beautiful parables of our Lord are as suitable to them as to our own countrymen; showing that the Bible is adapted for all races and for all time.

Throughout the Christianized islands the observance of family worship is almost universal. In some cases it may be

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an empty form ; but even then it is better than entire neglect. In the flying-fish season a fleet of twenty-five or thirty canoes will assemble at dusk at the edge of the reef, whilst a church-member in a necessarily stentorian voice commends the entire party to God's care. This is because they cannot reach home till late ; so that family worship will have been conducted by the wives with their children before their arrival.

TEPOU, A RAROTONGAN CHIEF,
(Once an idolator and cannibal, but afterwards one of the earliest converts to Christianity.)

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IV.

Reminiscences of Native Preachers.

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MISSION CHAPEL, ONEROA, MANGAIA.

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CHAPTER IV.

Reminiscences of Native Preachers.

THINKING it might interest the old-world preachers to hear how the truths of the Bible are illustrated by Polynesian evangelists and pastors, I have selected a few specimens of such illustrations, all of which I have myself heard in the South Pacific.

In the Christianised islands of the South Seas, I may remark, that the Sabbath is strictly observed, and the churches crowded with devout worshippers; in fact, in most places nine-tenths of the population may be found inside the house of God on the Lord's day. No congregation in Europe or America could hang with more earnestness on the lips of the preacher. It is quite a common practice to take down the outline of the discourse on paper or slates, or even rudely to scratch it on the leaf of the banana or the cocoa-nut. The people converse on what they have heard in their homes; the usual course being for the husband first to call upon the wife for the text, and, if she fails to remember it, to appeal to the eldest son, and so on, proceeding in the same manner with the successive divisions of the discourse. I have known sermons to be well

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remembered even ten years after their delivery. Their reverence for the Word of God puts to shame the unbelief of many born in Christian countries. In the letter, as well as in the spirit, they fulfil the ancient precept: "These words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."[1]

The services of the Sabbath begin with a prayer-meeting at dawn; this lasts about an hour. A deacon usually conducts it. Sabbath-school is held from 8 to 9 a.m., when the full morning service begins, and from 1 to 2 o'clock in the afternoon; full service again follows from 2 to half-past 3 p.m. The day closes with catechising and prayer in each family. The early sunset, and the absence of artificial lights, make any later service impossible.

At dawn on Monday (at Mangaia and Aitutaki, at least) a large Bible-class of all the church-members is held; the aged coming to hear only, the younger to read and ask questions. Similar exercises are repeated at intervals during the week. They go to their secular duties with the more zest for having spent an hour with God. Saturday is the only day entirely free from services or Bible-classes for adults and children.

Many of the following illustrations are from the lips of Mamae, native pastor and evangelist in Mangaia, whose portrait we give. Mamae is only one of his names; for the natives use many names, associated with divers events in their lives. It means *sorrow*, referring to the loss of a loved child. His baptismal name is Sadaraka.

Mamae is no ordinary man. He is well versed in Scripture, which he expounds with great originality and power, bringing his illustrations not from books or commentaries, but from

[1] Deut. vi. 6, 7.

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nature, and from events familiar to those whom he is addressing. He has much wit and humour, as well as true pathos; and, best of all, he is a devout and humble follower of Jesus.

Tia ora na koe

Tamati.

For above twenty-eight years now he has preached the Gospel to his own countrymen. I have known him for twenty-five of these years; and the more I have known him

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the more I have cause to esteem and love him for his own as well as his work's sake. I regard him as a fine example of the transforming power of the Gospel. For the first half of his life he was an untaught heathen, a worshipper of idols. The very idol which he and his tribe worshipped—a rude carved human figure made of ironwood, named Motoro—is in the Museum of the London Missionary Society. The following notes do not represent the substance of his teaching, but are merely given as specimens of the racy and characteristic illustrations with which he enlivens his discourses.

"*They crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh.*"—Our weapons of war were all made of ironwood. Supposing one of you should plant a young ironwood tree. It would require much care at first to make it grow at all. And then it has a trick of growing crooked; little branches all round would require to be lopped off from time to time. After a great amount of pruning and constant care it becomes a stately tree. Imagine that lofty tree[1] to be cut down by a pretended friend, and adzed into a spear, and that spear to be used in piercing your heart! To be slain by a spear made of the tree you planted, nurtured, and cherished!

This is just an emblem of what Christ feels. The very creatures He formed and loved crucified Him! The Jews did this of old; let us not crucify the Son of God afresh. The love of sin and all ungodliness—these are the spears, these are the nails which pierce the soul of the Redeemer! The torn flesh, and the pain of death, are as nothing compared with the anguish of enduring the sins of the world.

"*That they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.*"—In the olden time it was customary to adorn the

[1] Generally speaking, spears did not exceed twenty-four feet in length; the spear wielded by the famous warrior Ngauta was thirty feet long.

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spear of the warrior with bunches of beautiful feathers—two, and sometimes three, tufts on one long spear. Now the Holy Spirit's spear is the word of truth, by which He subdues His foes. Let the Church of Christ be as a bunch of highly-prized feathers resting upon and adorning this invincible spear—each believer a feather, and all in perfect unison.

"*I will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried.*"—Although several of our countrymen have dug gold in California and Australia, and have brought back its value, not one has witnessed the process of refining. However, we have had it described to us. But, after all, gold and silver are foreign things. Our fathers and forefathers lived and died without ever seeing or hearing of gold and silver. It is only the men of this generation who have seen and handled money.

The gold and silver of the white man are but stones dug out of the earth, carefully improved by the *taunga*, or artisan. The gold of Mangaia in ancient times was the *toki*, or stone axe, which excelled all other things in value and usefulness in times of war and peace. It was itself a fatal weapon, easily hidden. It was indispensable for the production of the terrible war-spear, for the building of houses, for the hollowing out of canoes, for the clearance of lands overgrown with bush, and for the purchase of protection from victorious chiefs.

The best basaltic stones for making axes are found at the head of the valley Mataare, or else at Rupetau. If a man wanted some axes made he would go to one of these places, and with his ironwood spade dig out the best stones he could find, and then carry them to the artisan who had agreed to make a set of axes. Payment was rendered in food and cloth. The *taunga* (=artisan) takes up a large piece of red flint, and begins vigorously to chip away at one of the the stones. After working at it for several hours, and getting

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the rough outline of the axe, alas! the stone breaks off in the centre! Time and labour have been wasted. Taking up the broken fragments, he says, "*ti-ria-tu!*" or "throw it away!" (expressive of disgust).

He now sets to work upon a second piece of basalt. To his annoyance, much larger bits than he intended fly off. He chips with greater care and gentleness than before; but again and again pieces fly off. The stone does not break in two, as in the former instance; but the size of the axe must be reduced, its value being proportionately lessened. He lays aside the heavy piece of flint, and uses instead a much lighter one, hoping eventually to be rewarded for his trouble. But again large pieces fly off as before, proving the stone to be essentially worthless. This, too, is thrown away.

"Ugh!" says the axe-maker; "maybe the next will turn out no better. My labour is in vain!" He this time carefully scrutinizes the quality of the stone he intends to operate upon. The red mountain clay, which conceals its real colour and defects, is washed off. As the stone seems to be really excellent, the man cheerfully sets to work upon it. Chip—chip—chip goes the large sharp flint. The stone yields, and under the patient hand of the *taunga* soon assumes the form and appearance of a first-class axe. A lighter piece of sharp flint is used for the finishing off. Now only fine dust falls, blown away from time to time by the breath of the much-enduring workman. The axe is almost ready for polishing, when the *taunga* detects an inequality in the surface; in the correction of this fault, alas! the stone breaks in two. On carefully examining the fragments, there is seen a flaw in the centre, though externally all was faultless.

Is the laborious workman to reap no fruit of his toil? Will all these stones, dug out of the sides of the distant mountain, prove worthless? Not all, it is hoped.

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Again he goes to work upon a piece of stone—a really good piece of basalt. Chip—chip—chip goes the big flint. After a time a lighter flint, equally sharp, however, is used. The work proceeds slowly but prosperously. Whilst an ignorant observer wonders why the shapeless stone is battered, bruised, and unceasingly chipped, the master knows that every blow is needed, and tends to the perfection of his work. The black stone under the small bit of red flint becomes covered with fine white dust, requiring to be frequently removed. At last the polishing alone remains. Pieces of coral, broken off the reef, are rubbed long and laboriously upon the axe, often wetted with water. Eventually the axe is completed, to the satisfaction of the maker and to the envy of others.

Such were the treasures of our ancestors. Who amongst us will become God's choicest treasures? (*Ei moemii na te Atua*="so precious that he cannot sleep for the thought of them!")

Hollow Professors.—Some professors are just like empty calabashes. When a man wants a new calabash, he selects the biggest green one he can find, bores a hole in the top, and carries it to a stream, where it at once sinks to the bottom. After a few days he comes back, and finds the once heavy calabash light and floating, the soft pith and seeds inside all decayed, and easily got rid of.

Alas! that the religion of many should too much resemble the green calabash. They cannot endure temptation. Ere long their profession proves to be hollow. Are they not like empty calabashes floating down the stream?

Sometimes, when a fisherman walks along the reef, peering into every pool and crevice in the coral for fish, he sees what seems to him to be a lobster, so perfect is its form even to its eyes, spines, and claws. No defect can be discovered.

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Cautiously he makes a grab at the supposed prize, when, lo! it proves to be but a cast-off shell! The lobster has gone.

Let us not be mere shells, but real living Christians.

"*Kings and priests unto God.*"—In the olden time, the only persons who might bathe at Marua in the interior, or at Vairorongo on the sea-shore, were the kings, who were high-priests of Rongo. These streams were thought to be wonderfully efficacious in driving away disease and pain. The fountains of Divine mercy are free to all; laving our sinful souls in them, we are at once cleansed, and live for ever. Strangely enough, we are made kings and priests to God, and may therefore drink without fear of the river of His pleasures.

"*My son, give Me thine heart.*"—To the major gods our fathers never offered tiny minnows, or any of the many kinds of shell-fish. Even small fish like the "avini" (about four inches in length) were accounted unworthy. The best and largest only were considered to be fit offerings, so as to secure their favour.

Shall we offer to the Maker of heaven and earth imperfect service, lip-praise, and heartless prayers? He requires one thing—your heart.

"*Kill not your foes as Teata killed Rangai.*"—In the famous night attack upon Rautoa and his clan, Rangai rushed through the back door of the fishing-hut; Teata chased him through the darkness with his uplifted club. The fugitive happened to stumble into a hole on the reef; but in falling his head was partially sheltered by a projecting rock. Teata, exulting at this opportunity of wreaking his long-cherished vengeance, again and again struck at his prostrate

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foe. Instead, however, of hitting his head, as he intended, he only struck the rock!

Having (in imagination) secured this victim, he hurried off in quest of a new one. When he eventually came back, with the intent of battering the corpse, he was astonished to find no trace of Rangai. The intended victim, finding himself unhurt, had long since rejoined his friends in the interior. Hence the proverb, "Kill not your foes as Teata killed Rangai."[1]

Take care that, in waging war with sin, you make no mistake. Strike hard, and strike home. See to it that after you have proclaimed the extinction of your old foes they do not, like Rangai, survive to proclaim your folly.

"*Dying in Christ.*"—In the terrible famine which depopulated the island in the reign of Makitaka, Rangai—now a very aged man—felt his end approaching. Without saying a word to his children, lest they should prevent the execution of his wish, with extreme difficulty he dragged his feeble limbs towards the sun-rising, to the *marae* of his god Tane. But the dying man had not strength to climb on the shrine (*patu*) itself. His moans at his successive failures attracted the attention of a passer-by, who proved to be his son-in-law, and who at once lifted him on to the sacred spot. Over-joyed at this, Rangai, gathering up his remaining strength, shouted, "Aiaa! kua tae au ki te rua poro!"—"Oh, joy! I have attained my desired resting-place!" Thus Rangai passed away.

This was the model death of our heathen ancestors—"dying in the embrace of the god" (*akamate atua*). They were deceived by Satan. Let us, who know the Gospel, die in Christ. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

[1] "Auraka ta tatou tainga ia riro ei tainga na Teata."

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Thus dying, we shall attain to the rest remaining to the people of God.

In the shadow of God.—The pious are beautifully described as "those who touch God" (*te aronga miri Atua*); "those who dwell in God;" "those who dwell in the shadow of God." Faith is "to *listen*" to God. Trust in God is "to *lean*" on Him. These Christian days are usually spoken of as "the gentle reign of Jesus" (*te au maru o Ieſu*). Heaven is called "the day of God" (*te ao o te Atua*).

Forgetful hearers.—When the sea-side king was installed in office, and took up his residence near the *marae* of Rongo, the most sacred spot on the island, a large basket was hung up in the neighbourhood, so that all who passed to or from the sea might deposit an offering to the goddess Ruatamaine,[1] the revealer of secrets. Going, it might be only a bit of cooked taro; on coming back it must be an entire fish. If nothing whatever had been obtained, a white coral pebble should be put in the basket instead. Ruatamaine was a very exacting divinity: if the accustomed offering was omitted, no success in fishing could be expected.

"Now," said the preacher, "some of you are continually coming to the house of God, and yet carry away nothing! The memory retains scarcely anything beyond the text; and even that is sometimes forgotten. Why so? *Ina! kua vare te kete o Ruatamaine* = 'I suspect you have forgotten to put something in the basket of the Revealer of Secrets!' Did you first ask God's blessing on the services of the sanctuary and on the preacher? And upon your return home did you thank God for the words you had been listening to? Had you done so, your memory would doubtless have been strengthened, and your own basket filled."

[1] "She who speaks through a woman;" the goddess being supposed to be incarnate in a royal female whose home was near the sea.

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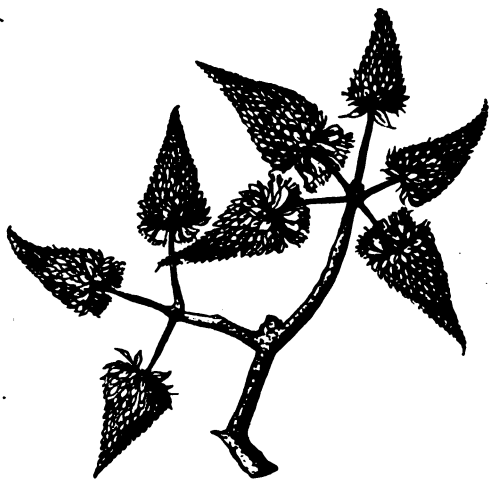
The coral tree.—The most gorgeous flower in the islands is that of the coral-tree (*Erythrina coralodendron*). When it is in blossom, it has no leaves; and when in leaf, it has no blossom. A remarkable mythical significance was formerly attached to this tree. Its flower is blood-red, and hence it was supposed to indicate the time for the flight of the disembodied warrior spirits to Paradise.

At first the tree is of rapid growth; but afterwards it advances very slowly, on account of its leaves being the food of a beautiful species of caterpillar, which, however, only check its growth without destroying it.



Blossom of the Coral Tree of the South Pacific.

I once heard a native preacher compare the almost imperishable coral-tree to God as the tree of life, and mankind to the caterpillars which feed upon His bounty. He urged his countrymen to imitate the caterpillar in never abandoning the parent tree, where only it can live and grow.

The habitation of cruelty.—By the side of the taro patches on the south of Mangaia, at a spot known as Areuna, once lived a woman said to be possessed of an evil spirit. Tukekovi lived apart from her neighbours with her only child, a boy named Mikia. They lived in days of anarchy and bloodshed, when

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many little children wandered about in quest of food, having lost their natural protectors.

Tukekovi employed her boy to decoy children to her hut. She would liberally feed these hungry little ones, and induce them to sleep with Mikia. At midnight she would rise and feel about in the dark for her little unconscious victim, one or two blows with the mallet sufficing to put an end to its existence. Thus a good feast would be provided for Tukekovi and her boy Mikia.

There lived in Veitatei a woman, named Nono, also said to be possessed of a demon. Her son, Tevaaranginui, was a source of constant anxiety to her, lest he should be ensnared by the wiles of Tukekovi and Mikia. She frequently warned him to be on his guard, and on no account to go to their hut. Tevaaranginui faithfully promised to obey his mother's wishes. But Tevaaranginui one day fell in with Mikia, and, being of the same age, they began to play together in the stream which led past Tukekovi's dwelling. At length the deep shadow of the hills fell upon the place where they had played together through the sunny day. Mikia insisted upon his companion going home with him to sup and to sleep. Tevaaranginui, forgetting his promise to his mother, allowed himself to be persuaded. The house was near at hand, and Tukekovi cheerily invited the half-famished boys to come in and partake of the warm food she had just taken out of the oven. The lad Tevaaranginui forgot his fears, and with Mikia made a hearty supper. Tukekovi desired him to sleep on the pillow of dry grass upon which he had rested during the meal; but Mikia went to the side of his mother.

The candle-nut torch was extinguished, and in a few minutes Tevaaranginui knew, by the hard breathing of mother and son, that both were asleep. But Tevaaranginui could not get a wink of sleep; terror crept over him as he recalled to mind the warnings he had received. It was useless to

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attempt to escape. After much thought, he quietly rose, went to Mikia, and by a great effort succeeded in lifting the sleeping boy and carrying him to the grass pillow occupied by himself a few moments previously. Fortunately for Tevaaranginui, Mikia was perfectly unconscious of all this. The bold son of Nono now quietly laid himself down by the side of the cruel mistress of the hut, trembling, however, lest his trick should be discovered.

As midnight approached, Tukekovi roused herself from sleep, and crept to the side of the boy slumbering on the fragrant pillow of dried grass, little thinking that it was her own son. She felt for the stone chisel and the wooden mallet, and, returning to the sleeping lad, dispatched him by a blow on the temple. The door of the hut was opened, and the corpse hidden beneath a pile of newly-cut banana leaves, collected in anticipation of a feast. She determined that as soon as the morning star should rise she would wake up her boy, and they would cook their victim.

No sooner had the savage woman disappeared through one door than the visitor cautiously opened the opposite one, and rushed up the hillside in the direction of his own home. Tukekovi returned to her place to sleep again, well satisfied with her achievement. She was surprised to find her boy's place vacant. Tevaaranginui having now gained the summit of the hill, and feeling safe from pursuit, shouted lustily:

"Na Tukekovi e, ko Tevaaranginui!
Kua pou Mikia i te kai e Tukekovi!"

"Tukekovi thinks she has slain Tevaaranginui!
'Tis Mikia that will be devoured by Tukekovi!"

Was it possible that Tevaaranginui was yet living? The flying boy repeated the words, which came down distinctly in the silence of the night. The affrighted woman lighted a torch, and removed the broad banana leaves piled upon the

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corpse, and, to her intense grief, found that she had murdered her own boy! She repeatedly kissed the still warm body, and wept aloud. Early on the following morning she wrapped Mikia in a new piece of white cloth, and buried him.

Tukekovi unceasingly sought revenge; but all her carefully-laid plans for this purpose were defeated by Nono and her clever son Tevaaranginui.

Sadaraka, when preaching to the young, said, "Tukekovi may well represent the great enemy of souls, who continually seeks to entrap and destroy the unwary. Give him and his a wide berth; then only shall we be safe. In the end Satan will prove himself to be but a fool!"

Cutting off a limb.—One of the most useful pioneer evangelists of the Samoan mission was Teava, who, after many years of active service, returned to Rarotonga. Though very feeble, and bent with age, his place in the sanctuary is never vacant; and he is ever ready with a word of exhortation. On one occasion he said, "I have been meditating this morning upon our Lord's words, 'If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.'

"When I laboured at Tutuila I often felt rebuked by the strange conduct of a large species of land-crab, called there the *mali'o*, here the *tupa*. It bores deep into the soil, the holes sometimes extending to a considerable distance. At night this crab loves to make its way to the sea, for the purpose of laving itself in the salt-water and drinking it. It sometimes happens that, when hurrying through the tall grass and fern, some of its legs become defiled by contact with filth. So great is the vexation of this crab at its mishap, that it delays its march to the sea in order to wrench off the offending legs! One may sometimes meet

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a mutilated individual hobbling along without two or three of its legs—a self-inflicted punishment! In some rare instances it has been known to wrench off all its eight legs to escape defilement. It is then content to drag itself over the ground with considerable difficulty by means of its nippers, until it reaches its hole, where it hides until the legs partially develop themselves again, though not to their original length and beauty.

"Were we," added Teava, "as willing to part with our favourite sins as this *mali'o* crab is with its defiled limbs, there would be little doubt of our reaching heaven. This is what our Lord means by our cutting off our right hand, and casting it from us."

Simeona, a native of Aitutaki, who laboured some time in the Western Pacific, once said, "There is an ancient legend or fable which tells that the great Māui, who had eight heads, formerly lived in utter darkness in Avaiki, or nether-world. On one occasion, as he was wandering about in his gloomy abode, he saw a faint streak of light issuing from a small aperture in the roof. Māui at once conjectured that there must be somewhere beyond a world of light, and resolved at any cost to leave the dark prison world which he had always inhabited. He tried hard to reach the hole, and succeeded in doing so; but, upon endeavouring to squeeze himself through, found it impossible, on account of the number of his heads. Without hesitation Māui plucked off one of his heads, and vainly tried again. A second head was plucked off; but, though he possessed now only six, he could not get through. True to his resolve to explore the realms of day, Māui deprived himself of the sixth, fifth, fourth, and third heads. 'Now,' thought this god of the shades, 'having but two heads left, I shall be sure to get through.' He tried, and once more failed. Off went one of the remaining heads, and

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the hero entered the narrow hole; and, to his great delight, speedily emerged into a flood of light in this world of ours. Nor did he ever regret the sacrifice he had made to attain so rich a reward; for he made this world his permanent home. Hence it is that now all mankind, his descendants, have but one head apiece.

"So it is with poor sinners living in darkness and the shadow of death. By the grace of God, some of them get a glimpse of the blessed light of the Gospel, and long for a full enjoyment of its saving truths. They fail, because of the eight heads, that is, a heart divided between a desire to serve Christ and an equally strong desire to go on enjoying their old heathen pleasures. There is no emerging into the light, peace, and life of the Gospel until the entire seven be plucked off; until, with a single eye and a single heart, they agonise to enter the kingdom of heaven."

"*Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.*"—In addressing the people, Rauraa related an ancient tradition of Mauke. A man once heard of a very fruitful land called "Te-enua-kura," or "The-island-of-red-feathers." This country abounds in delicious fruits and fragrant flowers, besides birds of gorgeous plumage. With the assistance of his son he made a large canoe, in order to visit this pleasant land; but before the old man was ready to start, one night the son went off by himself, wishing to get there first. A short time after this the father provided himself with another canoe, and likewise started for this wonderful country. When half way there he saw at a distance his son paddling away, to no purpose, against a strong current. The father inquired, "What are you doing, my son?" The reply was, "I am paddling, trying to get on." Unable to help his son, the father kept on his course, and safely reached "the-land-of-red-feathers." After spending a year there

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in the enjoyment of everything he could desire, he returned to his own island. On his way back he again saw his son paddling as before, without having made any progress, and said, "What are you doing, my son?" The old reply was given, "I am paddling, trying to get on."

Many persons set out for heaven, but never get there. Ever learning, they yet never arrive at the knowledge of the truth.

Backsliding.—A man who once came to have his name entered as a class-member said, "Missionary, I am just like the *pio* fish, which, when it first comes from the ocean to feed on the reef, is silvery white, but on the second or third day becomes black, and is thenceforth called a *paraa*. Once I led a decent life, and was even a church-member; but I fell, and thenceforth was as black as a *paraa*."

I remarked, "There is one important difference—a *paraa* can never again become white, whilst you may, and I hope will, be cleansed." And then I went on to tell the way of salvation from sin.

God's people safe.—On the island of Lifu is a species of hawk called the *utru*, which is very destructive to tame poultry as well as to wild birds. The natives have an ingenious device for thinning their numbers. In the middle of a large cage is tied a good-sized chicken, well supplied with scraped cocoa-nut, and surrounded with a series of slip nooses made of strong cocoa-nut fibre. The cage is then set on the top of a cocoa-nut tree, and watched from a distance. In a short time the chirp of the chicken attracts the hawk, which vainly endeavours to secure its victim. After a time the *utru* enters the cage, and, whilst madly rushing upon the fowl, is caught in a noose and strangled.

"Now," said Koreiti, "this hawk aptly typifies Satan, who

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is ever seeking to destroy unwary souls. But the believer is encircled by the good hand of God, resolved to secure his safety, and continually feeds on the Divine promises. In seeking the destruction of the child of God, Satan is sure to be defeated and put to shame."

Emblem of Christ's reign.—When the Tongan tribe obtained supremacy, the heads of the clan planted the *buka tea* (a tree of enormous girth and height, but the wood soft and spongy) on their various *maraes*. Under their grateful shade the affairs of the island were discussed at leisure. When the Amama, or priestly clan, was uppermost, the *bua* tree (*Fagræa Berteriana*) was planted on their *maraes*. And when Ngariki swayed the destinies of the island, the beautiful and well-nigh imperishable coral-tree was planted on their *maraes*.

Now what is the sign of Jesus' reign? An open Bible in all His *maraes* (churches). The supremacy of these various clans has passed away; but Jesus' "reign shall endure for ever; His name shall be continued as long as the sun."

Stony-ground hearers.—Have you ever noticed the sensitive plant (the native name of which is "the liar")? Touch its leaves, and they immediately close and droop to the earth. This is an apt illustration of too many hearers. The truths of revelation move, but do not change their hearts. For a while they shrink from their old associations and evil ways; but after a time resume them again. Ah! these are the "lying plants" (*rakau pikikaa*) of our spiritual husbandry.

"*Their ears are dull of hearing.*"—Kiriaka remarked, "It is now nearly fifty years since the Gospel was brought to our shores. The voice of Jesus has been daily sounding in our ears, like yon billows ceaselessly beating on the unyielding

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coral reef, and, in regard to some, with as little effect. Oh, for the Spirit of God to break these hearts of rock!"

Selfishness.—I will relate an ancient story, to show how the gods once punished the sin of selfishness.

Two men went fishing on the reef, and, after many hours, both took up their fishing-tackle and baskets to return home. One of the men had been quite successful, and had a full basket. The other, who had not obtained any, asked his fortunate friend to give him a fish. The reply was, "No; get some yourself; I will not part with mine." So saying, he shouldered his heavy basket and marched away. The other man walked behind with his empty basket.

Now there was a small hole in the bottom of the basket of the fortunate fisherman; but he was not aware of it. Presently a fish fell through, quite unknown to its owner. This god-send was eagerly picked up by the man behind, and put into his basket. Ere long another fish fell through, and another, and another. All these were gathered by the man following. The hole in the bottom of the basket was continually enlarging, so that the larger fish shared the fate of the smaller ones. At length all the fish had slipped away, and still the selfish man remained ignorant of his loss. On reaching his home, he threw down his basket before his wife, and desired her to cook the fish. Thinking herself mocked, she bitterly reproached her husband for bringing home an empty basket. At this moment his eyes were opened, and too late he discovered that he had lost all through refusing to pity him who had none.

"Beware," said the preacher, "lest we, who have our baskets filled with Gospel privileges, should incur the anger of God through failing to pity those who are still in heathen darkness, so that eventually 'the first should be last, and the last first.' It is meet that the heathen should be fellow-heirs

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with us of the grace of life. Once more, let us watch carefully against little sins. Beware of falling off in prayer and reading of the Bible. The little hole at the bottom of the basket, because it was unnoticed, went on increasing until the unhappy man had lost all."

"*The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.*"—In the olden times a pet son (generally the eldest) was not permitted to carry burdens. A fan might be seen in his hand, or a light basket, containing his gay *tiputa* or upper garment. The father, walking with him, carried the heavy load. Thus God is dealing with us now. We are His pet children; for Jesus carries our heavy load of sin and sorrow, whilst we go scot-free. It is because "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

Many generations ago Mokotearo, a native of Karanga, crossed the island to attend a feast in Veitatei. Anxious to make but one journey of it, he overloaded himself with a great number of old cocoa-nuts which had fallen to his share. These nuts were suspended from the extremities of a long pole swung across his shoulder. With great difficulty he made his way to the foot of a hill called Kaeva. When about one-third up this steep ascent he was overtaken by a fine young fellow, the generous Tekaire,[1] who hearing Mokotearo groaning under the insupportable load, without one word got under the long pole, and transferred the burden to his own shoulders. To the surprise of the exhausted owner of the nuts, his strong friend tripped lightly up the steep hill, and kept on and on until he reached the very door of Mokotearo's dwelling, where he laid down his burden and rested a while. Mokotearo, delighted to be so pleasantly relieved of his burden, looked about for some recompense

[1] Part of a fête-song in memory of this Tekaire is given on p. 82.

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worthy of Tekaire's acceptance. At that moment his only and beloved daughter Tanuau, who was very fair, came in. Now Tekaire was unmarried. Without hesitation, Mokotearo said to his young friend, "Friend, thou hast succoured me to-day: thou didst bear my load, which was far too heavy

Manihikian Bride.

for me. See, here is thy wife; take her to thy home." To his daughter he said, "Go home with this generous youth, and be his obedient wife." This she did.

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"We, too, were labouring," remarked Mamae, "under a heavy load—one far heavier than that under which Mokotearo groaned. We went on wearily, sighing as we went, until Jesus came and, without a word of reproach, took upon Himself our entire burden. This He bears quite away, so that we shall never see it again. Of course we are glad. Should we not render to Him some expression of gratitude? What shall that be? Our Saviour says, 'Son, daughter, give Me thine heart.' What less can we give to Him than an obedient heart?"

"*Every one of us shall give an account of himself to God.*"—No one goes uninvited to a feast. The usual way of giving an invitation is to insert the extremity of a cocoa-nut frond in the thatch of the house of the party invited. The messenger then departs, without uttering a word. Now, supposing the chief who gives the feast sends this fragment of cocoa-nut leaf to a brother chief, it would be understood that not only the chief himself was invited, but that the leading men of his clan were included, and were expected to follow in his train.

This is not the way to partake of the heavenly feast. It is true that we are all invited, and that each has a separate invitation. But none of us can be taken by our chiefs to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Each must answer the invitation for himself. We cannot enter into heaven without individually repenting of sin and exercising personal faith in the Saviour.

Soaring to heaven.—A small bird, named the *piraki*, formerly very numerous, but now almost extinct, is remarkable for its flight. It disdains the earth; it never flies low; it even outflies the snow-white tern, requiring the keenest vision to follow it. Hence the proverb, "To soar as high as the piraki."

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"So," said Mamae, "when called away from earth, may we all, like this famous bird, soar upwards to God and heaven."

The exact force of the expression (*kia poi a piraki tatou*) used by the preacher gave the image of a flock of these remarkable birds flying, one after the other, into the clouds, till lost to vision; suggesting a hope that all his hearers should one after the other ascend to the bosom of the Redeemer. This was a beautiful reference to several deaths which had occurred during the previous week. Mamae then quoted an old snatch referring to death:

"Kua tupu te uru o te manu, ka rere!
Kare e uanga kuru e oki mai rai.
Ei iaai iora te anau?"

"The bird has moulted. 'Tis about to take its flight.
No fruitful season will e'er tempt its return.
Where now will the little ones nestle?"

Does not this ancient heathen song imply the grand truth of the soul's immortality?

The "Titi" bird.—A small sea-bird, named from its note, the *titi*, at the beginning of the dry season seeks the land for the purpose of incubation. The beak and feet of this bird are so strong that it burrows a hole for itself in the red clay of the mountain-side. These holes sometimes extend a yard, frequently intersecting each other. At a safe distance the narrow gallery is enlarged into a round chamber, where the eggs are laid and hatched. The same hole is used for more than one season. When the young are sufficiently strong they are led by the parent birds to the rocks near the sea, where they are nourished with fish until able to roam the ocean on their own account.

Referring to the period when the *titi* occupies the rocks and caves near the shore, Mamae said:

"We are all familiar with the *titi*. By day it loves to hide

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in dark holes and caverns; but if any one approaches its hiding-place and plaintively calls 'E titi e! E manu e!' (O titi! O bird!), it will at once indicate its exact hiding-place by answering, 'Titi, titi.' Only repeat your call two or three times, and it will come out of its dark hole, and, its eyes being dazzled by the light of day, it is easily caught by the hand.

"We poor sinners are like the *titi*—a foolish bird,—hiding away in the dark and noisome haunts of sin. Jesus is ever calling, and seeking to allure us out of that darkness, and bring us into the glorious light of day. But, alas! we do not all, like the *titi*, respond to His call, and fly to Him. Would that all the poor *titis* (sinners) would come to Jesus!"

Tiaki's "little speech."—At Mangaia the *tupa*, or large land-crab, bores deep, straight holes in the soil. They are caught without much difficulty by the natives. The favourite food of this species of crab is the tender leaves of the *poroiti*[1] bush, which yields edible red berries. The crab-catcher provides himself with a young branch of this plant, and holds it at the top of the hole, at the same time making a low hissing sound, to arouse the attention of the crab. The delicate fragrance of the *poroiti* leaves soon brings the crab to the surface, care being taken not to allow the crab to get possession of the coveted morsel too soon. As soon as the *tupa* leaves the hole the aperture is suddenly closed with the foot, or with a stone provided for the purpose. The bewildered crab is now easily caught with the hand.

What the hole is to the crab the means of grace are to the soul. Satan, our great adversary, seeks to draw us away from these blessed influences by temptations exactly suited to our weaknesses. If once we entirely abandon them, we become

[1] *Solanum viride*, a species of winter cherry.

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an easy prey to our arch foe, who is ever seeking how to beguile weak and unstable souls.

Old sins.—Speaking of the believer's sins being forgiven, Sadaraka asked, "How is it that we sometimes see old sins reappearing in Christian people?

"Now, friends, if you have a bottle that has for a long time been filled with strongly-scented oil, and you resolve to pour it out and purify the bottle, so that it may hold your daily supply of drinking water, we all know that, however carefully it may be washed, there will still remain something of the old scent. Even the pure water from the mountain stream will be in a measure tainted by it, although, if daily washed at the fountain, the taint will eventually disappear.

"Even so we must bear awhile with each other's faults; it is the taint of the old nature. But then these faults should grow less and less, until at last, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, our corrupt dispositions shall be entirely changed."

Satan a thief.—Outside the coral reef which, like a vast submarine wall, encircles Mangaia, may be seen, at various depths, a number of fissures, in which different species of fish breed. Divers say that, while the openings are often small, the interior of these crevices are of considerable size. In fine weather small canoes stud the outer edge of the reef. The fishermen carry long lines, which they sink close to these holes, and hardly ever fail in their sport. This is the fishing-ground of these islanders. But it has one drawback: sometimes a shark, or some other voracious fish, whose body is too large to get into one of these fish-preserves, stations itself near the opening to watch for prey. The angler has, consequently, the great annoyance of seeing his fish, one after the other, snatched off by this great fish-thief. What is to be done? Obviously the foe must be destroyed. To do this, a much larger hook

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and a stronger line are requisite. If only the disappointed fisherman can succeed in catching the wily thief, he will be sure to fill his basket with fish.

Now Satan, like the shark, is a great thief; he is ever lying in wait to rob us of the good things we have secured from time to time. Our Lord taught us to pray, "Deliver us from evil." If only He deliver us from the attacks and wiles of Satan, we shall find duty a pleasure, and have our hearts filled with all riches and spiritual understanding.

The hypocrite.—One of the most beautiful birds in these islands is the *kākaiā*, or tern. It feeds on fish, and chooses for its nest the soft pith of decayed pandanus trees. In size it is somewhat larger than the ordinary pigeon. The plumage of the *kākaiā* is of the purest white, excepting only two marks like eye-brows on its face; but when plucked of its feathers, the skin proves to be entirely black!

"It is to be feared," remarked Sadaraka, "that some who make an excellent outward profession of godliness will, after all, prove like the tern. In the eyes of men they are all we could wish; and yet in the eyes of God they are filled with envy, malice, and impure desires. And at the great day of account this will be made plain to all. What a plucking of feathers of mere outward profession there will be then!"

Little sins.—A species of wild taro, called the *mapura*, common in unfrequented valleys, throws out roots and suckers in all directions, so that a parent plant may be surrounded by a dozen smaller ones.

"When we become Christians," said Mamae, "we must be careful not only to surrender the evils patent to all, but likewise those minor bad habits which are too apt to be overlooked by us. These latter will, if unchecked, grow, and

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eventually bring us into captivity. Destroy all the roots of the creeping taro."

Hatred of sin.—"Listen to a myth, to show how you should hate and fear sin. Two men were once travelling at the base of a lofty mountain, when they were chased by a fierce lizard of enormous size. To escape this terrible foe they ran to the nearest cocoa-nut tree, and climbed its lofty stem. Once at the top, they deemed themselves safe; but on looking down, to their horror, they found the great lizard had followed, and was climbing up after them. They pelted it vigorously with cocoa-nuts; but the nuts were soon exhausted, and their foe was rapidly gaining the top, where they were holding on to the great fronds. In their extremity they cried to their god; and soon an immense bird of snow-white plumage came and offered to take them away. They got on its back, and were carried to the summit of the nearest mountain. When the friendly bird was about to put them down, they begged that they might be carried farther away, lest their foe should find them. Accordingly, they were carried to a loftier mountain peak a considerable distance off. Still they did not feel safe; so they were carried to the crest of the loftiest mountain on Rarotonga. Even then their horror of that disgusting reptile was so great that they earnestly begged the bird not to leave them there. Upon this they were taken away to the skies, and now shine as bright stars for ever, out of the reach of their foe!

"This is how," said the eloquent Rarotongan preacher, "I want you to hate sin. Sin is our deadly enemy. It is a disgusting thing to the renewed nature; yet, go where you will in this world, it is sure to follow you. Fight your adversary, and never rest satisfied until, carried by a Divine hand, you are safely landed in the kingdom of heaven. Into that kingdom there shall in no wise enter anything that defileth."

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"*Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound.*"—Kakorua, one of the noble band of evangelists expelled from the Loyalty Group by the French, once addressed our young people in the following terms:

"I want to say a word to you who have grown up in ignorance of what heathenism is. I will relate what I have seen and heard on the island of Uvea, where I spent several years. At the first starting of our Friday meetings for exhortation, some most affecting speeches were made by men who had only recently given up their idols and been baptized. A middle-aged man said that he rejoiced greatly in the blessed Gospel, because it had brought peace to the land. But in heart-rending accents he asked, 'Why did you not sooner bring it to our shores? Had it come earlier, my five children would not have been slaughtered, and borne by the two warriors who slew them to the feasting-house of our foes!' At this he wept aloud for several minutes, many present weeping in unison. He concluded by urging all present to hold on with a death-grip to the Word of God.

"Another rose—his head silvered with years—and said: 'I too heartily lament that the Gospel did not come earlier to our land, for here am I, a solitary old man, embracing the truth. Had it come sooner, my poor wife and two dear children might have been in our assembly to-day; but they too have all been slain!'

"A third speaker lamented that the Christians of Beritane (Britain) had not pitied them earlier, for then probably his two elder brothers and both his parents would have been spared to 'hear the joyful sound.'"

Kakorua then remarked, "On one occasion I counted twenty-two bodies in the feasting-house; of these, four were the half-roasted bodies of children!"

Kakorua concluded by urging the young men in the church to devote themselves to the work of evangelists among the

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heathen, in places which were still the dark habitations of cruelty and crime.

"*If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.*"—Many vainly seek satisfaction in the pleasures and engagements of life. In Christ only can we find lasting peace and happiness. Listen to an ancient myth:

In the sequestered and fertile valley of Kiriapi (on the south of Mangaia) once lived a fierce chief named "Kotuku," or "Heron." On one occasion he commanded a young slave-girl, Pata-ariri (shield of the sea-shell), to take the empty calabashes to the neighbouring spring, and fill them with drinking water. She obeyed; but arriving at the stream, hitherto perennial, not a drop could be obtained. The slave-girl went to the next valley, hoping there to fill her empty calabashes; but there, too, she was doomed to disappointment. Pata-ariri now ran off to a third valley, seeking for water; the brook which once laved the wild taro (*mapura*) and tall flag roots had disappeared. On and on did the slave-girl travel in the hot sun, carrying the empty calabashes, in quest of water; but ever without success.

Girl drawing water at Vaitupu.

Wearied and perplexed at this misadventure, she sat down

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to rest awhile. On looking up she saw close to her a noble-looking man, who said his name was "The shadow of Rongo" (*Te maru o Rongo*).[1] This stranger kindly asked her why she looked so disconsolate. Pata-ariri replied that she had been all over the island in search of water, but to no purpose. Should she return without any she would be slain by her pitiless master.

"The shadow of Rongo" benignantly said, "I am the lord of the fountains. It was I who dried up all the streamlets, in order that you might be driven to meet me. Follow me: I will give you water. But I give it on one condition—you shall be mine!" The noble stranger at once led her to a copious fountain of purest water, where she eagerly slaked her thirst, and then filled her calabashes.

Pata-ariri carried the water to her imperious master, who, wearied with waiting for her return, and maddened with thirst, had already resolved upon her destruction. Kotuku had concealed his stone adze in his girdle, intending, as soon as he had slaked his thirst, to deal the fatal blow.

As Pata-ariri gave the largest calabash to her master, she noticed the ominous scowl upon his face; and as he raised his hands to drink she fortunately caught sight of the weapon which had sealed the fate of many a victim in past times. Cautiously stepping back a few yards outside the door where her fierce lord sat, she said:

"Aitoa koe, e Kotuku, kia inu i tau toto. A kai rangi a Kotuku!"	"I defy thee, Kotuku, to drink my blood. Kotuku, thou art outwitted!"

The astonished cannibal threw down the calabash and rushed out of his house after the defiant slave, who disappeared in a dense forest of hibiscus, by a narrow path. Away, away sped Pata-ariri, resolved not to furnish her angry master

[1] Rongo was the tutelar god of Mangaia.

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with a meal. Panting and utterly exhausted, she eventually reached the distant dwelling of the royal Te-maru-o-Rongo, who had foreseen her flight, and who was prepared to protect her. The enraged Kotuku hunted her over half the island; but, finding she was in the dwelling of the distinguished "Shadow of Rongo," desisted. And thus it was that a poor slave-girl became the beloved wife of a king.

"So runs ancient story; but it has," said the preacher, "a higher and a nobler signification than our ancestors dreamed of. All the promises of real happiness which the world makes to us, one after the other, disappoint the soul. May we slake our soul-thirst at the fountain of Divine truth! Let us gladly listen to the voice which says, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.'"

Tiauri's blanching oven.—A long time ago a chief and a number of his followers sailed to another island, and were treacherously killed and eaten by the inhabitants. Years afterwards the eldest son of the murdered chief heard of the fate of his father, and resolved to punish the evil-doers. Tiauri built a large double canoe, and made sail for the cannibal island, carefully enjoining his followers to conceal his relationship to the fallen chief.

It was the aim of Tiauri to make himself particularly affable to those whom he secretly hoped to destroy. He fell in with their every whim, and devised a thousand means of delighting these people. One day the people of the land inquired of their visitor how it was that he was so fair, whilst they were so dark. Tiauri promptly replied, that originally he and his countrymen were as dark as their neighbours, but that they had been blanched. But how was the blanching performed? inquired the islanders. Tiauri explained that they were *steamed in a mighty oven for a few days:* upon coming out they became fair, "as you now see us."

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A buzz of delight from the dark-skinned cannibals told Tiauri that his bait had taken. What so desirable as to become fair? They proposed to their crafty visitor that he should try this novel blanching process upon them. Tiauri gladly agreed, upon condition, however—of only chiefs and warriors being permitted to enjoy this distinction. Besides, he would require assistance in closing-in the oven.

Accordingly an oven of unheard-of width and depth was now dug in the ground. Cocoa-nut trees were levelled for a roof to the steaming-house, vast quantities of green leaves and grass were collected, in order to damp the fires and to supply the steam. The stones being duly heated, the leaves and grass were thickly spread over the bottom, so that no appearance of fire was to be seen, only the dense vapour necessary for the blanching process. Sixty of the principal men now took their places on the grass and leaves. The roof was then laid on with the aid of the serfs who were not deemed of value enough to be made fair. Last of all, the earth was thickly spread over the heavy cocoa-nut logs, to prevent the escape of the aromatic vapour.

Now Tiauri had promised his too-confiding friends not to leave them until the process should be completed, and they should all come out of the steaming oven as fair as himself. The engagement was that he should let them out on the *seventh* day!

Tiauri now commanded his followers to launch their canoe, as the wind blew favourably for their return to their own home. The serfs in charge of the blanching oven were surprised at this breach of faith, but were too few to detain their visitors by force. Tiauri merely said that he had been a long time on their island, and could not lose so favourable a wind. "But when shall we release our masters?" inquired the serfs. Tiauri, as he jumped into his canoe and pushed off, shouted, "E rā ake!" "*At some future day!*"

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Tiauri returned to his home in safety. The faithful dark-skinned serfs opened the steaming oven of their masters who were to become so fair, but only found their ashes!

The saying of Tiauri has passed into a proverb; "'E rā ake,' na Tiauri e!" "'At some future day,' as Tiauri once said."

"Even thus," added Isaia, "Satan deceives those who listen to him. All his promised good will surely end in sorrow and death. Close your ears, then, to the voice of the tempter."

"*While I am coming, another steppeth down before me.*"—A striking peculiarity of native oratory is the speaking in the first person when everybody knows that the third is intended. The following is a specimen of this strange style of address, from the lips of Tipoki, a young church member, at one of our exhortation meetings. As I heard it I thought of our Lord's plan: "Without a parable spake He not unto them."

"I would compare my experience to that of the fisherman. He is careful to provide himself with a net, a basket, and a pair of sandals for his feet. And we all know that there are three times in the day for fishing. Let these symbolise the three services of the Lord's day.

"Sometimes as I start off to my spiritual fishing on the Sabbath morning, I hear a shout, 'The reef is covered with fish. Gather them! gather them!' And what a rush is then made! I go with the crowd. The fish are captured, and by-and-by we return home to enjoy the spoil. But whilst others have full baskets I, alas! have scarcely anything at all.

"After a rest, I resolve to try the mid-day fishing. I now carefully turn my sandals (so that both sides may be equally worn), pick up my basket and fishing-tackle, and go to the outer edge of the reef to angle. Many others are there too, exulting over their good fortune. I return home after a time

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with almost an empty basket. Such is the lot of the unskilful fisherman.

"As a last resource, I go to the night fishing. I take up my net and baskets; but, on looking at my sandals, I find they are nearly worn out (cut with the sharp coral), and little more than the fastenings are left. Alas! that such should be my sad experience. My heart is the basket, which retains but little of what I hear. Others get abundance; I, next to nothing. My sandals and my feet are worn out with coming to the house of God. Still there remain the fastenings of my sandals, *i.e.*, the mercy of our God ever watching over even unprofitable servants. I do not make the improvement I ought. Many outstrip me in the heavenly race. To me—I hope to none of you—are the words applicable, 'While I am coming, another steppeth down before me.'"

Too late.—On a moonless night Ngauru and his daughter crossed the wide lagoon of Aitutaki to fish on one of the beautiful islets which stud the outer edge of the reef. They were very successful. After enjoying part of the spoil they fell asleep under an overhanging boulder on the white sandy beach.

At midnight the girl was roused from sleep by the scream of a small brown sea-bird, called, from its shrill note, *torêa*. Starting to her feet, she went to her father, and said, "Did you not hear that scream? What does it mean?" The drowsy Ngauru replied, "It is only the rising of the tide, which has disturbed the bird." The girl lay down again but it was not long ere the *torêa* screamed nearer still. The girl again woke her father, but only to hear him say, as before, "My daughter, it is only the rising of the tide. Heed it not." Once more she lay down on her sandy couch; but in a few seconds she was a third time alarmed by the *torêa* shrieking almost in her face (the bird flies very low). Con-

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vinced now that this was a Divine warning, she ran to her father and entreated him to fly. But Ngauru only laughed at her unnecessary anxiety, and bade her go back again and sleep. Little did Ngauru think that the light of their oven had been seen from the mainland by their mortal foes, who about midnight stealthily crossed the spacious lagoon in search of the old man. So well hidden was he in the hollow of the rock, that they were on the point of abandoning the hunt, when the final conversation of father and daughter revealed the whereabouts of their prey.

Scarcely had the girl left her father when these unseen foes rushed upon the infatuated Ngauru, and clubbed him to death; sparing, however, the life of the daughter.

"In like manner," said Simeona of Aitutaki, "God now sends His messengers to us to warn us of impending danger and death. Again and again is the slumbering sinner roused by the faithful monitor; but, like Ngauru, he makes light of the Divine warning, and falls asleep again. Take heed lest the club of death make you, when too late, wish that you had heeded the voice of the gospel *torêa* ever sounding in your drowsy ears."

The Holy Spirit.—"Gazing over the blue ocean, we often see flocks of white sea-birds congregating over particular spots. Look far and wide, no other bird is visible. Why do they cluster there? It is because there is a shoal of fish in that spot. So," remarked Tauri, "we may look at an entire community, and not perceive anything remarkable; but wherever, as here to-day, there is an assembly of God's worshipping people, the Holy Spirit, which in Scripture is likened to a bird, is sure to rest. Hearts that love Jesus, and are full of desires after Him, are sure to attract the heavenly Bird. Here He is resting. Let us not drive Him away by unholy thoughts and worldly-mindedness."

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"*I have overcome the world.*"—At the New Year's gathering for 1870 the aged king Numangatini rose and spoke thus:

NUMANGATINI, KING OF MANGAIA.

"Jesus said, 'I have overcome the world.' Yes, He has won a great victory. Look at this large and pleasant gathering. There was nothing like this in heathen times. Men, women, and children are here in Jehovah's *marae;* no woman or child was ever permitted to take part in idol-worship at our famous heathen *maraes*—at Orongo, at Araata, or at Maungaroa. Only the great men might assemble at the

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marae; the common people, after depositing presents of food for their gods in the name of their chiefs, retired to a distance and waited until the ceremonies were concluded. And then how nicely you are all clothed to-day. There was no such clothing in heathen times. We all know what poor sort of stuff our best native dresses were made of. Our ancestors were always fighting. And what did they get by their continual wars? Famine invariably followed a long period of strife. I remember well when the entire population had to subsist upon candle-nuts, sour 'nono'[1] fruits, fern-roots, and various sorts of leaves found in the forest. Very many were starved to death.

"I have seen enough of Satan's reign. When quite a lad I went to the battle of Teatuapai, carrying a basket of stones to sling at the foe; and later, having attained to manhood, at the battle of Rangiura I fought with a flat wooden sword. In the subsequent battle of Araeva, for the first time I wielded the long spear. I finished my fighting then, for about that time the Gospel was brought to our shores. Ever since then I have held fast by the Word of God. This is the best and noblest employment.

"Of the men of my generation only two beside myself survive. The earth (grave) is very near: I must soon enter it. Soon the earth will press down upon my face." Here he wept. "Young people, come nearer, come nearer to the Word of God. Have I not seen all that the idols could do? Their day is over. Come, then, and fill up the places of the fathers who are one by one passing away. My children, I have one word to say to you all. When I am gone, take good heed to the Word of God. Do you, chiefs, all of you, unite to make it grow. Let no evil spring up in your day. Take care of my missionary and the native pastors. Do you all, chiefs and people, receive into your

[1] *Morinda citrifolia.*

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hearts and cherish the Word of God. Then will you prosper, body and soul."

Benefits of Christ's death.—One Friday, Kirimaniania, a lesser chief, holding by a broken spear, and tottering with extreme age, got up, and repeating the words, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse, . . . being made a curse for us," with marked emotion, said:

"This is the last Friday in the old year. I wish to say a word to the young people present. But I shall not pretend to give you the ins and outs of this text. Am I a missionary, that I should be able to do so? This is what I want to say: Christ died for us, was made a curse for us, was nailed to the tree for us. Our fathers waited and waited for some good thing, but never got it. What they waited and longed for we now enjoy. We reap the fruit of Christ's death. There is no other Saviour. God has no other Son to be nailed to the tree. Wait as long as you will, you shall never have anything so good as what the Gospel has brought to our shores."

Satan's victims.—"I once," said Niki, "saw several large pens built of tall cocoa-nut stems tied firmly together. Upon inquiring their use, I was told that they were for pigs. But why so high? The response was that they were for human pigs, *i.e.*, for victims tied hand and foot against the day of slaughter by the command of the chiefs. Thanks to the mighty power of Christ's gospel, these pens were no longer used. They were broken down in some places, and rapidly decaying.

"Satan treats souls as these cruel heathen chiefs used to treat their subjects. They are bound hand and foot by the cords of sin against the day of doom. And there is no escape until One stronger than he gives deliverance to the captive. In regard to ourselves, blessed be God, 'the snare is broken, and we are escaped.'"

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The two deacons.—At the last battle fought on this island, Mauapa, a leading man on the winning side, gave his foe a fatal thrust in the neck. As a point of honour, Taata, the younger brother, came forward to take the place of the slain, but speedily received from the same warrior a severe thrust in the side. The spear was withdrawn, to enable Mauapa to give the poor fellow another lunge; but ere this could be done the wounded man was carried off by Taoi and another friend. The wound was carefully washed in a running stream, and eventually healed, leaving, however, an ugly scar.

Now, Taata fought on behalf of idolatry. But in the course of years he saw the folly of such worship, became a church member, and was subsequently elected deacon, which office he retained until his death, fifteen years afterwards.

It so happened that, at different times, Mauapa and Taoi were also made deacons. At our weekly deacons' meeting Mauapa and Taata invariably sat side by side; the former representing the ruling, and the latter the subject clans; although one in respect to Christian office and character.

Taata and Mauapa have both gone to their rest—to the home where the feuds of earth and the distinctions of rank are unknown. Taoi is now the senior deacon of the three churches of Mangaia. Is not this a striking fulfilment of the prophecy, "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb?"

Sin and its remedy.—The bread-fruit tree of the Pacific is a stately tree, and, with the aid of the taro-root and numerous varieties of banana, sustains the life of tens of thousands. In general it is not planted at all; but when aged, or cut down for timber,[1] it sends out from its roots, at the distance of several feet, or even yards, from the parent tree a number of vigorous shoots, which, in two or three years, will begin to bear fruit; so that a single bread-fruit tree, planted in a con-

[1] It is specially valuable as timber, because the white ant never attacks it.

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genial soil, may, in the course of time, become a shady grove, all laden with immense fruits, capable of sustaining the life of an entire household.

But this tree has its special foe. A spot of black smut or rust will sometimes attack the parent tree. The deep green foliage assumes a sickly yellow hue; and as the fungus spreads the doomed tree dies to its extremest roots, so that it can leave no offspring. The natives believe, however, that the "lautalotalo" (*Crinum Asiaticum*), or gigantic lily, is an effectual antidote. A few of these lilies, removed from the primeval forest and planted close to the diseased bread-fruit tree, will, it is said, restore its pristine vigour and beauty. It has not yet been ascertained how the cure is effected—whether by an exhalation from the leaves and blossoms of the wild lily, or, as seems more probable, by actual contact of the roots.

This deadly fungus is an apt emblem of sin. If once it clings to the soul and obtains the mastery, the man must die, and that for ever. Jesus is the true "lily," the "plant of renown," which alone can cure this fatal disease. May it be planted near to each one of us, may its roots entwine around our hearts, and may its fragrance ever delight our souls!

Indulged sin.—The sugar-cane indigenous to the South Sea Islands is confessedly fine. The plant sometimes attains the height of eighteen feet. It is of importance from time to time to clear away the dead leaves near the roots, as a worm (*tunga*) is apt to harbour there and pierce the cane. In allusion to this circumstance, Mamae remarked, "How needful it is to weed out old evil habits that adhere to our natures! If we deal tenderly with them, allowing them to remain, they will, like the worm that attacks the sugar-cane, penetrate to the very core of our natures, and effect our destruction. The passer-by may still admire the tall and graceful cane. But the

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enemy is within, fattening on the luscious juice, and rapidly multiplying. For a while the plant will still grow, although not so rapidly as before. But its ultimate fate is sealed. When the day of ingathering arrives, instead of a rich, heavy cane, there is only a hard casing and half-withered leaves. The *tunga* has done its work ; the cane is worthless.

"Our Saviour speaks of a *tunga* (worm) that never dies; that gnaws on and on for ever! May none of us experience it!"

The little books.—The warriors of Rarotonga asked the pioneer teachers landed there by the Rev. J. Williams what were the weapons with which they proposed to conquer the island for their God Jehovah? When the good men produced their little books—portions of Scripture in the Tahitian language—the warriors, accustomed as they were to the shedding of human blood in the name of the god Tangaroa, laughed outright at their apparent folly.

"And yet," said Mamae, "the little books conquered after all. It was even so on Mangaia. Our fathers stuck leaves of the New Testament and other books into their gay head-dresses for heathen midnight dances, performed in honour of the god Tanè. The adherents of the new faith were stigmatized as 'the book-eaters.' But the living Word of God again conquered, for 'the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.'"

Extracts from Native Prayers.

At the conclusion of a Sabbath afternoon service.—"O God, we are now about to go to our respective homes. Let not the good words we have this day heard be like the fine clothes we have been wearing—soon to be taken off,

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folded up, and hidden in a box until another Sabbath comes round! Rather let Thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies—ineffaceable till death!"

In time of sickness.—"We beseech Thee, Lord, to send this fearful epidemic not into the ocean, for the fish are our food, but into some uninhabited island amongst the rocks and stones."

At a marriage.—"Wilt Thou not, O God, accept Mangaia, each family, each soul, as Thy spouse, to cherish, to guard, to redeem? Refuse not, great Lord, this poor damsel."

A young man inquired what prayer would be suitable on entering God's house. I asked whether he had been accustomed to offer prayer at such times. "Oh yes," he replied. "My usual prayer is, 'O Lord, do Thou chain up the devil outside, and then do Thou enter with me.'"

On a bitterly cold morning a visitor from Aitutaki said in the course of his prayer: "O Lord, Thou knowest how terribly cold it was all last night. We could hardly endure it. Do Thou change the wind, so that it may be warm. And, Lord, let not our souls shiver with our bodies. Let them glow with love to Thee."

For their missionary.—"Let his hair grow perfectly white here, his back be curved with age, and, leaning for support upon a staff, may he mount the pulpit!"

"Lord, why hast Thou thus laid Thy hand upon us? Perhaps we have wandered from Thee. May this sickness teach us to cling to Thee with hooks and claws like bats clinging to the branch of a tree!"

"Lord, we have long been slaves to sin. Do Thou blind its eyes, so that it may not be able to find us. Let Thy word

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be as a club to break its arms and its legs, so that it may be powerless. Break Thou its neck, that it may die!"

A fragment of Banaba's prayer.—"O Saviour! Thou art the King who beatest the pleasant drum of peace, who visitest everywhere Thy realm, who causest the fruits of the soil to grow. Thou art the ruling King, the girder of our loins, the roosting-place of our souls, the tree on whose plenteous fruits like birds we feed. Thou art our well-thatched house, our calabash of living water, the refuge into which we run.

"It is on account of Thy wounds that we have every good. We exult in the blessedness of Thy reign. Once we were starving; Thou didst give to each a basket of food. Once we were as exiles perishing in the black rocks. Now Thou hast brought us to listen to the soft murmuring of living water.

"Ay, Thou didst fetch us out of the barren rocks, where the fern was our only bed; perchance we were hiding from our foes behind the broad-leafed rock-fern. Maybe we were secreting in low bushes near the sea, sustaining life on pandanus fruit. Our sins and miseries were innumerable. But now, Lord Jesus Christ, we who were sometimes afar off are made nigh by Thy most precious blood.

"When Thou didst appear on our behalf, we were being bruised and smitten by Satan, like the slain on a battle-field weltering in their blood. Such were the results of our own transgressions. Through Thy generosity we have become spiritually rich. Once we were starved ghosts; Thou hast fattened us, and made us men. We dwell in peace, ruled by Thee. Reign Thou for ever!

"How lovingly hast Thou dealt with us! Once Thou didst perilously dive down from the height of Thy glory to save us from death eternal. And Thou didst become allied to our

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nature through a woman. Such was Thy incomparable love to us!

"Hadst Thou not adopted us as Thy children, we must have perished! We must have been slain by Tamangoru, or devoured by Tangaka!"[1]

A Polynesian hymn.—The following hymn, composed by Mamae, will be read with interest. The translation is by the Rev. George Gill, of Burnley:

"E ora anake atura ratou ki uta, kare i toe."—*Angaanga* xxvii. 44.	"And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."—*Acts* xxvii. 44.
Te noo nei au i te enua mate	Death's gloomy waters near me bend!
Ma te maara i toku openga.	How soon life's voyage with me will end,
Te oe nei au i toku vaka,	When I must launch my little barque
Ki runga i te moana mataku.	Upon Death's ocean drear and dark.
Kia maara i roto iaku nei	Sad thoughts possess me as I stand,
Tei tomo i raro i teianei ao.	Weeping for those upon the strand,
To ratou vaka kua ngaa!	As they shipwreck of faith have made,
Na te moana i apuku!	When by the world's false pleasures led.
E Iesu e, aroa mai iaku nei.	Wilt Thou not, Jesus, keep my soul,
Akaora i toku vaerua.	When loud and angry tempests roll?
Kia ora au i te uriia nei,	Guard Thou my barque across the sea,
Kia kore e tomo i teianei ao.	That I may not a shipwreck be.
Akatere koe i toku vaka	O guide Thou still my little barque
Kia tae tika i te enua rangi,	Across Death's ocean, drear and dark,
Kia akaea 'tu au i reira	And bring me safe to rest with Thee,
Kia noo tamou i toou pae.	For where Thou art, I long to be.

[1] Noted murderers and cannibals of the olden time.

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V.

Islands Around my Home.

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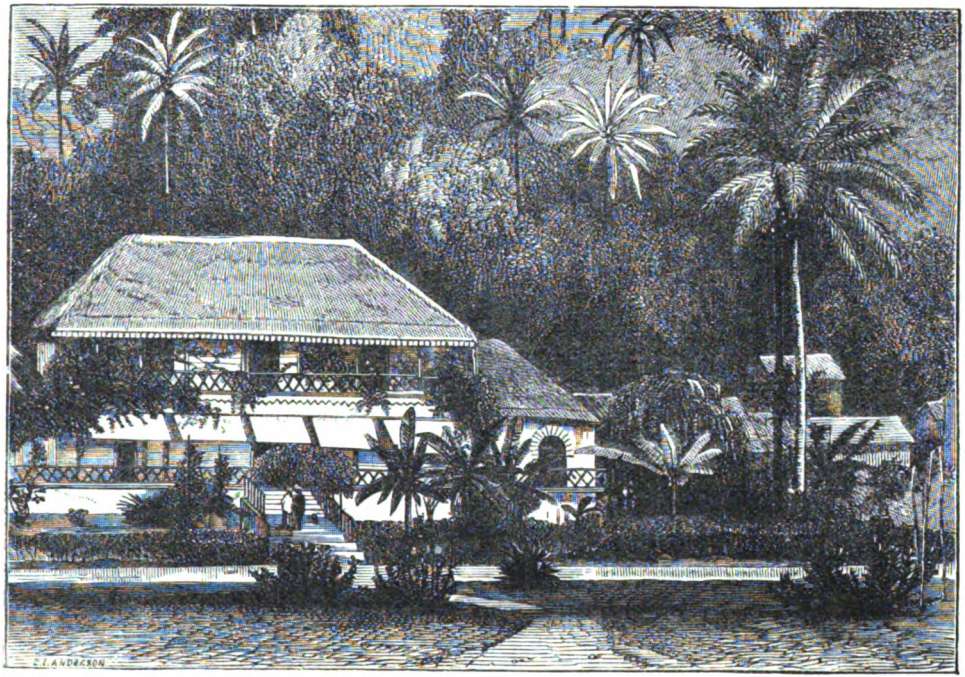

MISSION PREMISES, AVARUA, RAROTONGA.

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CHAPTER V.

ISLANDS AROUND MY HOME.

I.—A MISSIONARY PARSONAGE.

Tapairu.

ENTERING a modest enclosure from the village road, one is surprised by the sight of a church-like edifice with a belfry, already moss-grown. It has galleries on three sides, and is neatly pewed throughout. The pulpit is a platform of snowy coral, beautifully cut. Just above is a monument in memory of the Rev. A. Buzacott, who built the church, and who laboured thirty years amongst these islanders. Among the numerous tombs outside, in memory of chiefs and people, is a tasteful tablet covering all that is mortal of the Rev. William Howe, who was once a missionary to Tahiti.

Leaving this pretty village church, a smooth gravel path conducts to the interior of the island. An enormous prostrate native mahogany tree (*Callophyllum inophyllum*) lies close by

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the pathway. This is the famous *Tuarea*, a tree of unknown antiquity, marking the site of a *marae*, called "the *heart* of Rarotonga" (*te manava a Rarotonga*). Old men had asserted that whenever this magnificent tree should fall, a stone seat formerly belonging to Tau would be found imbedded in it. This came to pass, for, when Tuarea fell of sheer old age, in 1868, the seat occupied some five centuries ago by a son of Tangiia[1] was found. Makea Daniela (king of Avarua, a man of enormous bulk) dying soon afterwards, a portion of the tree was hollowed out into a coffin for his majesty.

Under the shadow of this tree grew up Motoro and those other sons of Tangiia who were deified after death at Mangaia, and were worshipped down to 1824. The fall of Tuarea was emblematical of the utter overthrow of the old pagan system of worship.

The mission premises adjoin the *marae*, and are exceedingly picturesque. Hedges of ever-blooming roses guard the squares allotted to exotic flowers from the intrusion of cows, who browse upon the fragrant buds and blossoms. Long rows of neat cottages for the students are ranged on either side of the mission-house. In the rear of the cottages is the smithy, close by a chestnut tree (*Tuscarpus edulis*), memorable as the place where the original evangelists tremblingly passed their first night on shore, protected by Tapairu, the chieftainess who guided the martyr Williams to Rarotonga in 1823. A lecture-room and a printing-office complete the arrangements of this interesting mission enclosure.

The first mission-house was built much nearer to the landing-place. A fearful flood, referred to in the *Enterprises*, compelled Mr. Buzacott to seek for a better site. The spot selected is well sheltered from hurricanes, and is at a considerable elevation. Another advantage is a never-

[1] Tangiia and Karika were the original settlers on Rarotonga.

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failing spring of water, bursting out of the side of the hill on which the mission-house is built.

There is, however, one serious drawback. Occasionally in the rainy season a tremendous torrent of water sweeps down the hill, and, overflowing the narrow channels dug for it, forces an entrance into the lower rooms of the dwelling. One dark night, when the missionary was wrapped in slumber, the turbid waters broke open the windows and doors, and filled the parlour, study, and lecture-room, doing great damage to furniture and books.

On the steep slope at the back of the house are scores of magnificent orange-trees laden with fruit. A basaltic rock on the left was, until 1823, an object of worship, as the mysterious cause of a splendid echo.

It is pleasant to climb the hill, on account of the fine prospect from its summit of the northern half of Rarotonga. The ascent, however, is abrupt and toilsome. For the first twenty minutes the soil is exceedingly fertile, and covered with a dense growth of plantains, bread-fruit, and cocoa-nut trees. The hill is capped with a vast mass of basaltic rock. Once on the top, a scene of wondrous beauty is disclosed. Deep and almost inaccessible valleys, once the hiding-place of the conquered, everywhere lie decked in the most luxurious tropical verdure. From east to west runs the lofty mountain-range which renders Rarotonga an object of admiration to every visitor. Unlike the loftier peaks of Europe, these mountains are covered from the base to the summit with dense vegetation. Ikurangi alone points a bare rocky crest to the sky. On the opposite side "The Mist" looks as if its head had been sliced off by some giant. The highest point on Rarotonga is Teatukura, about 5,745 feet above the level of the ocean, which has been lately ascended by the Rev. J. Chalmers.

Near the sea are numerous spots where the primeval forest

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has yielded to the hand of man, and plantations of sweet-potato, coffee, and cotton flourish. Extensive groves of cocoa-nut trees give a pleasing variety to the scene. Far below you, at the base of the hill, are the church, school-house, Institution, and village of Avarua, showing that Christian men have not been idle. In the distance the glorious Pacific, the queen of oceans, extends on every side, and seems to blend on the horizon with the cloudless sky.

In my last visit, I thought I would have a final peep at "The Grotto of the Cannibal" (*te ana o katikatia*). For some time the search was vain. So secluded is this cave that one might pass and repass it a hundred times without noticing it. To get at it, we had to grasp firmly some projecting stones, in order to avoid falling into the valley below. The cave itself is small, but dry, being hollowed out of the impervious basalt. This was once the lair of Karikatia, a cannibal, who lived alone here a generation or two prior to the introduction of Christianity. Having discovered this grotto, she forsook human society in order that she might the more easily indulge her horrid appetite. I have heard old men affirm that they had seen the bones of her victims mouldering inside the cave. Just over the entrance to the den of Karikatia is a natural seat and footstool, formed of solid rock, where it is said this monster used to watch for suitable victims on their way to the mountain spring for water. Her plan was to entice solitary children to pay a visit to her grotto, promising to feast them on sour bread-fruit paste, it being a time of great scarcity. Once inside, the victim's doom was sealed. A cloth-beating mallet was her favourite weapon. Sometimes she succeeded in inducing her intended victim to gather bread-fruit off the trees below, and then, watching an opportunity, she strangled the unsuspecting child. But on one occasion, by some mismanagement, a girl escaped her clutches, and told her tale to her friends.

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It was naturally concluded that the children who from time to time had been missing had been devoured by Karikatia. A visit was paid to her eyrie before she was awake on the following morning, and she at once received the due reward of her deeds.

The Missionary Institution was founded by the advice of Mr. Williams upon his return from England in 1839. The mechanical skill of Mr. Buzacott was fully developed during the long period that he presided over the manual employments, as well as the theological studies, of the young men. In July, 1841, the first student was sent forth to preach the Gospel. During the thirty-five years which have since elapsed, a hundred and fifty-one young men have been admitted as students. Of this number fourteen have disgraced their profession; nineteen have proved incompetent in intellect or too feeble in constitution; fifty-six have died — very many of them in the fever-stricken islands of the Western Pacific; five were sold into slavery, and perished in Peru; and five were martyred in the New Hebrides. At the present moment eight are doing good service as deacons, and forty-four are preaching Christ's gospel in various parts of the Pacific, six of whom are located on New Guinea. All honour to the brethren who have laboured hard in this department of missionary work! And their labour has *not* been in vain in the Lord. The number of young men now in the Institution, under the care of the Rev. J. Chalmers, is twenty-seven. Most of them are married.

It is of these premises that the Earl of Pembroke says, "One glimpse of that most lovely mission-house would make the Duke of Devonshire let Chiswick fall into instant ruin from mere hopelessness of competing with it."

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II.—A SABBATH AT TITIKAVEKA: A CONTRAST.

IN the month of June 1872, I spent a pleasant Sabbath at Titikaveka, a village nestling at the base of majestic mountains on the south of Rarotonga. A considerable portion of my congregation was the remnant of a tribe expelled from Mangaia upwards of one hundred and eighty years ago. Until lately the exiles were supposed to have perished at sea. The chapel is lofty, well built of cut sandstone, and neatly pewed throughout. The pulpit is really handsome, being made of native rosewood. The native pastor had been a successful pioneer amongst the cannibals of Western Polynesia, until 1865, when the entire body of Christian evangelists was unceremoniously expelled by the French. In allusion to the origin of the little colony from Mangaia, I preached from Hebrews xi. 13–16. Another service had reference to the voyage of the *John Williams* to the vast island of New Guinea, entreating the prayers of the church on behalf of the six married evangelists who have bravely volunteered for that almost unknown and perilous sphere of labour. One of them was a member of the church at Titikaveka—a good printer as well as an earnest preacher. Two years previously the church wished Anederea to become their pastor; but he was not to be moved from his purpose of preaching the Gospel to regions as yet untouched by Christianity.

The congregations were good and most attentive. At the close of the afternoon service the kind-hearted people crowded about the door to take farewell of the missionary who, after more than twenty years spent in the Hervey Group, was on his way to his native land.

In the cool of the evening we returned to Avarua. For some time our route lay along the white sandy beach. Fish

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of every hue were sporting in the lagoon among the coral. Beyond the snowy line of breakers rolled the blue ocean. On the calmest days the waves from the south rush with awful violence against the wall of coral which protects the island. The violence of these southern billows is owing to the fact that not an islet intervenes between the Hervey Group and the great frozen Antarctic continent.

At length we entered a winding bush-path, dense tropical vegetation almost excluding the light of day. We came upon traces of a long-deserted dwelling; the ancient gravel and low stone enclosure were but just discernible through tangled vines and shrubs. On inquiring who lived there in the olden time my native companions astonished me by saying, "This was once the home of Tupā, *the man who ate his own wife!*"

The tragic story was related to me by a man whose father in his youthful days was well acquainted with all the parties concerned.

Tupā was a noted warrior, and, like many others of his day, an inveterate cannibal. But this disgusting appetite was ordinarily gratified only at the expense of enemies. He is said to have lived on good terms with his wife Rao, who was highly esteemed by the entire clan on account of her skill in composing songs. A sister of Tupā, afflicted with incurable cancer, shared their childless home.

Unlucky Rao one morning asked her husband to shave off her matted black hair. This was accomplished, not without great pain, by means of a shark's tooth fixed on a reed. The seeming whiteness of her head now suggested a dreadful thought to Tupā. He said to his unoffending and defenceless wife, "I long to eat thy head." The unhappy woman knew that escape was impossible, and therefore merely replied, "Do as thou wilt." As with the marvellous stoicism of heathenism she watched the preparations for the horrid

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banquet, she vented her feelings in a dirge, which was carefully treasured up by her afflicted sister-in-law, and thus transmitted to Christian times. It is now for the first time written. This pathetic death-lament is well known to the natives of the Hervey Group.

The oven in which the doomed woman had been accustomed to prepare their daily food was speedily heated. Fresh-plucked leaves of the banana—singed over the fire to prevent their cracking—supplied the needful wrappings. The victim was now strangled, cut up with a bamboo-knife, and cooked by her tiger-hearted husband.

Tupā feasted alone; for his indignant sister refused to taste it. The greater portion was stowed away in baskets for future use.

At no great distance lived the two brothers of Rao. On the day after the cruel murder the elder one went to pay a visit to his sister. He only saw the sick woman, the sister of Tupā, who with tears told him the tragic fate of Rao.

Fear of discovery had induced the cannibal to carry the coveted morsels to some distance. The enraged brother of the victim stealthily tracked Tupā to his hiding-place under the shade of a gigantic chestnut tree. He then rushed back to secure the aid of his younger brother. Seizing their spears, they started off to wreak their vengeance upon the murderer of their sister. The brothers succeeded in creeping unperceived behind the huge trunk. In another instant, with poised spears and a loud shout, they rushed upon the wretched cannibal and speared him to death.

The remains of Rao were of course buried with loud lamentations. In the evening of the same day the brothers baked the body of Tupā in the very oven which had been prepared for the re-cooking of Rao. And to this day a hollow beneath the shade of some lofty chestnuts in a wild romantic spot is pointed out as "the oven of Rao."

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RAO'S DIRGE FOR HERSELF.

Tumu.

Korororo taua nei, e tangi ē !
  Arueke tangi oki ana ;
Ei kona koe, ka veê tu taua ē !
  Arueke tangi ra.
Korororo taua e ! taua tokorua ē !
  Peea mai ana koe kiaku !
    Kua poto taku âo ;
Kua rai ki te po, e tangi ē !
  Arueke tangi oki ana :
Ei kona koe, ka veê tu taua ē !
    Arueke tangi oki,
E rua ua karireia ē !

Root.

Alas, how we have talked together !
  Weep, weep for me.
Farewell ; we part for ever !
    Ay, weep for me.
How we have talked together, we two
      alone !
  Hast thou no relentings ?
    My time grows short.
Alas, night (=death) is at hand.
Weep, weep for me.
Farewell ; we part for ever
    Ay, weep for me.
E rua ua karireira ē !
  (Meaningless, like our "Fal, lal, lal.")

Ua Mua.

    Arueke tangi ra.
Toia ana te rā ki te maunga ē !
E tāki ana te manava kiaku reiri ē !
Nanau atu ki te pae umu.
Kua tuatua i te vaie ē !
E tâu iaku oki, e tangi ē !
  Arueke tangi oki ana ;
Ei kona koe, ka veê tu taua ē !

First Fruit.

    Ay, weep for me.
The sun is sinking behind the moun-
      tains.
Wilt thou not take pity on me ?
Yonder is our well-used oven ;—
He is splitting up the firewood :
Alas, 'tis to cook my poor body !
  Weep, weep for me.
Farewell ; we part for ever !

Ua Rua.

    Arueke tangi ra.
Tokorua reka taua ē !
Tama ai ki te manava ;
Ko nga upoko e rua ē !
Ko te rito o Rongovei reiri ē !
Ko te unonga oki te taeake
I ngakia'i te onge nui, e tangi ē !
  Arueke tangi oki ana ;
Ei kona koe, ka veê tu taua ē !

Second Fruit.

    Ay, weep for me.
How happily we once lived together
In the gentle offices of love,—
Scarcely ever separated.
I the pet of (my father) Rongovei ;
Thou the helpful son-in-law,
Through months of dire famine.
  Weep, weep for me.
Farewell ; we part for ever !

Ua Toru.

    Arueke tangi ra,
Kua aite au i te ika nui
    Mei te moana,
Ko te angamea, i te uriuri anga ē

Third Fruit.

    Ay, weep for me,
I am but as a big fish
  Dragged out of the sea,— [and over
The dusky cavally—to be turned over

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Na runga i te pae ai reiri ē !
Kua aite ua ake oki toou kiri, taku tane,
Mei pokuru tautauaki ki te rā.
Arueke tangi oki ana ;
Ei kona koe, ka veê tu taua ē !

The fire of yonder oven.
My husband, thou art as fair
As bread-fruit cloth bleached in the sun.
Weep, weep for me.
Farewell ; we part for ever !

Ua ā.

Arueke tangi ra,
Nanau mai te tane kiaku oki.
Akaruke atu i te are kava.
Rere mai kiaku oki, e tangi ē !
Arueke tangi oki ana.
Ei kona koe, ka veê tu taua ē !
Aureke tangi oki.
E rua ua karireia ē !

Fourth Fruit.

Ay, weep for me.
O pity me, my husband !
Desist from thy cruel purpose ;
Clasp me again to thy bosom.
Weep, weep for me.
Farewell ; we part for ever !
Ay, weep for me.
E rua ua karireia ē !

This dreadful narrative strikingly verifies the description given by St. Paul of the heathen : "Without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful" (Rom. i. 31).

III.—MITIARO ; OR, A SUNDAY ON A CORAL ISLAND.

THE island of Mitiaro rises about fifty feet above the level of the blue Pacific, and is only three miles in length and two in width. In the great cyclone of 1865, the storm-wave rose at night upwards of thirty feet, almost submerging the island. The entire village, including the church and school-house, was swept away. Fortunately, ere the cyclone had reached its height, most of the inhabitants escaped to the interior, despite the utter darkness.

When the cyclone was over, the terrified natives came back drenched to the skin, and possessed only of the clothes in which they stood—to see, instead of their once pretty village nestling amid cocoa-palms and other trees, a vast expanse of sand and shingle. On this scene of desolation they met to worship God, singing from memory the pathetic native version

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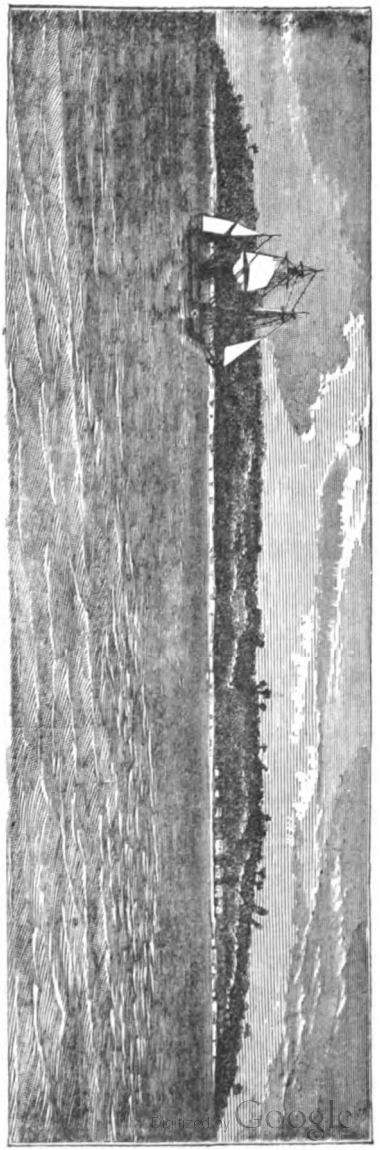
of "Rock of Ages." Their chests, containing their Bibles, clothes, etc., had all been swept away. The native minister, however, had carried with him to the interior his Bible and hymn-book at the beginning of the storm.

The writer touched at Mitiaro a few weeks after this fearful visitation, and was deeply touched at the miserable scene. However, they had already roughly set up a low building, which served at once for a church and a manse.

On revisiting the island on the 7th of July, in the missionary bark, a most pleasing contrast met the eye. The island was covered with tropical verdure, growing out of the very stones and rocks down to high-water mark. The good native pastor, Itio, and many others met us on the snow-white coral beach with a hearty welcome. A pathway shaded with delicate mimosas



Distant View of the Island of Mitiaro.

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conducted us to the village, which had been rebuilt. The new church towers above all the other buildings.

Itio has been engaged about twenty-five years in the work of God; but he had been on Mitiaro only a few months. He showed us the frame of a new house which was being erected for him. Meanwhile he was living contentedly in a shed close by.

We landed on a Saturday afternoon, consequently most of the adults were at a distance getting food for the Sabbath. But the news of our arrival soon spread, and a gift was made of native cloth, tempting ripe bananas, and a heap of young cocoa-nuts ready husked. The "milk" of the cocoa-nut is the natural beverage of the tropics. Those who have only tasted the so-called "milk" of old nuts in England can form no idea of the refreshing qualities of this precious gift of Providence to these islanders. In most of the atolls there is only brackish water, which is obtained by digging in the loose, sandy soil.

Out of a population of one hundred and eighty, there are forty church members, besides some candidates. Our hearts were rejoiced to find that the conduct of these converts is worthy of the name of Jesus. Nor is their religion an empty profession, for they had collected five pounds to spread the Gospel among the heathen, besides two guineas for Bibles. The money was obtained by the manufacture and sale of cocoa-nut oil.

Anxious to know something of the interior of the island, we started off with a couple of guides to see the lagoon, the existence of which is suspected by few besides natives, on account of the dense growth of forest trees surrounding it. The pathway is execrable, the entire surface of the island being sharp coral rock, sprinkled with small patches of soil, which sustain a growth of orange, bread-fruit, and cocoa-nut trees, besides plantains, bananas, and guavas.

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The ancient myth of these islanders is, that the gods once drew up this coral ringlet from the ocean depths; but there being no soil on it, two iron-wood trees suddenly sprang out of the rock near the sea—one on the east of the island, facing Mauke, the other on the west, facing the large island of Atiu. So tall were these trees, that they touched the skies, but complaisantly inclined until their topmost boughs rested on the interior of those islands. Huge cocoa-nut-leaf baskets, laden with earth, were lodged by friendly fairies in the branches of these trees, which at a given signal raised themselves erect, and scattered the precious soil over the barren rock of Mitiaro. Again and again this was done, until the surface of this once worthless island became covered with luxuriant vegetation, as it now appears. On the island of Mauke is a beautiful glen called "the hollow" (Anaoa), from which the soil now covering one side of Mitiaro was dug out by the fairies! A number of fruitful taro-patches, watered by a never-failing spring, renders this romantic spot very valuable. On the island of Atiu a similar glen is pointed out as the veritable place from which the second band of fairies derived the earth which now covers the other half of Mitiaro. These two wonderful trees were but embodiments of the god *Tane-tarava*—"Tane-the-all-sufficient." It will not, perhaps, be out of place to remark that *Tane* is exactly equivalent to the Phœnician and Canaanitish *baal*. The modifications of Tane are innumerable *baalim*. Tane was invariably connected with stellar idolatry: the planet Venus, as the morning star, was worshipped at Mangaia as "*the eye of Tane*."

Late in the afternoon we reached the borders of a swamp, beyond which lay the lagoon, which is about three miles in its entire extent. It is impossible for a European to cross the bog, and get to the margin of the lagoon. It was very strange to look at the children see-sawing on the firmer portions of

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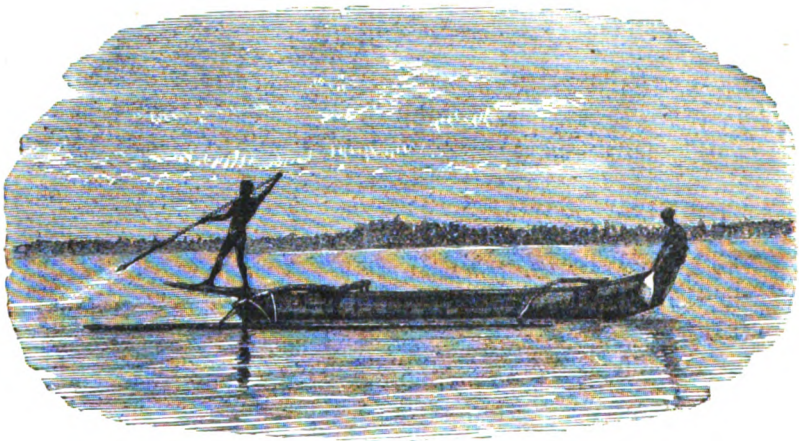
the bog, where the weight of an adult would have broken through the green coating over the inky abyss.

The lake itself is a pretty object. Tiny canoes lay about ready for shrimping and eel-catching. Besides the ordinary eel (*Anguilla vulgaris*), there is a red variety of great size found only in this lagoon. The water is very brackish, almost black, and of unknown depth, with no visible outlet. It is exceedingly difficult to swim in; once down, it is said to be almost impossible to rise again to the surface.



A Native Spearing Fish.

Long branches of iron-wood are laid in parallel lines across the bog to the lagoon, enabling the bare-footed islanders to pass to their canoes and back with loads of fish.

On reaching the village again it was dark. We found that Itio had cooked a large pig and a couple of fowls for our party. The supply of vegetables was poor, as taro—the best vegetable of the tropics—does not grow on Mitiaro. We got on famously, however, having brought with us some tea, sugar, and bread. But Itio, unaccustomed to such luxuries, spoiled

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our tea by putting it *all* into the *teakettle* instead of the *teapot*. The natives who accompanied us got the fat pig, whilst the Europeans attacked the poultry. Crowds of natives good-naturedly watched our operations, occasionally asking questions, whilst two elderly women held candle-nut torches at either end of the table, the smell of which is exceedingly offensive.

When the hour of repose came, the only bedstead in the house was given up to the senior missionary, whilst the two others were glad to stretch themselves out as best they could, boots and all, on rough sofas made by our host. To get a little sleep, it was needful to cover up the face in native fashion, on account of myriads of mosquitoes. Towards midnight we were alarmed by a strange rushing of waters underneath. Next day we were told that it was the strong influx of the sea by a subterranean passage into the lagoon.

At dawn the whole village was astir and neatly dressed. In a short time the newly completed church was nearly filled, the building being too large for such a handful of people. The attention of these poor islanders during this early service, and throughout the day, was most creditable. Most of them wrote on slates the outlines of the discourses, and doubtless in years to come will distinctly recollect the texts.

The church itself is sixty feet by thirty-three, with a single roof of iron-wood rafters, thatched with the leaves of the *Pandanus odoratissimus*. The twelve windows are in the Gothic style, and glazed; they were made in Sydney, costing the Mitiaro folks £4 each. This expense was all defrayed before using the building for worship; which is more than can be said of some finer churches at home. For the purpose of ventilation the upper part is filled with graceful lattice-work. The interior is floored throughout with ancient cocoa-nut trees sawn in two and well planed. Seats with backs are arranged in three tiers. The pulpit is of unpolished native

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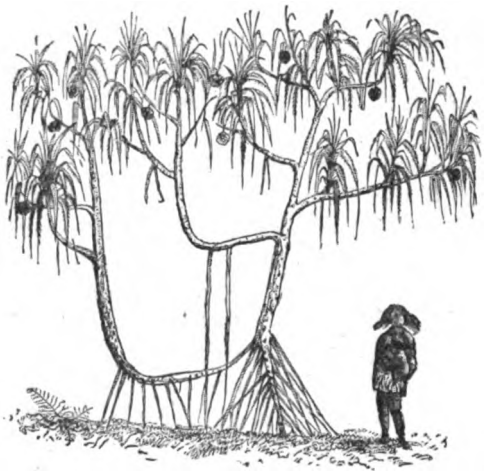
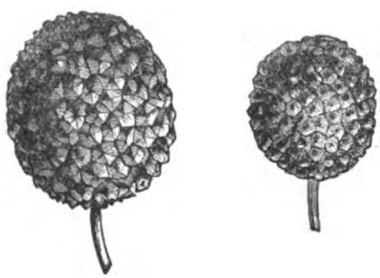
rosewood (*cordia*). But the one obvious defect in this stone church is the painting of the wood-work in white, red, green, yellow, and blue!



Pandanus, or Screw Pine.

Knowing that the *John Williams* might be expected in July, they had strained every nerve to complete the building, so that a missionary might take the opening services. Three, however, were present instead of one. An hour previous to the morning service we went to see their Sabbath-school. It was held in an open shed near the sea, with neat forms and a desk at one end. The flooring was of the whitest coral worn smooth by the action of the sea. A pleasant breeze relieved the heat of a bright, cloudless tropical day. We were pleased at the examination of the young people present, most of whom could read and write correctly. The replies were generally correct; but some curious answers were given. One asserted that "Mary the sister of Lazarus was the mother of our Lord." Another thought that "the Titus to whom Paul addressed an epistle afterwards destroyed Jerusalem." These



Pandanus Fruit.

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islanders never had a white missionary amongst them save for a few hours at a time.

The morning's text in church was, "Ye are all one in Christ Jesus," — a great truth ever welcome to Polynesians, and especially so to the natives of this blood-stained islet. But the singing was horrible; reminding some of us of what we heard on Niue in 1862, when a thousand people sang without regard to verse or metre, until becoming quite out of breath they sat down.

After a frugal dinner the deacons came in to ask our opinions on various matters of interest to the little community, which is politically dependent on Atiu.

In the afternoon we spent another hour in the Sunday-school, when their musical bell summoned us again to church, where service was concluded at 4 p.m. Walking to the beach, we found the ship's boat waiting for us outside the breakers. A hearty shaking of hands and plentiful "Kia ora na" (may you live!) followed us as we jumped on the backs of some stalwart natives and were deposited in a huge double canoe near the outer edge of the reef. A lull in the violence of the surf enabled our clumsy craft to dart through. In a few minutes we were on the deck of the missionary bark sailing to the next island. For a considerable time we sat gazing with delight on the scene of beauty we had left; and never shall I forget the pleasant Sunday spent on this insignificant coral islet.

Mitiaro formerly sustained a much larger population than at present. The natives were counted very brave, never having been overcome by their foes from the neighbouring islands. Several canoe-loads of Atiuans were slain and devoured by these fierce Mitiaro people. In 1819 (only four years prior to the introduction of Christianity) a grand descent was made on these cannibals by Roma-Tane[1] and

[1] = *Rongo ma Tane*, a mythical name.

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his Atiuans. Admission was gained by treachery to the stronghold of the devoted Mitiaro natives. Frightful carnage took place. A large oven is still pointed out where shrieking men and women, bound hand and foot, were thrown alive into the flames to be cooked. The brains of little children were dashed out on the stones in the sight of their mothers: twos and threes were skewered together through the ears! No distinction of sex or age was made. The great double canoes of the retreating invaders required soft rollers (banana stumps are usually employed for this purpose), to prevent injury to the bottom from the sharp coral. On this occasion the rollers, laid at intervals, were living men and women, tied hand and foot.

Few of the original inhabitants now survive. The conquerors first gorged themselves with human flesh, and then carried off the remainder for their wives and little ones at Atiu. An aged native of Mauke (which was similarly treated by the pitiless Atiuans) once told the writer that, on account of his relationship to the victors, he was spared, but was placed on a number of packages of baked human flesh—the flesh of his uncles and other fellow-countrymen. His eyes streamed with tears as he told the story. In 1869 I asked Mana, chief of Atiu, whether the stories I had heard about his eating human flesh were true. He said, "Yes, often enough; but I did not eat my Atiuans, only the refractory Mitiaro and Mauke people." Mana is brother to the terrible Roma-Tane referred to above. It is, however, but justice to the memory of the destroyer of Mitiaro to say that in 1823 he embraced Christianity, and abolished idolatry throughout Atiu, Mauke, and Mitiaro.

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IV.—STORIES FROM FOTUNA.

THIS island (one of the Southern New Hebrides) consists of a single peak rising abruptly out of the ocean. It is about fifteen miles in circumference, and is perfectly healthy.

In 1843 two Samoan teachers, with their wives and one girl, fell victims to the cruelty of the heathen. In 1853 the island was again occupied by teachers—this time from the neighbouring island of Aneiteium. In 1859 Ru of Aitutaki was located on Fotuna as a teacher. At the present time the Rev. J. Copeland and his devoted wife are the resident missionaries on the island. From Ru I gleaned the following particulars.

There are on Fotuna about nine hundred inhabitants, occupying eight villages. They are evidently of the same origin with the natives of Aniwa, who number only two hundred and thirty. Many generations since, a large canoe, full of men, women, and children, drifted from Tonga, and fortunately reached this little island, then uninhabited. These natives believe that their ancestors left Tonga under the special care of Maisiki, the tutelar god of Fotuna and Aniwa. Maisiki's true home is the ocean, but he occasionally travels ashore in the guise of a lovely woman with flowing locks. Intwined in the hair are the bright-red flowers of the scarlet hibiscus, the milk-white blossoms of the *gardenia*, and the sweet-scented flowers of the screw-pine, with the deep-green leaves of the *Dracæna terminalis*. The person of this unrivalled sea-god is wrapped in many folds of fine fish-net, for he is really a male divinity.

To Maisiki a number of inferior divinities are subject. One of these causes food to grow; another gives success to the fisherman; a third presides over fountains and streams; a

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fourth regulates the seasons; a fifth presides over hurricanes, storms, and tides; a sixth, of a more domestic turn, causes the evening meal to be properly cooked.

When Ru landed on Fotuna the entire population was engaged in rebuilding a spacious house, supported by a row of eight pillars. It was the house of their gods; the eight principal divinities being symbolized by the eight pillars, or rather trees, with their branches and bark in imitation of human arms. The crowd of lesser divinities were represented by a number of shorter posts surrounding the house. To each of these major and minor divinities a sort of worship was paid, so that it sometimes happened that some five or six divinities, or posts, received offerings and worship at the same time by their respective adherents. The whole building represented the Pantheon of Fotuna.

At the commencement of the flying-fish season the first catch is sacred to Maisiki, to whose *marae* the offering is carried by young girls, daughters of the principal chiefs. The fish were left to decay in the presence of the idol.

The dialect spoken on Fotuna and Aniwa is that of Eastern Polynesia; yet in colour and manners these natives differ little from the Papuans around them. Ru said, "Their babies are born as white as ours, but they become black by constant exposure to the sun, sitting in the dirt, and continual fishing."

Many men wear long hair: one fine-grown chief was not a little proud that his hair actually swept the ground.

Considerable progress has been made in the mission work on Fotuna. Peace has prevailed since 1859. Polygamy and many other evils attendant upon heathenism have vanished before the light of the Gospel.

In the establishment of Christianity on the Island, a series of striking incidents happened which awed the minds of the heathen. One Sabbath Ru invited a number of his neighbours

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to attend Divine service, but they laughed at him. One of them raised his steel hatchet and flourished it over the teacher's head, as if about to murder him. Ru desired him to desist, and remonstrated with him on the folly of his opposition to the Gospel. The heathen said, "Eat your Sabbath and your Gospel. I am off to the sea with my fish-hooks, and will get something more substantial." He forthwith started off, and stationing himself on a rock soon caught a large fish. "Ha! this is much better than going to church," chuckled the fisherman. He next caught a shark, which he succeeded in drawing to land; but as he turned round for his hatchet (with which he had just threatened the life of the teacher) for the purpose of killing the shark, the savage fish leapt up most unaccountably and caught the man by his heel. The screams of the unlucky Sabbath-breaker soon brought help. The shark was quickly dispatched with their hatchets. It was found that the bone was not severed, but a mouthful was taken out. After binding up the foot the luckless fisherman slowly limped home, a line of blood marking his path. He lived, but was ever afterwards lame.

A man who for a long time had attended regularly upon the services at length gave it all up, and with his wife and boys went weeding and planting on the Sabbath. Admonition had no effect whatever. One Sabbath he was engaged in clearing some bush, with the intention of planting yams. To facilitate his work he set the dry wood on fire. Presently the wind increased, and the flames advanced rapidly towards the lands of his neighbour. The Sabbath-breaker was in trouble lest the trees on his neighbour's land should be burnt. The heathen law in such a case is to beat the offender very severely. He therefore ran in front with green cocoa-nut branches, vainly endeavouring to arrest the progress of the conflagration. In his haste he stumbled and fell over some

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rocks, his feet becoming entangled in the wild vines that had hidden the danger from his sight. His agonizing endeavours to extricate his feet were useless. The poor fellow was thus, head downwards, literally roasting at the advancing fire. His loud cries brought his wife to the spot, who, at some risk to herself, released him by gnawing the vines with her teeth. With great difficulty she got her terribly burnt husband to a hut. On the third or fourth day after he died.

About the same time a sister of the first chief who embraced Christianity went just before service to bathe in the sea—a great luxury to these islanders. Her brother remonstrated with her, but she gaily said to him, "Do you go and worship your new God. I, who do not care for Him or His Sabbath, will go and enjoy myself."

She accordingly went down to the water's edge, and proceeded to divest herself of her scanty clothing preparatory to a plunge, her feet scarcely touching the water. Unperceived by her, an advancing wave (the tide was coming in) enabled a large ground shark to seize the unhappy girl by her feet and draw her into deep water, where the crimson waves told her miserable fate to those who, too late, had rushed to the spot.

Thus it came to pass that the Fotuna people became afraid to desecrate the day set apart by the Christians.

V.—SOUL-TRAPS OF DANGER ISLAND.

I SHALL never forget the great pile of rejected gods, instruments of priestcraft, and stone adzes presented to me one evening in the summer of 1862 by the chiefs and "sacred men" of Danger Island. I was the first white missionary to land amongst them. The sun had set; not a breath of

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air was stirring; the lagoon was like a mirror; a great crowd of dusky faces was looking on with evident interest and anxiety. One could not help being reminded of the scene

Soul-Traps.

that took place at Ephesus (Acts xix. 19). The most novel things in the heap were two soul-traps (*ere vaerua*), each consisting of a series of rings twisted in cocoa-nut fibre, and

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arranged on either side of a long cinet cord. One soul-trap was twenty-eight feet long, the other fourteen feet. Some of the loops are large, others small. The following account was then and there given to me of the use of soul-traps.

If a person had the misfortune to offend the "sacred men," or were very ill, a soul-trap would be suspended by night from a branch of one of the gigantic laurel-trees (*puka*) overshadowing his dwelling. If the family inquired "the sin for which the soul-trap was set up," some ceremonial offence against the gods would of course be assigned. The priest would sit opposite watching. If an insect or small bird chanced to fly through one of the loops, it was asserted that the soul of the culprit, assuming this form, had passed into the trap. The demon *Vaerua*, or "spirit" presiding over spirit-world, was believed to hurry off the unlucky soul to the shades to feast upon. It would be speedily known throughout the island that so-and-so had lost his soul, and great would be the lamentation.

The friends of the unhappy man would seek to propitiate the sorcerer by large presents of food and property, begging him to intercede with dread *Vaerua* for the restoration of the soul. This was sometimes accomplished; but at other times the priests reported that his prayers were unavailing, and *Vaerua* could not be induced to send back the spirit to reinhabit the body. The culprit fully believing all the priest said—was he not the mouth-piece of the gods, and cognisant of the secrets of spirit-world?—gives up all hope. His friends mourn over him as one dead; and at last the poor fellow fades away through sheer mental distress at having his spirit thus ensnared.

In cases of mere sickness, where the friends were anxious to know whether the sick man would get well again, if the priest reported that his spirit did not enter the snare, it was inferred that he would recover.

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I inquired why some of the loops were so large, whilst others were so small? The "sacred man" said to me, testily, "Don't you know that there are different sorts of souls—some small and others large?" I understood him to mean, that the large loops were to entrap the souls of adults, the smaller ones to catch the souls of infants. The words used would also imply that the large loops were for the souls of chiefs, and the small ones for the souls of common people.

The theory of sickness and death underlying all this is that certain gods feed exclusively upon human spirits. Hence the abusive epithet often applied to them, "*Atua kai tangata*" —"man-eating gods;" *i.e.*, for trivial offences devouring the souls of their worshippers. If once the soul be eaten by the god, the body—which is regarded as the mere shell or casing of the spirit—must fade away and die. Throughout Polynesia, no one was believed to die a natural death; there was always some special offence against the gods. Failure in religious observances was believed to be invariably visited by the gods with death.

Thanks to the gospel of the blessed God, the natives of Danger Island no longer fear soul-traps. Those who fear God need fear nothing else. It is interesting to note that priestcraft is the same all the world over—amongst the heathen and amongst civilised races. It originates in an inordinate lust of power, coupled with the assumption that they—"the sacred men," or priestly caste—have special authority delegated to them over the invisible world.

VI.—A DAY AT NORFOLK ISLAND.

WHEN about to return to the South-Sea Islands a few years ago, the Governor of New South Wales requested the captain of the mission barque to convey to Norfolk Island various

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supplies and a passenger named Frederick Young. Nothing loth to pay a visit to the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, the captain sailed direct for Norfolk Island, which is situated in lat. 29° 10′ S., long. 167° 58′ E.

After a few days the welcome shout, "Land, ho!" was heard, and in a short time we were off the new home of the Pitcairners, which comprises three islands—Philip Island, burrowed in all directions by rabbits, with a few goats upon it; Nepean Island, which is just a block of bare limestone, with four fir-trees; and Norfolk Island, which was discovered by Captain Cook in 1774, and is nineteen miles and a half in circumference. The three islands must have formed but one in times long gone by.

Norfolk Island is a beautiful spot, everywhere adorned by the noble pine (*Araucaria excelsa*) which derives its name from it. Many of these trees are of gigantic growth. We saw Arthur Quintal hollowing an enormous pine-log into a boat capable of carrying several adults. Our friend proposed to complete the craft, including keel and seats, out of that single log.

Whilst the much-needed supplies were being landed, I went on shore. The landing is very difficult, although a neat jetty runs out some distance. In the graveyard we noticed many inscriptions in memory of officers who had been drowned in attempting to land when this island was a penal settlement. The village is in Sydney Bay. Many of the cottages were originally built for the officers of the late convict establishment. On the jetty may be seen one of the guns of the *Bounty*. The highest point of this beautiful island is Mount Pitt, which rises 1,050 feet above the level of the ocean.

"The country," writes a recent visitor, whose picturesque account I can confirm, "is undulating, and is covered from end to end with beautiful English-looking turf, on which

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SYDNEY BAY, NORFOLK ISLAND.

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one occasionally meets tropical ferns and the luxuriant vegetation of the torrid zone. The land is lightly timbered and park-like. The graceful pine is always a distinctive feature in the landscape, rearing its stem to a great height. Sometimes these pines form magnificent avenues; sometimes they are scattered about the hills and grassy slopes. The scrub, which has a trim look, as though it belonged to a well-kept garden, is chiefly composed of lemon-trees, which grow luxuriously, the ripening fruit growing in tempting clusters. The white mulberry is indigenous and the culture of silk-worms might with advantage be added to the local industries."

The same kinds of pigeons, parrots, and parrakeets are found on Norfolk Island as in New Zealand. Many trees and plants common in New Zealand abound on Norfolk Island, especially the flax plant (*Phormium tenax*).

After inspecting the gaol, barracks, and church (all built in convict days), we dined with the Rev. G. H. Nobbs, who gave us a very kind reception. Mr. Nobbs is still a hale old man, seventy-five years of age. His numerous children and grandchildren crowded his hospitable dwelling to shake hands with the visitors. He has been amongst the Pitcairners forty-seven years. He is the unacknowledged son of a marquis. From a boy he was brought up in the British Navy. When on the Indian station he read for the first time the marvellous story of the mutineers, and their successful settlement on a solitary island in the South Pacific, his imagination was so fired that he quitted the Navy, and sailed to South America in the hope of getting a passage to Pitcairn's Island. Not finding a chance of realising his wishes, he unwisely allowed himself to be entangled in the political disturbances of the country. He was twice under sentence of death in Chili as a political prisoner. On one of these occasions he was one of sixty-three under sentence of death. Morning after morning he

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listened with a beating heart to the heavy thuds that removed some of his companions into eternity. Under these solemn circumstances Mr. Nobbs reviewed his past life and follies, and vowed, if spared, to spend the rest of his days in God's service. He was one of four who alone were spared. Meeting, upon his release, with a man possessed of a little money and anxious to share in the expedition, a sloop of fifteen tons was purchased. These two brave men set off alone on a voyage of three thousand miles. A watch of eight hours was alternately kept. Before reaching Pitcairn's, in 1828, his companion fell sick, but declined to give up any part of his work to his companion. Four months after landing on the island he died. In 1852 Mr. Nobbs returned to England, and was ordained by the Bishop of London as chaplain to the Pitcairn Islanders, under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

We recalled the circumstances that led to the settlement of Norfolk Island. It was in 1789 that the crew of the *Bounty* mutinied, and made their way to Tahiti. Nine British sailors, with six Tahitian men and twelve Tahitian women, sailed in 1790 for Pitcairn's Island, and they remained for years unheard of. Pitcairn's Island is a small solitary rock at the south-eastern corner of the great Polynesian Archipelago, in lat. 25° 3′ 6″ S., long. 130° 6′ W. It is only a mile across and two and a quarter miles in length. It is very mountainous, has no harbour, and the soil is poor compared with that of Tahiti.

In 1855, finding their number too great for the island, they requested the British Government to remove them to Norfolk Island. In the following year they took possession of their present beautiful home. But a few still hankering after Pitcairn's, in 1859 two families, numbering in all seventeen, returned to their original home, and there they are doing well. The motive assigned for returning was a singular one

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PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

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—"They could not endure to live without a good drink of cocoa-nut water."

Mr. Nobbs estimates the population of Norfolk Island at three hundred and forty. During the six years preceding my visit there had been one hundred births and only fifteen deaths (four of these were accidental); so that the island must be remarkably healthy.

Each male is entitled on marriage to fifty acres of land, drawn by lot. The soil is fertile, so that there is little difficulty in obtaining the necessaries of life. Each takes his turn in supplying vessels with what they may require, so that there is no pauperism amongst them. They appoint annually a chief magistrate. Every adult, male and female, has a vote; "but," said the chaplain, "the fair ones are getting tired of going to elections." Mr. Nobbs, of course, possesses a vote as a citizen; he also has a casting vote in cases of difficulty.

The islanders seem contented and happy. They subsist on the English potato, the sweet potato, the yam, and Indian corn. Flocks of sheep and sleek herds of cattle browse at will on the hills and valleys. On certain days some of them are killed, and divided out amongst the islanders. Wheaten flour, sugar, tea, and salt are imported.

We found nearly all engaged in the preparation of a superior kind of arrowroot: a small basket of roots was given to the missionaries for planting at their various homes. We noticed the "taro" plant of Polynesia (*Caladium esculentum*) growing wild; but Mr. Nobbs assured us that it was highly poisonous, he being probably ignorant of the circumstance that all varieties of the *Caladium* are exceedingly acrid in their raw state. The loquat-tree grows freely everywhere. The descendants of the mutineers are a good-looking race, a shade or two darker than ourselves, and tall. They are fond of reading. We gave them all the books we could spare.

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A gentleman who recently visited the island tells an interesting story of these people: "When Commodore Stirling visited the island in the *Clio*, in 1873, a gale of wind was blowing, and the sea running so high that it was impossible to land. After lying off and on for some time, the *Clio* was about to make sail for Sydney, the weather showing no sign of moderating, when a boat was seen to put off from the shore. 'Something serious is the matter,' thought all on board, 'or the islanders would not venture out in such a storm.' The ship lay-to, but the boat had to toil through the entire night before reaching her. When they gained the deck, Commodore Stirling said, with some solicitude of manner, 'I am glad to see you. I hope nothing has gone wrong; but anything in the way of medicines or supplies is at your disposal.' 'We are all well, thank you,' answered the courageous boatman; 'but there is one thing we would like, books'—mentioning one which was much spoken of at the time."

Whaling is a favourite occupation of the Norfolk Islanders; indeed, they are wonderfully expert at catching the leviathans of the deep. But the seasons are very uncertain. They send hides, wool, arrowroot, etc., to an agent in Sydney, who purchases for them clothing and other needful supplies. Agriculture is their grand resource, yet the island is but poorly cultivated.

Strolling in the graveyard, we saw a tombstone erected over a man who had, in the old penal times, died, aged one hundred and five years, a convict at his death. The last time he was sentenced he was eighty-five years old; in fact, he had been a convict nearly all his days. Another stone was erected "To the memory of a man, one of sixteen, who for mutiny was . " (= put a full stop to by hanging).

Mr. Nobbs pointed out to us the frame of a small boat, in-

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tended to be covered with skin, constructed by three runaway convicts. Two were caught and punished. The fate of the third was tragic. After subsisting on raw rabbit-flesh for two months, he was seen and chased to the highest point of Philip Island. Finding it impossible to elude his pursuers, the wretched man covered his face with his jacket, and leaped over the fearful precipice.

These islanders are courteous and hospitable to visitors. One would cherish the hope that there are many God-fearing people amongst them. Mr. Nobbs remarks, "Age is beginning to undermine my energies, and I feel that I am steadily approaching the hour appointed for all living. May I also attain to that house 'not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!' Year after year we are graciously permitted to pursue our daily avocations in peace; and the Sabbath is in every sense a truly welcome day. I have seventy scholars in the Sunday-school, instructed by nine teachers. The monthly average at the Lord's table is seventy."

English now only is spoken; one or two old people can still speak the Tahitian language. Mr. Quintal said that he distinctly remembered a sermon preached by the Rev. John Williams at Tahiti in 1831 from the words, "Comfort ye, comfort ye My people, saith your God."

Many inquiries were made as to the spread of the Gospel in Polynesia, and several of the missionaries were inquired for by name. As no freight was charged for the supplies cheerfully conveyed to them, a meeting of the inhabitants was convened where we were at dinner. The result of the conference was a generous donation of £20 in aid of the London Missionary Society, a fat sheep, a quarter of an ox, and a liberal supply of carrots, lemons, etc., for the ship's use. Even the ladies on board the *John Williams* were not forgotten, for splendid bouquets of flowers were sent to them. A box of young Norfolk Island pines was presented to our captain.

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No stranger is permitted to live on this island without the consent of the majority of the inhabitants and that of the Governor of New South Wales. We found one inhabitant who had neither—the captain of an American whaler, who, happening to come ashore to arrange for supplies, was left to enjoy himself as he could, the mate having run away with the vessel and oil.

When Mr. Nobbs was in England he had an interview with her Majesty and the late Prince Consort, and he was asked if there was any favour he wished. The chaplain promptly replied, "Yes, a portrait of the Royal family." Next day he received a beautiful steel engraving, nicely framed, which the good man took great delight in showing to us.

As we walked down to the landing-place in the afternoon a number of young people followed us. A venerable old man introduced himself to us as William Bobbett, who forty years previously had landed at their original settlement as schoolmaster. He was a native of Bristol, and in his youth had been a hearer of William Thorp and the famous Robert Hall; afterwards he became a sailor on board an English whaler.

That evening many a fervent prayer ascended to heaven for a blessing upon these interesting people, as our good ship sped on her way to the eastern islands of the Pacific.

In a letter dated Nov. 9th, 1874, Mr. Nobbs says that two of the first descendants of the mutineers are still alive—John Evans, aged seventy, and John Buffet, seventy-six, one of whom still resides on Pitcairn's. A dreadful hurricane which recently passed over Norfolk Island swept nearly everything away.

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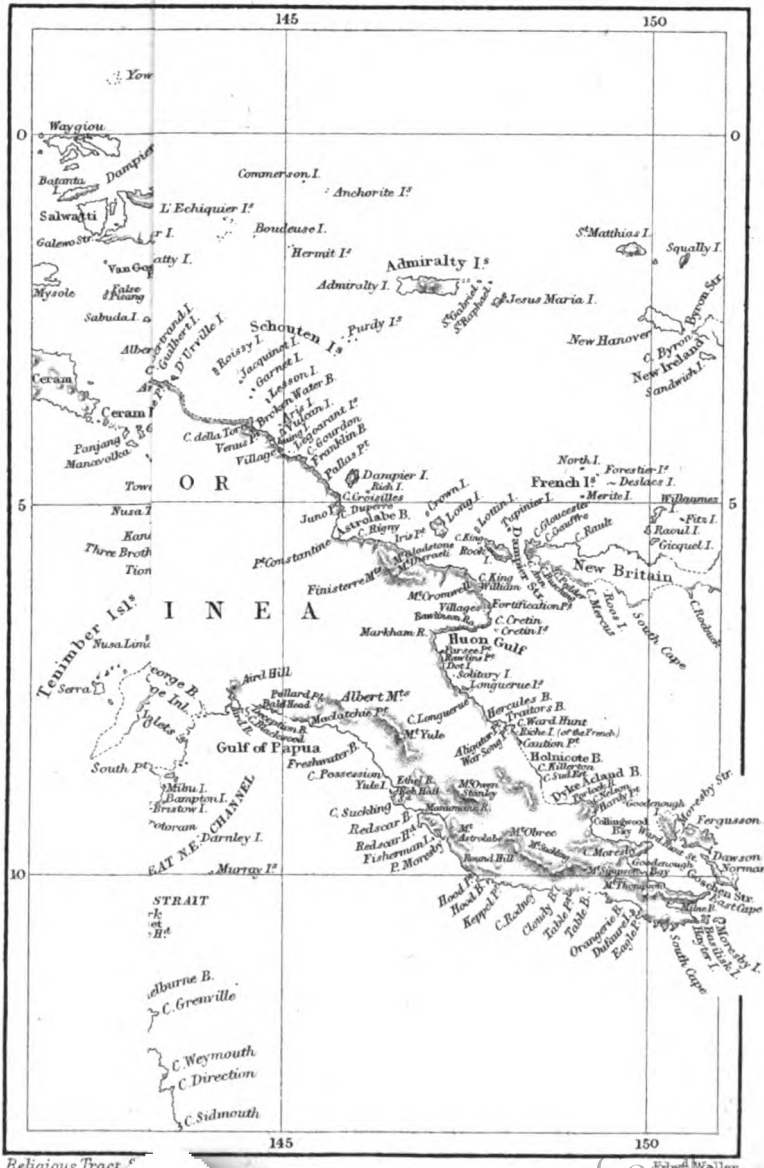

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VI.

A Visit to Torres Straits and Mainland of New Guinea.

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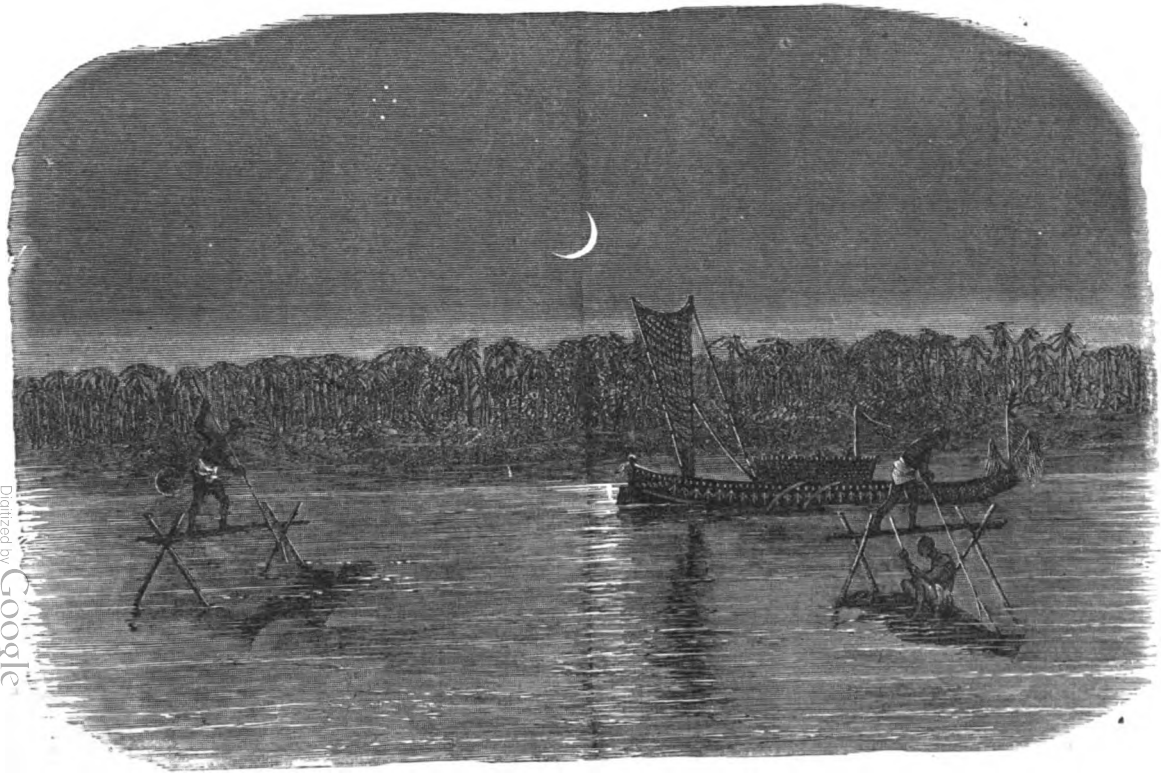

DUGONG FISHING, NEW GUINEA.

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CHAPTER VI.

A Visit to Torres Straits and Mainland of New Guinea.

Guchen.[1]

NEARLY three centuries and a half ago New Guinea, sometimes called Papua, was discovered by the Portuguese navigator Don Torge de Meneses, on his passage from Malacca to the Moluccas. At that period the Portuguese and the Spaniards were hotly contesting the possession of the Spice Islands. The next visitor, a Spaniard, named it "Isla del Oro" (isle of gold), in the belief that gold abounded there. In 1606 Torres discovered the famous Straits which bear his name. Our great navigator Captain Cook, on his first voyage in 1770, touched at the south-west coast. Five years later Forrest visited Dorey, on the northern extremity of New Guinea, in quest of nutmegs. In 1845 Captain Blackwood discovered the Fly River, which may be regarded as the natural highway to the interior of New Guinea. In the following year Lieutenant Yule surveyed the southern coast as far east as Yule Island. In 1848 Captain Owen Stanley, brother of the present Dean of Westminster, made a running survey of the south-east coast.

[1] See page 219.

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Captain J. Moresby, of H.M.S. *Basilisk*, has recently made many interesting and valuable discoveries on this hitherto mysterious coast. Inside Yule Island a good harbour, named by him "Robert Hall Sound," was surveyed. A magnificent double harbour was discovered inside the Fisherman Islands, and named "Port Moresby." The utmost confidence prevailed between the visitors and the inhabitants.

The extreme south-eastern shore of New Guinea, previously supposed to be wedge-shaped, proves to be forked. Three large islands lie off the mainland, and are respectively named Moresby, Basilisk, and Hayter Islands. The greater part of the country is extremely fertile and beautiful. The natives possess great agricultural skill, lofty mountains being cultivated by them to the very top. Whilst harmless to strangers, they appear to be occasionally addicted to cannibalism among themselves. A noble channel, large enough for a thousand *Great Easterns* to sail through, was named China Straits. The gallant captain erected a flag-staff, hoisted the Union Jack, and took formal possession of these islands on behalf of her Majesty. In consequence of this the place where the *Basilisk* anchored was named "Possession Bay." Captain Moresby surveyed the D'Entrecasteaux Group and the north-east coast of New Guinea as far as Astrolabe Bay.

The Rev. S. McFarlane has recently discovered the Baxter River, ascending it for about ninety miles. He also steamed up the Fly River one hundred and sixty miles, in the *Ellangowan*. The Rev. W. G. Lawes has penetrated twenty miles into the interior of the country adjoining Port Moresby, and travelled on foot one hundred miles over ground which had never before been trodden by the white man.

My own visit to New Guinea was made just before Captain Moresby's.

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I.—OUR CRUISE IN TORRES STRAITS.

IT was on September 22nd, 1872, that we entered tne "Inner Route," by Curtis's Channel, from the blue Pacific. On board the *John Williams* were thirteen teachers and their wives, designed for the islands in the Straits and for New Guinea.

On October 11th we anchored at Somerset, and met with a kind reception from the magistrate in charge. This station is occupied by five whites and a number of native police. An uninhabited house was assigned to the Rev. A. W. Murray as a residence, this being a convenient spot from which to superintend the infant mission.

On the 17th we bade farewell to our friends in the mission barque, and steamed for the Straits proper. We anchored off Horn's Island amongst a number of boats engaged in the pearl-fishery. The water on the Great Barrier Reef (1,200 miles in length) is a light green. In many places one can see the coral at the bottom. Torres Straits are about eighty miles across at the narrowest point; but the ship-channel of this highway of nations is only five miles wide. It is usual to anchor at sunset, on account of the intricacy of the navigation.

The multitudinous islets studding the Straits like so many emeralds, the dreamy haziness of the atmosphere, and the many marine marvels, powerfully affect the imagination. Kingfish in hot chase of prey sometimes leaped clean out of the water, three or four being captured at a time. Turtle, fast asleep, often floated past us. Sea-serpents of many species and beautiful colours wriggled about on the glassy surface. They were usually six or seven feet in length, and are never eaten by the islanders, as they are supposed to be poisonous.

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Anxious to obtain the assistance of "Joe," who as interpreter helped to introduce the teachers in 1871, we sailed in our little mission boat on the 17th of October to the Prince of Wales' Island. We passed the rock where Gascoigne's vessel was dragged ashore, and all, save one woman, were speared to death. When we saw on Muralug the scene of the more than ample revenge exacted by the whites, we wished the Gospel had been introduced earlier to these dark places of the earth.

The Prince of Wales' Island is of great size, but very rocky and barren; one side of it is abandoned to the pearl divers, whose store-ships were then lying at anchor. We found Joe inhabiting a hut thatched with the leaves of a *cycas*. A number of these graceful palms, which yield a kind of sago, grow near the beach.

With the kind consent of his employer, Joe accompanied us on our missionary voyage. We spent several days in Mooa Pass, a narrow strait between two large islands, Bātu and Mooa, at the period of our visit scorched by the sun. We landed several times on Mooa, or Banks' Island, to select a site for a mission station.

The islanders are noted for their cruelty to defenceless whites; but they are themselves fearfully oppressed by the men of Bātu (Mulgrave's Island) and their allies, the Jervis Islanders. The only survivor from Gascoigne's ship was detained here in captivity until her death. The natives occupy only the interior and the weather side of the island through terror of the Bātu warriors. The water is very bad. We eventually succeeded in placing a teacher on Banks' Island. His main difficulty will be the vagrant habits of the natives. We advised him to make occasional visits to Bātu, to see whether it would be possible to do any good amongst a race who, like the aborigines of Australia, build no houses, and have no fixed place of abode. The cause

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of this bird-like mode of existence seems to be that the Bātu people never cultivate anything, living on fruits and roots growing spontaneously; so, like tramps, they are compelled to be continually on the move.

The natives are perfectly black, and seemed to be a fierce, intractable race. One of them could sing an English song, learnt possibly from a white man in charge of a "shelling" station. Throughout the Straits the ears of the men are slit so as to hang like ear-drops, strings of "Job's tears" (*Coix lachryma*) being attached to them. Necklaces of these light-blue seeds are also often worn.

A fine pheasant (*Leipoa ocellata*), shot on Mooa, proved excellent eating. A large iguana ran up a tree opposite to the landing-place. Several venomous serpents were driven out of their hiding-place and killed when clearing a piece of ground on which to build a hut. An alligator was seen in the freshwater pool about a mile distant.

To us, coming straight from the South Sea Islands, it seemed strange to see the large islands of the Straits without a cocoa-nut-tree on them. Under the burning sun the delicious water furnished by the young nut would have been most acceptable. In sailing up the Inner Route, we planted fifty cocoa-nuts on different islets, in the hope that they would hereafter prove useful to shipwrecked mariners. A number have since been planted by our teachers at Somerset.

Most of the Straits islands are covered with a valuable tree, the *Mimusops Kauki*, the fruit of which is sweet and highly nutritious. In some islands the inhabitants subsist chiefly on it during one season of the year. The *Mimusops* grows on the mainland of the Greater and Lesser Daudai. The fruit is dried in the sun, and strung for use in seasons of scarcity. Its shape and sweetness have occasioned the misnomer of "date" among the whites.

On the 25th of October we landed on Jervis' Island

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(Mapuagi), which is much smaller than the islands we had left. Its aspect is barren, despite a few cocoa-palms. The population, numbering about three hundred, are all engaged in pearl-diving, and have unwisely ceased to cultivate the soil. They live in villages, one of which we inspected. These islanders have a very sinister expression of countenance. Not many months since they tried to capture a schooner, but were beaten off.

A Scotchman in charge of the pearl-shelling business was half-dead with dysentery. It was pleasant, some weeks later, to learn that "under God he owed his life to the timely aid afforded him by Mr. Murray." The cause of the complaint was drinking unboiled the almost putrid water of the island. Suffering greatly from thirst, we also were driven to drink it. Throughout the Straits there is great difficulty in procuring drinkable water.

We came upon an armed party in search of "treasure-trove" from a Spanish galleon wrecked here two centuries ago. They were unsuccessful, as it had been dug up and carried away by the shellers.

We saw a number of recent graves: two forked posts were set up at the head, and two at the feet. Sand was neatly piled over the dead, and the top was ornamented with dugong skulls and ribs and large helmet-shells (*Cassis tuberosa*). Three skulls were hung up on the post nearest to the shoulders of one of the deceased. After desiccation the mummy is buried; the head, however, being carefully preserved by the relatives as an object of affection and worship. But in some cases the family suspend the mummy permanently, as at Erub and Mer. A male mummy was hanging among the mangroves close to one of the villages, to enable the relatives to see the deceased whenever so inclined.

The Torres Straits Islanders hold feasts in honour of the dead, who are supposed spiritually to partake of the *essence* of

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these offerings. The cunning offerers, after entreating the good offices of the dead in consideration of these gifts, eat the food themselves, pretending that the essence is gone. Females take part in the mourning ceremonies—which are numerous and fantastic—but may not partake of the food offered. They fast and howl, and hide inside their huts, until the spirits take their departure for the time!

In all the islands of the Straits, from Cape York to the south-western coast of New Guinea, the males are absolutely nude, but the females wear a covering of leaves from the waist to the knees. To this there is but one exception, Murray Island.

Devil-tree on Jervis' Island.

One of the teachers volunteered for Jervis' Island. Happily, it is exempt from fever and ague. The most interesting thing on it is a devil-tree, or ancient banyan, with large shells and dugong bones—propitiatory offerings—growing into its trunk or suspended by rope-like tendrils from lofty branches. This was supposed to be the home of a mighty spirit, whose favour it was desirable to propitiate by offerings. Under one side of this immense tree is built the house of the shelling-master.

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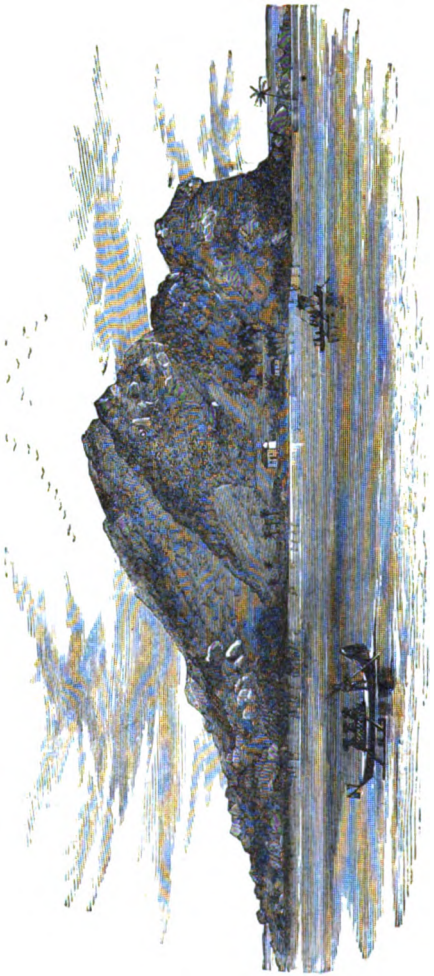
Touching at Kepara, or Two Brothers, for an interpreter (Mamut), we pressed on to Tauan. At an equal distance from New Guinea lie the islands of Tauan and Saibai, separated by a narrow channel of three and a half miles, and hitherto regarded as one. Tauan is mountainous, dry, and healthy; whilst Saibai is a vast morass, with myriads of wading birds almost tame. Saibai is extremely unhealthy. There is a capital place on the north of Saibai for repairing vessels, if needed. The inhabitants of these islands are a fine Negrito race, averaging five feet six inches in height, brave in war, but suspicious of strangers. Their war weapons and house-building are of a superior kind—precisely similar to what we afterwards saw on the mainland of New Guinea. They speak a dialect and practise the customs of the mainland, main-



Tauan.

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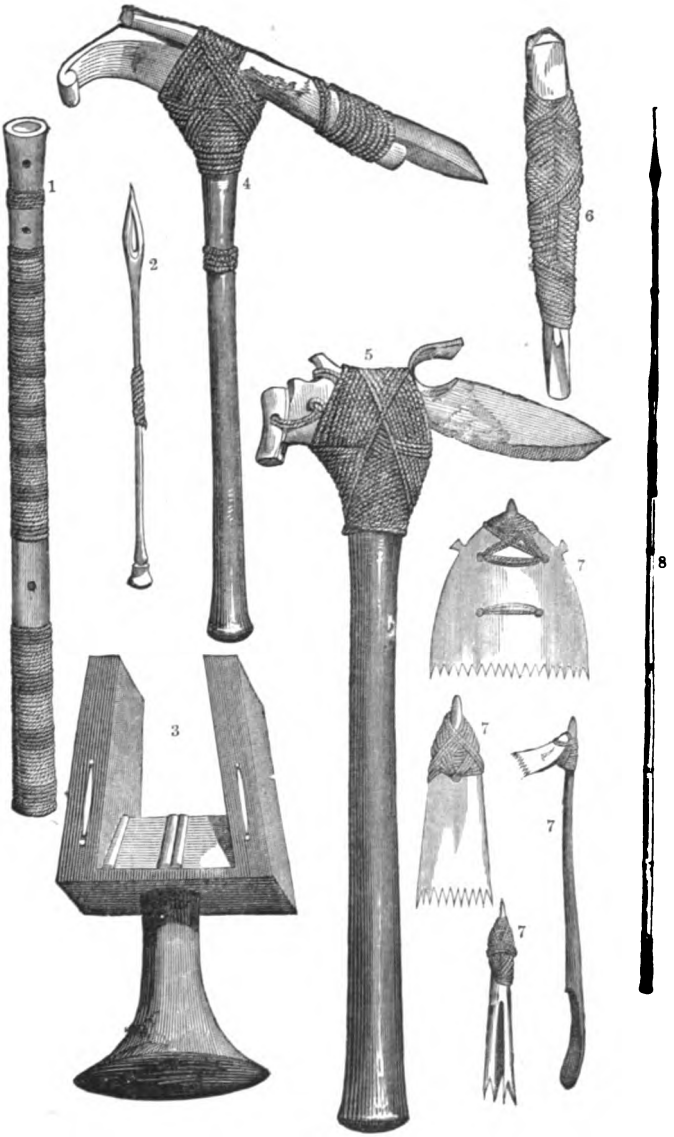

IMPLEMENTS OF THE TAHITIANS.

1, Flute played with the Nose. 2, Netting Needle. 3, Instrument for pounding Bread-fruit. 4, 5, Stone Hatchets. 6, Chisel. 7 7, 7, 7, Instruments used in Tattooing. 8. Dart.

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taining a friendly intercourse with the people of Katau and Torotoram. The women here and on the mainland are excessively timid; they are slender in figure, wear a meagre grass petticoat, and have their heads closely shaved.

The tribe occupying the portion of New Guinea opposite to Tauan and Saibai is continually at war with its neighbours. The chiefs of Saibai and Tauan ornament their dwellings with strings of skulls of New Guinea bushmen. The owners of these ghastly trophies were very averse to our touching these "malakai," *i. e., ghosts*, as they called them.

The warriors of Tut and Saibai unite with those of Katau

Dwelling-house in Saibai, with remarkable Cocoa-nut Tree in front.

and Torotoram in making raids upon the inland tribes, for the sole purpose of obtaining heads. The skulls are carefully prepared and traded with to other tribes, or retained as precious treasures by those who secured them. A young man of eighteen gloried in the possession of half a dozen heads recently obtained from the interior.

On Saibai stands a lofty cocoa palm, with two branches growing out of the parent stem at the same point, all three crowns richly laden with fruit.

Tauan is nine miles in circumference. The best water in

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the Straits is easily obtained here at all seasons. We found six boats watering, and at the morning service were gratified by the attendance of forty Loyalty Islanders, who were engaged in the shelling business. At midday a number of Saibai men sailed across the Strait in their splendid canoes (bought on New Guinea), and were nearly all present at the afternoon service.

On first stepping ashore on Tauan, I thought I heard the cries of numerous ducks; but the noise proved to be the croaking of frogs—a novel sound to one who had spent half his life in Polynesia.

We came across a magnificent bread-fruit tree one day. The lazy natives allow the fruit to *drop*, in order to save the trouble of climbing. Cocoa-palms are numerous. Everywhere amongst the boulders, which are scattered in wild confusion all over the island, grow thousands of nutmeg-trees. On their fruit the nutmeg-pigeon (*Carpophaga luctuosa*) feeds exclusively. This remarkable bird, which furnished us with several dinners, arrives from New Guinea for the purpose of incubation about the beginning of November, and leaves at the end of the rainy season, when its young are sufficiently strong. It is astonishing that so small a bird should be capable of swallowing the nutmeg entire—the mace being the real nutriment of the bird. The nutmeg is fertilized by passing through the pigeon; so that wherever the nutmeg falls a tree springs up. The natives of Tut go out to sea, and kill numbers of these birds with sticks and stones, while flying over the Straits on their way to Australia. Even birds learn from experience, for of late years these pigeons, having become wary, avoid crossing that island.

Sauai is chief of Tauan, his brother lord of Saibai. The former has six wives, or slaves. Some of them attended service, but on leaving, instead of going way openly, they would endeavour to slink off unperceived. Heathenism

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invariably degrades woman. Sauai's eldest son, about twenty-two years old, already has four wives.

On the departure of the missionaries last year, Saibai warriors came over frequently to bully the teachers and to rob their plantations. This was in consequence of a hint from Sauai "that he wished to be rid of the *driftwood*." The idea was to pick a quarrel with the teachers, as a pretext for murdering them. These insults were meekly endured. Providentially at this juncture Lieutenant Chester touched at Tauan, and heard of these things. He at once went over to Saibai, and spoke to such purpose that the annoyances ceased.

Shortly afterwards a child was born to one of the teachers. A happy thought occurred to the parents—they would name it Sauai, after the chief. The old man felt flattered. I have often seen him caressing the child most tenderly; and sometimes he would send his favourite wife with presents of food for the little one.

The eldest daughter of Sauai was stolen by a party of pearl-divers, who also robbed the plantations in open day. Of course these marauders were well armed. "But," remarked Sauai to us, "as soon as the teachers settled here, all these depredations ceased. Boats' crews water and go away without stealing an article. My heart is soft towards the teachers, for they are a wall of defence to me and my people."

We asked Sauai one day where the spirits of the dead go. Pointing due west, he promptly replied, "They all go to *Kipo*." He told us that "Kipo" is an island in the region of the setting sun, inhabited by disembodied spirits. One would imagine it to be a mythical name for Hades, in accordance with the almost universal belief of Polynesia, that the spirit-traveller follows the track of the setting sun, and descends with the sun-god Rā into the invisible subterranean world.

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Clay mounds, from ten to twelve feet high, built by termites, abound on all the Straits islands. At Somerset there is a curious city of these white ants. They are well buttressed, and stand the heavy showers of the wet season without injury. The bite of this mason-ant (the insect is a quarter of

Mound of Termites.

an inch long) is disagreeable. The island is overrun with large brown grasshoppers. Although anxious to bathe in the inviting fresh-water stream, I could not overcome the unplea-

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sant feeling occasioned by seeing the tracks of a well-known alligator, which frequently comes ashore for a drink. The true home of this reptile is in fresh water, but hunger drives some to take up their abode in salt water. These latter never wander far away from fresh-water streams, which they frequent at night.

Head of a Young Alligator.

It is an interesting circumstance that a young captive alligator when liberated makes straight, by an unerring instinct, for the nearest water. It is very sensitive if touched, however gently, between the joints of its armour. With wonderful ease it catches flies alighting on its tail; and the lizard, agile though it be, stands no chance whatever of escape. What it devours is killed by itself.

On the 13th of November we sailed past Tut, or Warrior Island. Tauan was still visible, although forty miles distant. Tut is a mere sandbank, yet it has a population of two hundred and fifty, who are mostly engaged in the pearl-fishery. The water they drink is obtained from Turtle-back Island, a distance of twelve miles. Tut is the present home of our interpreter Joe. The inhabitants are still heathen. The first night Joe spent ashore here he was compelled to sleep in a room where a female mummy was hung up, which

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seemed in the moonlight to look resentfully down upon the intruder.

In preparing these mummies the contents of the stomach are extracted through an opening in the ribs. The brain is also removed. The soles of the feet are taken off, as if in imitation of a pair of sandals. Punctures are made in the suspended corpse to let out the juices of the body; these juices are collected and used as sauce, to show love for the dead! The mummy is then carefully washed in the sea, painted, and finally hung up. And yet a native of this island offered to sell to Captain Banner the mummy of his own mother for four axes. As Captain Banner was only willing to give two, the bargain was not concluded.

Passing a number of islets, some of them mere groves of mangrove growing out of the sea, on the 14th of November we landed on Ugar, or Stephen's Island, which is only a mile in length. It is a lovely and fertile islet, with a population of forty souls. Here, and at Erub and at Mer, the houses are built in beehive or haystack fashion, with a very low triangular aperture for a door. On either side of the sand floor a strong bamboo platform constitutes the bedsteads of the household. The central post protrudes far above the grass thatch, and is surmounted by a great helmet-shell. A neat enclosure of bamboo gives a pleasing finish to the whole. The atmosphere inside is stifling, the only means of ventilation being the doorway.

After waiting a long time in the hot sun, we met the chief, Malos, and a number of others, under a fine *Mimusops Kauki*. The island seemed to be covered with this useful tree. Malos is a finely-built savage, but of a very forbidding expression. He once hanged a man for repeated theft. It seems that he had previously spent some months in Sydney, and whilst there conceived a lofty idea of English justice. He scarcely deigned to notice our present. When told our

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errand he frankly said, "I will *not* have a teacher; it would lessen my authority." A worthless foreigner had gained his ear before our arrival.

On the day following we anchored at Erub, or Darnley Island, which is eight miles in circumference, and more than five hundred feet above the level of the sea. We filled a cask with bad water. Close to the spring are some noble sago-palms, introduced from New Guinea. A silky kind of wild cotton grows freely here and on Mooa. It is a pity that it cannot be utilised. Immense flocks of young snipe rose out of a bamboo jungle as we boated along.

Guchen, the teacher here, has built his house in Rarotongan style. Close by is the chapel—the only one worth calling a house of prayer in Torres Straits. The roof and sides are of grass; the flooring consists of snow-white pebbles. The window-frames are set up, but the pulpit is not yet finished. The little church is crowded every Sabbath. No work is done on that sacred day. Many come from a considerable distance on a Saturday afternoon for the purpose of attending the Sabbath services.

The custom here and at Murray Island (and we believe throughout the Straits) has hitherto been to rear only two children in each family. The rest are strangled or buried alive by the cruel father as soon as born. Illegitimate infants were invariably murdered by the mother, to avoid the toil of having to provide food for them.

One day Guchen heard that a woman—a neighbour of his—had given birth to a girl, who would probably be put to death. He hastened to the spot, and entreated the cruel father to spare the life of his child. The reply was, "I have two children already: who will be charged with the feeding of this one?" "I will," said the childless Guchen. Presents were made to the cruel father; and a contract was made with the mother to feed it for *one month*. And so pretty little

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"Mareta" became the adopted daughter of Guchen. We were reminded of the words of Isaiah: "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

On another occasion Guchen was too late—the child was murdered. The Erub people, however, have promised in future to preserve their little ones, and also to give up the embalming of the dead.

These islanders are in constant feud with the natives of Tut. Hence the depopulation which has been going on for many years past, reducing the number on this fine island to one hundred and seventy-nine. All the Erub natives wear clothing on the Sabbath; but at first, with the exception of some fifteen or twenty, dispensed with it all the rest of the week. They told Guchen that their motive for so doing was, "*they were not ashamed of men; only of God!*" They supply their teacher with fish (which is particularly abundant) and the other necessaries of life.

One day Guchen came upon two men fighting, one wielding a spear, the other a long knife. He threw himself between the combatants, and succeeded in making peace. A scar on his right palm reveals the cost to himself.

"Guchen once had a narrow escape. The teachers had anchored for the night in the middle of the river, and made a bed by arranging the oars and masts across the seats. All were fast asleep, when Guchen was suddenly awoke by somebody violently pushing him. On opening his eyes, the first thing he saw was the huge head of an alligator, half over the side of the boat, trying to get him between his jaws. If his arm or leg had been hanging over the side of the boat, as I have often seen them when asleep, he would have lost it, or probably have been pulled overboard by the monster."

On Erub and Mer, when a man dies, the spirit is said "*to*

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go to Begim" (kewakum Begim). The strict meaning of "Begim" is "*the inside.*" Doubtless these islanders place Hades in the interior of the earth.

On November 17th, at midday, we anchored at Mer, or Murray Island—a beautiful spot. Strictly speaking, this is a group of three islands, Mer, Dauar, and Waier. The population is seven hundred and fifty-three, most of whom are on Mer. These islanders are a fine Papuan race, noted until recently for treachery and ferocity, but now partly civilised and nominally Christian. The highest point of Mer is seven hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. Unlike Erub, the home of fever and ague, this island is perfectly healthy, although oppressively hot. Every variety of tropical fruit grows profusely on it. Indeed, it is by far the most attractive spot we had seen since leaving the South Seas. I climbed the highest peak, and was rewarded with a magnificent prospect.

In 1871 Mataika was left with Guchen on Erub, with the understanding that as soon as Guchen's house should be finished he should come on to Mer. Accordingly, when the domicile of the Erub teacher was habitable, the indefatigable Mataika dug out a fine canoe, in which he sailed thirty miles to windward to Murray Island, to see whether the inhabitants desired a teacher. The reply being encouraging, he returned to Erub to fetch his wife and his excellent fellow-countryman Tom. On Murray Island Mataika at once became popular by his pleasant manners and invariable good-humour. His activity in going about amongst the islanders to induce them to give up heathenism and to attend Divine worship is most praiseworthy.

Most of the inhabitants of Dauar and Waier come over to Mer on Saturdays to attend the Sabbath services, going back on Mondays. Mataika is well supplied with such food as the island produces.

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All the Murray Islanders constantly wear some clothing. Mataika expressively remarked, "*They are beginning to feel shame.*" This is a great stride in civilisation.

We landed at 2 p.m., and found Mataika's house a most creditable affair. The enclosure was crowded with natives anxious to get sight of the first white missionaries that had landed on their island. At 3 p.m. a long steel bar was struck instead of a bell, and service was held in a long open shed. Two chairs—all they could boast—were placed in the centre for the missionaries. The men sat in front, the women behind. A great number squatted outside in the hot sun, as there was not sufficient room inside. Four men perched themselves on a carpenter's bench as a place of dignity. A young fellow just in front of us gloried in a chaplet of brilliant red hibiscus flowers; another wore a head-dress of cassowary feathers from New Guinea. Most of the male auditory wore necklaces of mother-of-pearl cut in diamonds, the white pearl finely contrasting with the black skin of the wearers. A few wore crescent-shaped breast ornaments, also of mother-of-pearl. All listened attentively to Mr. Murray's address as translated by Mataika. Several hymns and portions of Scripture have been translated and printed in their language.

But few left at the conclusion of the service; the majority spent the night in the mission premises, burrowing into the hot sand for a covering. A fire was kept up all through the night.

Gifts of food were next day made to the missionary party. The pile stood nearly as high as myself; and this was at the first sight of missionaries!

The population is on the increase. Only one baby has been buried alive during the residence of Mataika here. Like their friends, the Darnley Islanders, they have engaged to abstain from infanticide in future. These people amusingly divide

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mankind into two classes — missionary people who wear clothes, and those who have no missionary and wear no clothes.

As yet Mataika has not openly opposed the two great evils of this little group—polygamy and night-dances. But when the heathen come to him to inquire about Christianity, he tells them what are its requirements in relation to these things.

About a hundred yards from the mission-house was suspended from a tree the mummy of a warrior who was shot some years ago by the whites. His eyes are now mother-of-pearl, and the nose wood. Hard by was a female mummy. Such was the excitement occasioned by our looking at these ghastly relics of mortality, that all the mummies in the village save one were removed to a distance by moonlight. The exception was the mummy of an aged woman, stretched on a platform, with the usual grass petticoat, well hidden in the plantation which she had cultivated in life. Her children that night put up a new defence of long cocoa-palm fronds.

Unlike the Malayans, the Papuans have no great national gods. The Torres Straits Islanders worship, first, round painted stones, to give success in fishing, to change the wind, etc.; secondly, they delight to worship the *manes* of their deceased ancestors, as represented by male and female skulls. These are carefully treasured up in their huts, and carried with them on their voyages. I once possessed a neat casket worn by a Loyalty Islander round the neck as a sure protection against spear-thrusts and club-blows. Inside the casket was a thumb-bone, outside a thumb-nail (of extraordinary length), taken by the son from the corpse of his father. On the owner's professing Christianity this talisman was given up. Papists worship the relics of strangers; these islanders the relics of those who cherished them in life. In the Line Islands, as in the Straits, the inhabitants worship the skulls of their ancestors.

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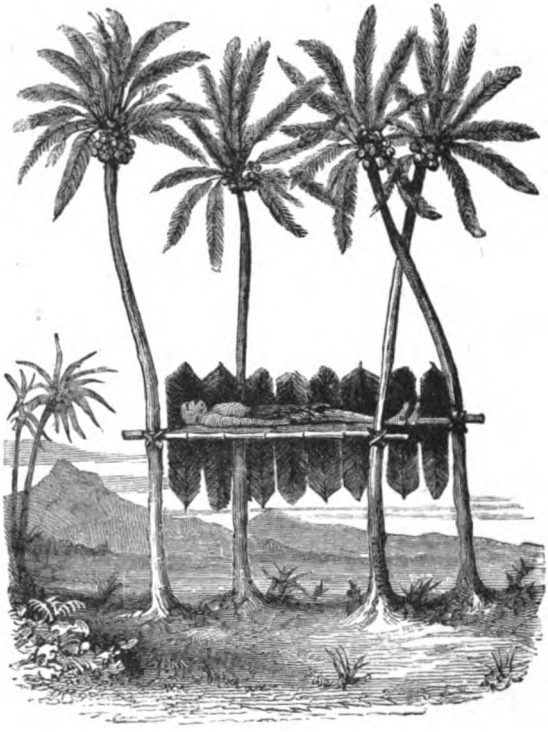
A great variety of shells is obtainable here. Few, however, were new to me. Everywhere in these islands the giant pod of the *Entada scandens* is used by the night-dancers as a rattle, a pod being held in each hand.



Papuan Mummy.

On Sabbath, December 1st, we touched at Bampton Island, or Bāramā. This excessively low island is separated from the mainland of Daudai by a narrow strait. It is in reality as much a part of New Guinea as the Isle of Wight is part and parcel of England. We saw the entrance to the great

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Fly River. Bampton Island is from ten to twelve miles in circumference, with a population of five hundred or six hundred inhabitants.

A large single canoe, hollowed out of a single tree, with a double outrigger, came off to the ship. We measured it, and found it to be sixty feet long. Fifteen men paddled it. For some time they remained at a safe distance, wondering at the largest vessel ever seen here; but on recognising Tom, whom they had met on Erub, they shouted for joy and hastened on board. In their hurry two of their number fell overboard, but, not wearing a vestige of clothing, this was of little consequence. Crowding about the whites on deck, some of them looked earnestly into Mr. Murray's face (remembering to have seen him on Darnley in 1871), and correctly pronounced his name.

Confidence was now established, and a general shaking of hands followed. Tom led them all down into the main hold, and held a short service with them. To the astonishment of all on board, their behaviour was seemingly most reverent, their hands covering their faces during prayer. In the afternoon we went ashore in the dingey. The two teachers intended for this place obtained a passage in the canoe. Upwards of thirty athletic men stood on a long sand-flat far from the shore watching us. At length a countryman of theirs stood upon the raised platform of the canoe, and shouted, "The missionaries are come!" The watchers on the sandbank now waded to our boat, gave us a most cordial greeting, and accompanied us ashore. On account of the extreme shallowness of the water (it is so everywhere on the south-west coast of New Guinea) we waded for nearly a mile. On reaching the shore I entered a very long house, built in approved New Guinea style on piles, with end verandahs. Inside were sleeping-cribs for thirty married couples, a fireplace, and a small pile of firewood. At the farther end was

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a decrepit woman crooning over a fire; the rest of the women and the children were hiding in the bush. Near the landing-place, between two trees, was a large pile of dugong bones. A number of turtle-skulls were tastefully arranged in front. In the exact centre was the skull of a man—maybe of some noted turtle-catcher. All these skulls had red crosses painted on them; this is the *marae* of the dugong and turtle-giving god. Here, too, these much-prized fish are divided, a portion being first offered to the deity.

Close by were two or three new graves. The dead are buried here, not strung up in trees or laid on platforms in the open-air near their late dwellings. A fire was burning at the head of the most recent grave. A bunch of bananas hung from a pole. On a forked stake at the head of each grave were suspended three young cocoa-nuts for the use of the dead, also a well-filled basket. Cautiously peering into one of these baskets, I found that each pilgrim-spirit was provided with a couple of drinking-cups, a pipe, fire-sticks, a small mat, and some fish-hooks. What more could it possibly require, according to their materialistic ideas?

A hundred yards farther on were two funereal screens, so arranged as to give one the idea of a passage between. They were five feet six inches in height, and consisted of a number of stakes driven into the ground, covered with lattice-work. At intervals along the top were hung wooden images of turtle, sharks, alligators (teeth much exaggerated), dingoes, and cassowaries, all painted red, to the number of about thirty. At the base were placed in a row some round stones, *i.e.*, gods, and, until recently, human skulls.

On getting back to the landing-place we saw Tom standing in the midst of seventy-one finely-developed Papuans, all quietly sitting on the grass. Outside the charmed circle squatted a teacher's wife, on capital terms with a native female, who had crawled out of the bush on seeing one of

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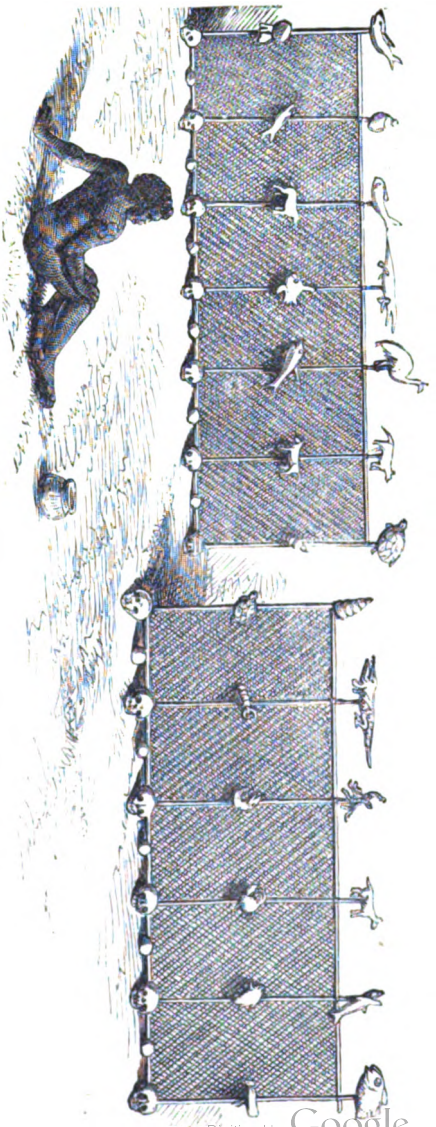
her own sex. Tom explained to the crowd our object in coming here. They said that they had heard we intended to pay them a visit. "But do you wish for teachers?" asked Tom. "Yes, yes," was the universal response. "Will you take care of them?" "Most certainly we will," they replied.

It was needful to return at once, as the yacht was anchored three miles off, and the tide had long since left our boat high and dry. We told them that we would come ashore again in the morning. Tom and Mataio were to sleep ashore, to ascertain the real feeling of the people. Not a weapon was seen by any of our party. They were pleased at our asking for young cocoanuts to drink, and liberally supplied our wants.

It was a matter of no small difficulty to get



Screens for the Memory and Worship of the Dead, Bampton Island, Torres Straits.

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back to the yacht. After pulling for some time we got aground, and were compelled to drag the boat a long way over a number of sandbanks. We should not have succeeded at all had not some Bāramā men kindly come to our assistance. By sunset our craft was happily found to have been unwittingly anchored in a natural basin entirely surrounded by sandbanks, the Great Warrior Reef being uncomfortably near.

At 7 a.m. next day Tom and Mataio came off in the big canoe to fetch the teachers' goods. Their report was most encouraging. It seems there is a second village on Bampton Island. Accordingly, it was arranged among themselves that Mataio should live at one, and Cho live at the other. These islanders are some of the fiercest in the Straits, being always at war with the tribes living on the banks of the neighbouring Fly River. Ere we left we learned that they were preparing for a new raid upon Daudai. They begged for guns to assist in the projected expedition—of course in vain.

The property of the teachers was cheerfully taken ashore in the big canoe at one trip, thus saving us a day's hard work in the dingey. We pulled ashore in an empty boat, expecting to beat the heavily-laden canoe. But the Bāramā men, divining our purpose, tugged away with their poles, versus our oars, and got ashore before us. In five minutes more every package and box was safely deposited in the house allotted to our teachers. Whilst the native brethren were busy arranging their house, Mr. Murray and I walked some distance along the shore. How different the aspect of the village to-dav! Hundreds of women and children looked out upon us with a kindly welcome from their long tunnel-like dwellings. Yet, on approaching some of them, they literally shook with fear; others took to their heels. The heads of the women are invariably shaved. Sometimes

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they plaster their bald heads with mud. They wear a leaf girdle. It is a curious circumstance that in most of the islands in the Straits and on the south-west mainland of New Guinea the men wear large wigs. Everywhere amongst these dark-skinned Papuans the women do all the hard work, and, in fact, are treated as mere beasts of burden.

A young man, who laughingly pointed out to us his two wives, volunteered to act as our guide. We were amazed at the extent and excellence of their plantations. Not a weed was to be seen. Cocoa-nut trees laden with fruit, bananas, sugar-cane, sweet yams, and sweet potatoes were growing in profusion. Trenches ran in all directions to drain off the waters of the wet season. Bananas when nearly ripe are tied up in leaves to save them from the almost innumerable flying foxes. We saw a brace of pheasants that seemed half-tame; possibly the natives do not kill them on account of their eggs. Numerous mound-nests, built by the *Megapodius tumulus*, line the shore, just half the size of the one we measured on the banks of the Manumanu river. Several varieties of *crotons* and *dracænæ* (*augustifolia*, etc.) adorn their gardens, planted (as we were informed) for their night-dances. Rows of white shells were in many instances prettily ranged round the trunks of trees and along the trenches.

The *Mimusops Kauki* grows here; but not so plentifully as in some other islands in the Straits. The rattan-cane abounds. A quantity of sweet potatoes was obtained, but of a kind far inferior to what is common throughout Polynesia.

It was necessary to cross a salt-water creek. This we did by a bridge well built of cross sticks securely tied together. The land seemed depressed towards the interior, the highest part being the sandbank on which the village is built The tide was at its height, actually

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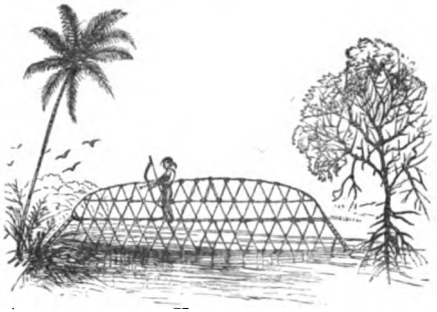
encroaching on the public road. Were it to rise a few inches higher, the sea would sweep over the entire island. Scores of pelicans, curlews, herons, etc., looked up at us out of the long grass and the low mangrove bushes, without attempting to fly away. On our return from our pleasant ramble we noticed a fine cocoa-nut tree, covered with fruit, lying across our path. It had been felled because its proprietor had died.



Bridge on Bampton Island.

We met the three chiefs and some others, to give the teachers into their care, and begged them to be kind to them. Of course, presents were made to these chiefs. It was amusing to see the interest manifested by some of the outsiders at the sight of the knives, red handkerchiefs, and beads. Some women who had hitherto kept a respectful distance now drew near, and, dexterously balancing their infants on their shoulders, stood tip-toe behind the men to get a sight of these wonderful novelties.

Never were evangelists located under seemingly more favourable circumstances. We wandered freely over the island unharmed, entered their dwellings, and partook of their hospitality. And yet, only a few weeks afterwards, the whole party was massacred by these same islanders. Verily the tender mercies of the heathen are cruel.

Bāramā men are avowedly cannibals. An unmarried man of about twenty boasted that he had devoured three Daudai warriors. Pointing to an elderly countryman, Shark said, in broken English, "*He eat plenty man, plenty man.*" To our remark, "That no good—to eat man," he scornfully replied,

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"*You no savi* (know)." Shark had picked up some English amongst the pearl-divers.

A few remarks may here be made about the numerals of the Torres Straits Islanders. Theirs is, perhaps, the worst system of computation in the world, the Australian excepted, and stands in striking contrast to the excellent numeration of the South Sea Islanders. On Masik, Zamut, Mauar, Aureed, Purem, Warber, Yama, Nagi, Tut, Mooa, Bātu, Mapuagi, and Muralug, the numerals run thus:—

warabon = 1
augosa = 2

To count *three*, they say "warabon augosa" (1 + 2).
To count *four*, they say "augosa augosa" (2 + 2).
To count *five*, they say "augosa augosa warabon" (2 + 2 + 1), etc., etc., etc.

On Erub, Murray, and Ugar they count similarly:—

nethat = 1
nes = 2

To count *three*, they say "nethat nes" (1 + 2).
To count *four*, they say "nes nes" 2 + 2).
To count *five*, they say "nes nes nethat" (2 + 2 + 1).

The numerals used by the aborigines of Cape York are slightly better:—

Pirman = 1.
Lābai = 2.
Ilānamina = 3.
Ungatua = "the whole (hand)," *i.e.*, five.

Anything above ten the Torres Straits Islanders count *visibly*, thus: Touch each finger, then the wrist, elbow, and shoulder-joint on the *right* side of the body; next touch the sternum and proceed to the joints of the *left*, not forgetting

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the fingers of the left hand. This will give seventeen. If this suffice not, count the toes, the ankle, knee, and hip-joints (right and left). This will give sixteen more, the entire process yielding thirty-three. Anything beyond can be enumerated only by help of a bundle of sticks.

II.—MAINLAND OF NEW GUINEA—GENERAL REMARKS.

NEXT to Australia, New Guinea is the largest island in the world. It is twice the size of the British Isles, being nearly fourteen hundred miles in length, and in the widest part four hundred in breadth. The interior of this great country is but little known; but we may hope that in a few years Christian philanthropists and the lovers of science will succeed in opening up this land of lofty mountains and—comparatively speaking—great rivers. Considerable interest has recently been excited in England with regard to New Guinea. But a great deal more interest is felt in it by the Australians. And rightly so; for New Guinea is nearer to Australia than even Tasmania. The late proclamation of the imperial government brings the frontiers of the province of Queensland to within twenty miles of the southern coast of New Guinea.

The two vast islands bear the same name in the language of the Straits and of the south-western part of New Guinea—Daudai; Australia being Great Daudai, New Guinea Lesser Daudai. Torres Straits islanders corrupt "Daudai" into "Daudi," just as they corrupt "Torotoram" into "Tureture." Never once did we hear the Lesser Daudai called "Papua." Doubtless in past ages the two formed one great southern continent. This idea forced itself very strongly upon my mind during our visit. Torres Straits are so completely

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studded with islands and sandbanks that the voyager does not realise that he has broken off from Australia. The water is everywhere so shallow that it naturally suggests a recent irruption of sea over very low land. One reef connects both, so that crossing the Straits is like sailing across a vast lagoon.

Many points of similarity exist between the two Daudais. Kangaroos, opossums, wallabies, dingos, and cassowaries abound in both. The famous mound-building birds—the *Megapodius tumulus*,—the brush turkey, and the pheasant, inhabit New Guinea, North Australia, and the intervening islands. The nutmeg-pigeon and the wild nutmeg-tree abound in many parts of Northern Australia, as well as in the Straits Islands and New Guinea. It is a pity that the fruit could not be utilised. I frequently held services with some of our Rarotongan evangelists under the pleasant shade of a nutmeg grove.

It has been said that "the marine shell-fish found in the shallow waters of the shores of New Guinea are quite different from those which are met with upon the coasts of Australia." This statement does not accord with my experience; for we picked up abundance of *whelks*, *spinula*, *cuscuta*, *turritella spiralis*, and the common *margariferæ* on the south-western coast of New Guinea, and on the north-eastern coast of Australia. The New Guinea *margariferæ* were much inferior to those on the Australian coast; owing probably to the continual drainage of fresh water from the moist coast of New Guinea, whilst the opposite shore is wonderfully dry. The beautiful golden-tipped pearl oyster (*avicula*) is found near the shores of New Guinea, as well as all along the Barrier Reef of North-east Australia, and throughout the coast of York Peninsula. The centre of the pearl fishery is about nine or ten miles south of Bristowe Island, which is an integral portion of New Guinea. The distance from Australia would be about seventy miles. In fact, there is a wonderful similarity

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between the littoral and marine shells of the opposite coasts. But at the Murray Islands—which lie midway between the two Daudais, at the widest part of the Straits, close to the eastern limit of the Great Barrier Reef—there is a great variety of beautiful shells, not (I think) to be met with on the coast of either New Guinea or Australia. And this is just what one might expect from the position of those islands.

There are, however, striking differences between the two Daudais. The soil of North Australia is particularly dry and barren, whilst that of New Guinea—particularly the south-western portion—is covered with the rankest tropical vegetation. Australian forests yield but little shade, and are easily penetrated by travellers; but the dense continuous forests of New Guinea almost defy exploration. Trees of vast height and girth shut out the sky. Underneath are tree-ferns of great beauty, and a great variety of palms, intermingled with exogenous trees; whilst vines hang their delicate drapery from the loftiest trees to the ground.

The reason for this difference is not far to seek. There are no very lofty mountains in Australia—none to compare with the glorious Owen Stanley range of New Guinea, which at some forty miles from the shore rises almost perpendicularly to the height of 13,205 feet. At the back of these is a still loftier range, as yet unnamed, whose summit, veiled in cloud or snow, probably human feet will never tread. The countless streams which rush down the gorges and valleys in the rainy season convert the low lands into one vast morass. Hence the malaria which afflicts the sea-coast. Towards the east, where the life-giving trade winds blow, the climate becomes more salubrious. Doubtless, in the interior there are table-lands with a temperate climate.

That two species of kangaroo should climb trees in New Guinea—incredible as it may seem to some—is one of those striking adaptations to the swampy character of the country

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which evince the wise arrangement of a Divine hand. Some species of the curious genus *Cuscus* are found in New Guinea. We had painful experience of a large ant (a quarter of an inch long) which makes its nest in the branches of lofty trees, cleverly bending the leaves and glueing the edges together to escape the annual flooding of the lowlands.

On the coast[1] of Australia there are no cocoa-nut trees, save a few planted by our own countrymen in late years, whilst the shores of New Guinea are lined with interminable groves of this most useful palm. The finest cocoa-nuts I ever saw grew on Bampton Island, in sight of the entrance to the Fly River. Certainly the cocoa-palm could not grow as luxuriantly in Australia as in New Guinea, on account of the immense difference of soil, the one being so humid, the other so arid. Yet a great change might be effected even in Northern Australia by an industrious people. In sailing along the coast of North-eastern Australia the eye wearies of the monotonous sand-ranges, condemned to perpetual barrenness, unless the cocoa-nut be hereafter planted there. On the contrary, the shores of New Guinea are everywhere covered with dense primeval forests, and, after passing Yule Island to the eastward, become an ever-varying panorama of tropical loveliness.

It is usually assumed that the aborigines of Western New Guinea are a totally distinct race from those of Australia. Is this really the case? Everybody knows that the Papuans dwell in fixed habitations, whilst the Australian blacks, like their own cassowaries and emus, ceaselessly roam the desert. Yet the Australian black is not deficient in original talent, as is very evident from their stone axes, canoes, fishing-nets, etc., which I have seen in North Queensland. May not the difference in the physical features of the country account for

[1] The cocoa-palm does not flourish at a distance of more than twenty miles from the ocean, the salt air being necessary to its existence.

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the difference in the habits of the two races? In both there is the same wretched system of numeration, neither being able to count ten. The aborigines of Australia are a lanky, half-starved race, whilst those of South-western New Guinea are well-developed and sleek. Nor is this difference surprising, as the latter are a settled race, possessed of abundance of good taro, bananas, yams, and cocoa-nuts; whilst the former subsist chiefly on innutritious seeds, fruits, and roots. The absence of the cocoa-nut and other valuable palms from Australia is sufficient to account for the immense physical deterioration that has been going on for centuries.

We came in contact with two distinct races on Southern New Guinea: the Papuan, or black, which it is said prevails from the Manumanu River all along the south-west coast, and the light-coloured Malay race, which is found in the eastern peninsula. The Papuans are absolutely nude, and, like the allied races in Australia, the Straits, and Melanesia (with a few exceptions, where they have intermixed with the lighter race), are not circumcised. They glory in their nudeness, and consider clothing to be fit only for women. These Papuans are a muscular race, and are taller than their light-skinned fellow-countrymen in the eastern peninsula. They are better fed than the inhabitants of Redscar Bay, and are accustomed to exchange their surplus produce for the pearl oyster-shell furnished by those islanders, who have but little food of their own.

The light-skinned men of the south-eastern peninsula have the instinct of shame, which alone elevates them immeasurably above the black aborigines of the south-west coast of New Guinea. All wear a narrow, insufficient girdle. Strangely enough, they are uncircumcised. In general the Polynesians are a circumcised race. As the exploration of New Guinea proceeds, it will be interesting to learn whether the other light-skinned aborigines practise this rite.

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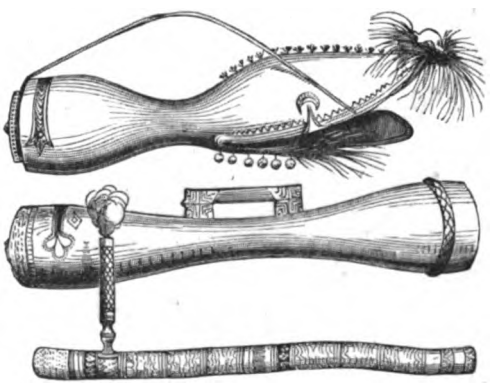
New Guinea is the habitat of the far-famed bird-of-paradise, which was once fabled to pass its time floating in the air, destitute of legs and feet! Of the eighteen known species of this bird, fourteen are found only in New Guinea. On the south-west coast it is known as the "kakaiama."

First visit to Mauat.—On the 29th of October we steamed for Katau, a village on the mainland twenty miles to the eastward. As we passed along, the eye wearied of miles of stately mangroves, very unlike the scrub bearing that name which I afterwards saw in Queensland. A conical hill, with villages on it, rose out of the gloomy forest some miles inland.

The navigation of this unsurveyed coast is most critical. At 3 p. m. we touched an unknown coral-reef, without, however, receiving damage. Next day, a few miles farther on, we discovered at low water sunken rocks lying in the direct path of the steamer.



New Guinea Drums and Pipe.

Our proximity to Katau was indicated by an apparently interminable forest of cocoa-nut palms. The dwellings composing this village—the first we had seen on the mainland of New Guinea—are but few in number, but of immense length. Next morning early we pulled ashore, at the western mouth of Katau River. Our interpreters, Mamut and Joe, shouted to the chief Maino, and thus insured us a good reception. We were at once conducted to a covered place in the centre of the village.

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Unarmed natives crowded about us with smiling faces. The formidable Papuan pipe, sometimes thirty-three inches in length, was filled with tobacco smoke, and politely passed round to the visitors, who, however, declined to *swallow* the fragrant vapour. This pipe consists of a piece of bamboo with a moveable bowl. The smoke is drawn into the bamboo by applying the lips to the open end, which is then closed with the palm of the hand. The bowl is then removed, and friends are expected to inhale the fumes through the small aperture.

Opposite to our place of meeting was a huge pile of bones of the dugong (*Halicore Australis*), and rows of pigs' jaw-bones.

Maino willingly agreed to receive teachers to instruct him and his people. The way had been prepared by the teachers in Tauan, who had twice visited the mainland in one of those fine New Guinea canoes which are the admiration of all voyagers through the Straits. These canoes are invariably hollowed out of a single log, and measure forty-five feet in length, each furnished with a double outrigger and three mat sails. One was furnished with a pair of wooden *arms* to creep with. Another at the stern had a wooden *fish-tail* to assist the navigation.

Lime-holding Gourds and Carved Spoon.

These Daudai natives travel in entire families, and with all their worldly gear. In the centre of the canoe is a raised platform, on which they carry fire for broiling fish. In little square compartments they stow their firewood, fish-hooks, and lines, and women's grass girdles. Beneath, in the body of the canoe, are a row of large water-jugs with lids.

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They often spend weeks in fishing among the numerous coral reefs near their coast.

We discovered a second or eastern mouth to Katau River, thus making the somewhat elevated ground opposite to our first landing-place a picturesque island.

Village of Torotoram.

To reach the village of Torotoram, which is larger than Katau, we had to wade more than half a mile over a bank of fine black sand. The entire population had fled into the bush, with all their valuables, excepting four or five men, who stood doubtfully in front of a house watching our movements. The very pigs had been taken out of the styes and carried off. But, as soon as it became evident to the scouts that our intentions were pacific, and especially when they heard the voice of Maino calling to them, the whole adult population came out of their hiding-places and gave us an unmistakable welcome.

A meeting was improvised under the shade of an immense fruit-tree at the end of the village, the visitors and chiefs forming the centre of the group. The chief, Auta, is a man of mild aspect, but inferior in muscle and bearing to Maino. According to the custom of these people, presents and names were exchanged. By this proceeding the persons of their visitors became sacred. Auta and his people agreed to receive teachers.

A flourishing tobacco plantation was close by; quantities

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of the seed were preserved on the verandah of Auta's house. The plant, since found in the interior, is a native of the country. The Dutch navigator Torres noticed among the weapons used by the black inhabitants of Daudai "hollow bamboo sticks, which they filled with lime, and by throwing it out endeavoured to blind their enemies." This, however, is a mistake. The true explanation of the mystery is that in using their long bamboo pipes the ascending smoke from the bowl was mistaken for lime blown out of the long tube.

Cook says, "As they ran towards us, the foremost threw something out of his hand, which flew on one side of him, and burnt exactly like gunpowder, *but made no report.*" And again, "All this while they were shouting defiance, and letting off their fires by four or five at a time. What these fires were, or for what purpose intended, we could not imagine: those who discharged them had in their hands *a short piece of stick, possibly a hollow cane.*" I have no doubt whatever that the long Papuan pipe was the innocent cause of alarm. In filling the bamboo with tobacco-smoke these seeming weapons would appear to be pointed at their visitors, whilst the smoke from the bowl suggested the idea of powder.

They call us "Malakai," *i. e.*, "ghosts" or "spirits." God is spoken of by our teachers as "the *true* or great Malakai." The heathen of this part of New Guinea and of the Straits invariably associate the idea of *whiteness* with their notion of a spirit.

Our gifts were elliptically designated "malakai," *i. e.* (belonging to) spirits. Very similar to this was the notion formed by the natives of Mangaia, in 1777, of Captain Cook, whom they mistook for a god. Such was their delight at seeing the whiteness of our skins that they would, had they been permitted, have stripped us in order to ascertain whether we were really white, and not, as some imagined, painted like dolls. One actually wetted his forefinger and

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vigorously rubbed my arm in order to see if the white would come off!

To amuse them I went ashore in a pair of gloves, and when surrounded by a crowd, quietly pulled them off. They were amazed, as if I had shed the skin of my hand. Greater still was their astonishment when they saw me and Mr. Murray take off our shoes and stockings, which they had previously regarded as part and parcel of our feet. They were delighted to discover that their visitors actually had toes like themselves.

Some amused themselves by plucking the grey hairs out of my beard, carefully treasuring them up as curiosities. Our shoes, socks, gloves, watches, and umbrellas delighted them exceedingly. Many would touch our hands, and then run away in terror. They said we were the first whites that had ever landed at their village.

On leaving, all the men (one hundred and ten) followed us; some carrying food, others helping to drag our boat into deep water. The writer had a double escort of athletic natives, anxious to put their heads under his umbrella. When the food was finally deposited in the boat, and we were ready to start, these amusing savages simultaneously raised the right-hand palm open, and most gracefully bade us, "I auā"="Farewell."

Not a woman, child, or decrepit man was seen by us all that memorable day. Those with whom we had such agreeable intercourse were the fighting-men of Torotoram.

We saw Bristowe Island in the distance. Several villages on the mainland, to the east of Torotoram, were pointed out to us by Maino. This part of New Guinea, from the western limits of the Katau district (indicated by a river opposite the uninhabited islet Kau) to Bristowe Island, is called *Mauat* by the natives themselves and by the Torres Straits islanders.

Opposite to Bristowe Island is a deep navigable river, half

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a mile across. Captain Hastings went up five or six miles in search of a missing boat. He found no village whatever,—the entire country being a swamp. Yet there were evident traces of inhabitants; as here and there places had been cleared for canoes to rest at night, and baskets were still hanging on the lopped mangrove-trees. The river was swarming with alligators. I regard this, the Katau river and the Aird river, as branches of the Fly, which is five miles across at its mouth, and doubtless is the high road to the vast unknown interior.

On pulling back to Katau we learnt that our wooding party had a fright from an alligator. They were felling timber close to the river when the foe made his appearance. Our men being armed with American felling-axes, the creature only glared at them, and then retired to its native element. The chief Maino told us that the alligators thereabouts are particularly daring. On one occasion an immense fellow rushed out of the water, and carried off a woman and child incautiously walking by the river. Natives of New Guinea have been whisked off their canoes into the stream by a sudden blow from its long and powerful tail. The Mauat people when voyaging up rivers in canoes are careful to avoid everything that might attract the attention of alligators.

The drums of the Mauat natives are, like hour-glasses, smaller in the middle than at the extremities. One end is invariably covered with iguana-skin; the other is open, and carved so as to represent a crocodile's mouth. A profusion of cassowary feathers usually adorns this remarkable musical instrument, which is about three feet in length. When struck with the tips of the fingers the sound emitted is very agreeable. But the songs accompanying the music are harsh and guttural.

Cassowary feathers (of which there were plenty) are

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employed in adorning their grand canoes. I purchased a head-dress of these feathers intended for dancing occasions. In the centre of the forehead a stuffed bird-of-paradise of the new species (*Paradisea raggiana*) was inserted as a plume; and sometimes tufts of the long feathers of this beautiful bird, neatly tied together, were used.

The natives of Mauat are extremely clever at catching dugong, which abounds all along the coast.

The warriors carry cane loops for the purpose of catching their foes by the neck, while with their keen-edged bamboo-knives they cut off their heads.

At dawn of Thursday, October 31st, we parted from our kind friends on board the steamer, and sailed pleasantly in our own little boat along the coast, carefully noting the various indentations. Two small rivers empty themselves into the Straits opposite to two islets not marked on any chart. On one of these islets once stood a populous village; but the Saibai warriors almost exterminated the inhabitants, driving the miserable remnant into the primeval forest of the mainland. The smoke of their distant fires was distinctly visible in the clear October atmosphere; but prudence forbade our landing. Here and there tall mangroves actually grew out of the open sea, their wonderful roots of course resting in some unknown sandbank. We passed several stations for spearing dugong. In seven hours we reached Tauan, a distance of twenty-five miles.

Second visit to Mauat.—We spent a week on Tauan, awaiting the arrival of a cutter chartered for the purpose of conveying teachers and goods to Mauat and to various islands in Torres Straits.

At last the *Viking*, a cutter of only seven tons, arrived. On the 7th of November this tiny craft, literally packed with passengers, sailed for Mauat. Besides the captain, there was

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but one sailor, who also officiated as cook. Yet, with the help of our interpreter Joe and the teachers, we succeeded in beating up to Katau the same day, and anchored by moonlight in Katau River. A native stood on the brink of the river to inquire who we were.

At dawn we were roused by a chorus of strange bird-music from the densely-wooded islet at the mouth of the river. Strange palms, of immense height, were growing near the shore.

Mr. Murray and I at once went ashore to see Maino and the people, who were on the *qui vive*. All seemed delighted at the arrival of their two teachers. A house was at once allotted for their residence (but we advised them to build one for themselves as soon as practicable). In a short time their goods were safely stowed inside, the teachers themselves keeping watch.

The wonder of wonders was the landing of the teachers' wives—the first stranger women that ever landed on Mauat. It was pleasing to note their curious yet perfectly respectful behaviour towards these courageous women. This circumstance entirely diverted attention from ourselves, and afforded us an opportunity of meeting Maino and his brother alone, to impress upon their minds the duty of protecting the teachers left in their charge. "But what, Maino, if the wild bush-tribes should desire to molest them?" we asked. The chief smiled, and signified that his was the conquering tribe, asserting that his mere name was a terror to the bushmen.

These Mauat men are a fine race, above the average height, nearly black. Their hair is woolly; their heads for the most part shaved. Their ears were universally slit, and elongated by means of weights, but with a regular series of holes, in each of which was inserted a short piece of the midrib of the cocoa-nut leaf. Their bows, upwards of six feet in length, are the best I have ever seen. They are made of male

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bamboo, highly polished; strips of which are used as string. These bows carry to a great distance. Their arrows are of reed; those intended for killing game (four feet long) are pointed with hard wood, and, of course, are not poisoned; while those intended for war (five feet long) are pointed with human bone, barbed, and dipped in deadly vegetable poison. The bones selected for this purpose are the small bones of the arm and leg. A cane sheath is invariably worn on the left arm to protect the archer from abrasion.

At midday we reached Torotoram; but had to wade ashore, as on the previous occasion. Auta told us that from the day succeeding our departure in the steamer he had begun to expect the arrival of the promised teachers. He vacated his own house for their accommodation. We therefore landed the two appointed to Torotoram at once; not, however, without considerable fatigue, on account of the long sandbank in front of the village.

During this visit I took a more accurate view of their dwellings. Each domicile here, as at Katau, is of great length, built on lofty piles, and provided at each gable-end with a wide verandah and a ladder. To peep into one is like looking through a railway tunnel, light appearing at the other end through a small door. The object in building on piles is security against alligators, serpents, and the annual inundations. In the wet season the natives are compelled to go to their plantations on the higher ground in canoes.

Their houses are thatched with the leaves of the sago-palm, which grows freely in all parts of Western New Guinea. We climbed up a rough ladder in the largest house in Torotoram. The front verandah would seat a dozen adults. The flooring throughout was of cabbage-palm. From the verandah a door opens into the interior, on both sides of which are slight partitions of bamboo, dividing off spaces large enough to

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allow a man and his wife to sleep on the bare boards. There is neither door nor screen. A rough fireplace of clay is allotted to every pair of cribs, the smoke driving away musquitoes. Close to each berth is a shelf for tinder (bark of the *Melaleuca*) and firewood, which is also available as a sleeping-place for a young child. For the elder children there is no accommodation in the house. To the best of our judgment there must have been inside this building accommodation for from sixty to eighty couples. The chiefs have houses of their own. In each Mauat village there are two large houses—one for boys, the other for girls. Elderly custodians are duly appointed to keep the young people in order. This custom obtains on Saibai and Bampton Island (Bārama), proving those islanders to be colonies from "Little Daudai."

One of our party walked into the bush at Katau for two miles, among luxuriant plantations of bananas and taro. The country was almost a dead level, the soil of the richest description. These villagers insisted on making us a present of food.

It had been planned that we should penetrate into the interior at Torotoram to seek for a healthier location for our teachers. To our great chagrin, the natives of this village would on no account allow us to leave the coast. Yet Auta had formally given permission. We endeavoured to buy over those who resolutely stood in our path; but to no purpose. They accepted our gifts, but still opposed our farther progress, shouting, "Your feet will be bitten by serpents!" This was merely intended to deter us from pursuing the bush-path. We might roam along the intolerably hot sandy beach as much as we liked. We afterwards learned that the women and children, with their treasures, were hidden in the very locality through which we had proposed to travel. In fact, only the fighting-men were seen by us at Katau and Torotoram on this, as on our previous visit to Mauat. The popu-

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lation of Katau may be estimated at four hundred; that of Torotoram at five hundred.

As the ordinary tattooing would not show on their dark skins, a symmetrical scar is made on the shoulder of all males in Mauat and in the Straits.

Tattoo on Shoulder.

The kangaroo is plentiful in Mauat. Our interpreter came upon a herd of forty or fifty feeding upon young grass, which had sprung up after a bush fire. The wild turkey and the megapodius tumulus abound. The gable-ends of several dwellings were ornamented with the wings of the flying-fox. The bread-fruit tree grows luxuriantly.

We noticed a palm, in appearance just like the cocoa-nut tree, but barren, armed with a series of formidable straight spines three and a half or four inches in length, growing all along the midrib of the frond.[1] Our teachers' wives, happening to be in need of pins, hit upon the expedient of using these spines for the purpose. One of them had her dress entirely secured with these skewer-like substitutes for pins.

Some miles to the west of Mauat lies Paigo, or Talbot Island, at the mouth of the Mai-Kassa or Baxter River. There is a considerable population at Paigo, all friendly to the teachers, who paid them a visit in a canoe from Tauan a few weeks before our arrival in the Straits. Several spears were hurled at the canoe at first, under the erroneous

[1] In reply to a question, Dr. Hooker, of Kew, kindly favoured the writer with the following letter respecting this palm :—

"*Royal Gardens, Kew, June 1st*, 1874.

"MY DEAR MR. GILL,—It is quite clear that you and Captain Moresby have got hold of two totally different palms—his, with the hooked spines, is no doubt a calamus, which genus abounds in these regions; what yours, with the straight spines, is I have no idea. Nothing is known of the palms of New Guinea, where there are no doubt at least a hundred species, perhaps many more."

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impression that it was a descent of their enemies. Kereseano and his companion were afterwards loaded with presents of food. The inhabitants of the mainland near Paigo are numerous, but by no means to be trusted. The drums of this district differ in form from those of Mauat.

The Rev. S. McFarlane mentions a tribe of notorious cannibals in this neighbourhood, who do not, like the cannibals in the South Seas, kill and cook their victims at once, but keep them alive as long as they can, in order to preserve the meat, taking a limb as they want it!

Third visit to the mainland—Redscar Bay.—On Tuesday, November 19th, 1872, we hove anchor at Mer (Murray Island) for the eastern peninsula of New Guinea. We soon afterwards passed through Flinders Passage into the open Gulf of Papua, thus leaving awhile the most extensive coral-reef in the world, inside of which we had been sailing for two months.

The south-eastern peninsula of New Guinea is inhabited by a different race from that described. The south-western are nearly black; the south-eastern are a pleasant-looking brown race, evidently of Malay origin. They differ also in language, the partial use of clothing, weapons, the chewing of the betel-nut, which is unknown in Mauat, and the chivalrous treatment of their women. The Redscar Bay natives are the same race which has in a marvellous manner spread itself all over the Eastern and Central Pacific; and in the Hova tribe have colonised and long ruled Madagascar.

Previous to our visit the only account of this part of New Guinea is that given in the voyage of H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, which made a running survey of the coast. On Thursday, the 21st, we sighted the Owen Stanley range, which forms the backbone of the peninsula. It is an interesting circumstance that the physical geography of the south-eastern and

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south-western coasts of New Guinea differ as much as the inhabitants themselves. The western is a dead level, inundated during several months of the year, and malarious. The eastern is extremely mountainous, beautiful, and comparatively healthy.

We passed a great number of palms drifting with the current, the stems and fronds literally covered with sea-birds. We were much pleased with the park-like appearance of Yule Island—clear, grassy spots alternating with picturesque clumps of trees. The island is four miles in length, and of considerable height.

We coasted along the mainland all that afternoon and night; and early on the following morning anchored in Redscar Bay, close to the islet of Varivara (the "Parivara" of the charts). A fishing-canoe, with five men, came alongside. With difficulty we induced some of them to come aboard. The canoe was far inferior to those of Mauat. On a raised platform they had large jars of drinking-water, a bundle of arrows, and a fire to cook any fish they might catch.

Lowering the *Woolahra* mission-boat, we followed the canoe up the "Booria," a salt-water creek. A canoe full of natives happened to meet us. All but one old man instantly rushed ashore, and hid in the bushes. Fortunately we had one of our original visitors with us in our boat; so that on nearing the little hamlet of Kido—with about fifty inhabitants—the natives, though evidently trembling, did not attempt to run away from us. We found them busy preparing their breakfast. Some of the women were tending earthenware pots simmering over a slow fire; whilst others were scraping long mangrove-fruits ere throwing them in. Another was nursing her naked babe, the remarkable appearance of whose skin surprised us. The mystery was soon afterwards solved by seeing a woman come in from the bush with her sleeping

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infant in a fine fishing-net suspended from her forehead—the child's face touching her right side, its toes her left. We laughed heartily at this ingenious contrivance. Another female reclined on the floor, and with her right foot rocked to sleep a nude boy of two or three summers, who lay coiled up in a coarse, long net, suspended from the opposite rafters of their miserable dwelling. These nets were made of jute, which grows luxuriantly in this part of New Guinea. Competent judges pronounce it to be the finest jute in the world. After distributing a few gifts, we walked nearly a mile into the bush, over a level, fertile soil. The few natives we saw were unarmed, and ran away at the sight of strangers. An extensive plantation of bananas had just been prepared, with a view to the impending wet season. A stack of firewood, neatly piled, almost made us fancy ourselves to be within the limits of civilisation.

On leaving Kido we wished to purchase a specimen of their pottery. Mr. Murray cut off a couple of red handkerchiefs for the purpose; but the sight of that gay colour drove them, like cattle, out of their senses. A general scrimmage began, the fair sex being the ringleaders, to get possession of these wonderful articles. By dint of firmness and good temper we pacified them by dividing the whole piece amongst the villagers. The Kido ladies gladly accepted the handkerchiefs, but declined to part with anything in return. It was evident, however, that we had won their good opinion, for they gave us a very hearty farewell in their own language.

We spent a couple of hours in investigating another salt-water creek, the "Nonoo River" of the charts. We fell in with a single family, fishing just inside Redscar Head. The man gave us to understand that they came from a village outside the bay, some distance to the south-east.

We now returned on board, hungry and much discouraged,

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for we had been pulling about in the bay (which is twenty-two miles across) for hours under a tropical sun, with no better result than the discovery of a miserable hamlet, built in a mangrove-swamp, where our teachers could not possibly live. Our real difficulty lay in the fact that we had no interpreter to elicit from the natives the information we required. Some Kido men had fortunately preceded us on board; from them the name *Manumanu* was repeatedly heard; but as they invariably pointed to the head of the bay, we concluded that it must be a long way off. We resolved to devote the following day to a search for this unknown village. Two extraordinary canoes, crowded with natives, bore down upon Varivara in the afternoon. Their appearance, in the distance, reminded us of paddle-steamers. They eventually anchored under Varivara, but took no notice of us. They were on a trading or fishing excursion to the Fisherman Islands. Several other great canoes came across the bay in the course of the evening, and, like the two former, took shelter under the islet. Bright fires were kept burning on their decks all night. At 3 a.m., the wind being favourable, they started afresh on their voyage—fires burning, drums beating, and weird figures dancing; but, unluckily, the wind fell light, and after the lapse of several hours they could easily have been overtaken by our boat. It was not until sunset that we lost sight of these unwieldy craft, that had at first filled us with admiration.

The pottery and women's girdles manufactured at Manumanu are sold all along the coast for sago and betel-nuts. The men undertake trading voyages of two or three months in these strange-looking vessels, which struck the earlier voyagers to these coasts with terror. Several canoes lashed together and held by transverse spars, form the basis on which the structure rests. At each end is a house, strong and well thatched. These are united by a bamboo palisade

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about six feet in height, with a doorway close to the houses; and outside is a rudely-constructed platform, about three feet wide, forming a pathway all round. The canoes form the hold in which the cargo is stored. Each contained a row of large hampers, made of the large leaves of some species of palm, and full of sago, betel-nuts, etc. The whole structure is about fifty feet in length and twenty-five in breadth. Each vessel is furnished with only two mat sails, and carries about fifty men and women.

Late in the day the Kido men were taken ashore. Amongst them was an old man who had received a complete suit of clothes. On landing he took up his little boy, who, not recognising his sire in the new rig, cried bitterly. It was not until the old fellow set down the child, and laughed heartily, that the boy discovered his mistake and dried up his tears. Next day we pulled ashore in search of Manumanu. We walked a considerable distance along the shore of this immense bay, crossing a salt-water creek, designated "Manao River" in the charts. We were encouraged by meeting two or three natives, to whom we had previously given little presents. These introduced us to their companions, and smilingly led the way to the village we were in quest of. The first sure indication of our approach was a large enclosure of bananas. We now saw the mouth of Manumanu[1] River, erroneously called the "Towtou" in the Admiralty chart. The unnamed river to the north in the chart is the true "Towtou," or, to spell it more correctly, the "*Toutu.*"

Manumanu River is over a mile across at its mouth in November, which is the driest month of the year. A noble grove of cocoa-nut trees lined the opposite side of the river. A sharp bend brought us into a well-built village, consisting

[1] Captain Moresby, ignoring our discovery, subsequently named it the "Usborne River." It seems desirable as far as possible to preserve native names.

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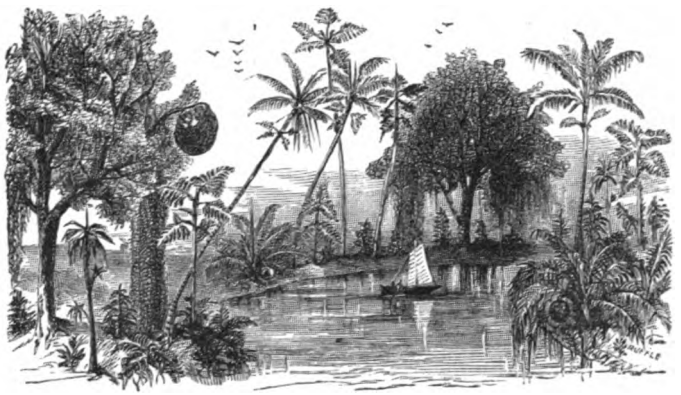
of a single long street. Delighted at the never-to-be-forgotten sight, we literally ran for joy into the evidently populous settlement. Two chiefs, "Koko" and "Auā," met us and led us to a sort of council-house at the near end of the village, facing the long street. We rested ourselves on the verandah, the interior of the house being filled with the notables of Manumanu, whilst the space in front was crowded with men, women, and children. The people seemed perfectly harmless, and were immensely pleased with their visitors. We sat on the verandah, and gazed upon the good-natured



Scene on the Manumanu River.

crowd that soon filled the street. The only weapons we saw were two arrows in the hands of a little boy. On asking for water, the lad, misunderstanding the request, offered us the arrows, to the no small amusement of the bystanders, who readily supplied us with a couple of cocoa-nuts to drink.

We estimated the population of Manumanu at 900 or 1000. The village consists of ninety-four houses, all built on high stakes (higher than is usual at Katau and Torotoram). The houses are, for the most part, two-storied, whereas those at

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Mauat invariably consist of but a single storey. Everything was scrupulously clean. You ascend by a ladder from the clean street to a wide verandah, where several members of the family are sure to be sitting. A narrow doorway introduces the visitor to the cooking and eating apartment, round the sides of which are hung stone adzes, women's girdles, fishing-nets and hooks. A second exterior and more slender flight of steps from the first verandah conducts to the second storey, which is also provided with a narrow verandah. This is the sleeping apartment of the household. In some cases duplicate houses were built almost touching each other. Our impression was that only two or three families occupy a single dwelling. Swords of the saw-fish (*Pristis antiquorum*) were, in several instances, suspended in front of their houses as ornaments.

Our first impression of the Redscar Bay women was that they wore some tasteful close-fitting lace-like garment; but it proved to be merely the exquisitely beautiful tattooing with which they are covered. They wear a neat girdle of leaves reaching nearly to the knees. The men are but slightly tattooed on their faces and necks—exactly reversing what we had seen in Polynesia. The girdle of the men is made of the paper-mulberry, but is a mere pretence as a covering.

Especially were the women of Manumanu interested in the "haine" (the captain's wife), who accompanied her husband on shore. Their evident fear at the first approach of our party now disappeared. We were permitted to wander about the village, to enter their dwellings, and to touch anything we pleased. A variety of little presents were made to conciliate them. Mrs. Websdale's dress was carefully examined. Some of the Manumanu "ladies" tried hard to obtain part of it. One woman pertinaciously insisted upon her exchanging her wedding-ring for a common mussel-shell!

The universal occupation of the women of this village is

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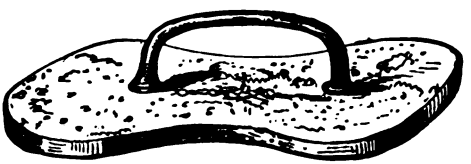
the manufacture of red pottery. With great interest we watched the entire process, from the mixing of two kinds of clay to the slow baking of the ware, which had been for some days hardening in the sun. A glass bottle in which we put sand excited great wonder as to the nature of the *clay* which could produce *transparent* pottery! The fine sand of the river enables them to turn out first-class pottery. The near approach of the rainy season made them specially diligent. The sale of cooking-pots and water-jars is an important occupation amongst the sea-board natives of this part of New Guinea.

New Guinea Pottery.

One of our party wishing to get a specimen of the clays used, politely requested permission to retain some bits picked up out of the wooden trough in which the mixing and kneading were done. The elderly woman to whom it belonged indignantly refused, so utterly deficient are these people in the graceful courtesy natural to most of the Eastern Pacific islanders.

In one house we saw a wooden shield, which did not appear to have seen service; it would form but a poor defence against the terrible arrows of Mauat warriors. Their bows are made of wood, not of bamboo, as on the south-west coast, and are very inferior articles.



Warrior's Shield.

The complexion of these people is nearly the same as that

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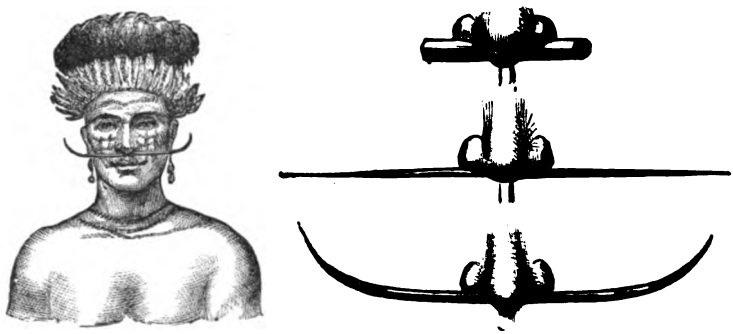
of the Samoans and Rarotongans. In stature and physical strength they are far inferior. In general the Manumanu natives are under the average height: some would be accounted dwarfs. Their features are good, and the expression agreeable. The men dress their hair in a peculiar fashion—tied up so as to form a mop or chignon. Over the forehead is worn a head-dress of large red cockatoo-feathers, contrasting with another of short white cockatoo-feathers close to the former. A white cowry shell is often worn on the forehead. Long nasal ornaments are inserted



Head-dress and Nasal Ornaments from New Guinea.

in the septum, which is invariably pierced (in males) for the purpose. One foppish young man gloried in a nose-jewel curving outwardly, rendering the operation of kissing highly dangerous! The sailors nicknamed these nasal-ornaments "sprit-sail yards." Some of the natives wore the strange-looking beak of the hornbill as horns on each side of the head.

We saw no iron instruments in the hands of these natives: they did not even seem acquainted with the use of iron. A stone adze (of jade) was obtained in exchange for some red cloth. But when Joe tried to purchase a similar one for himself with some pieces of stout hoop-iron, the owner bluntly

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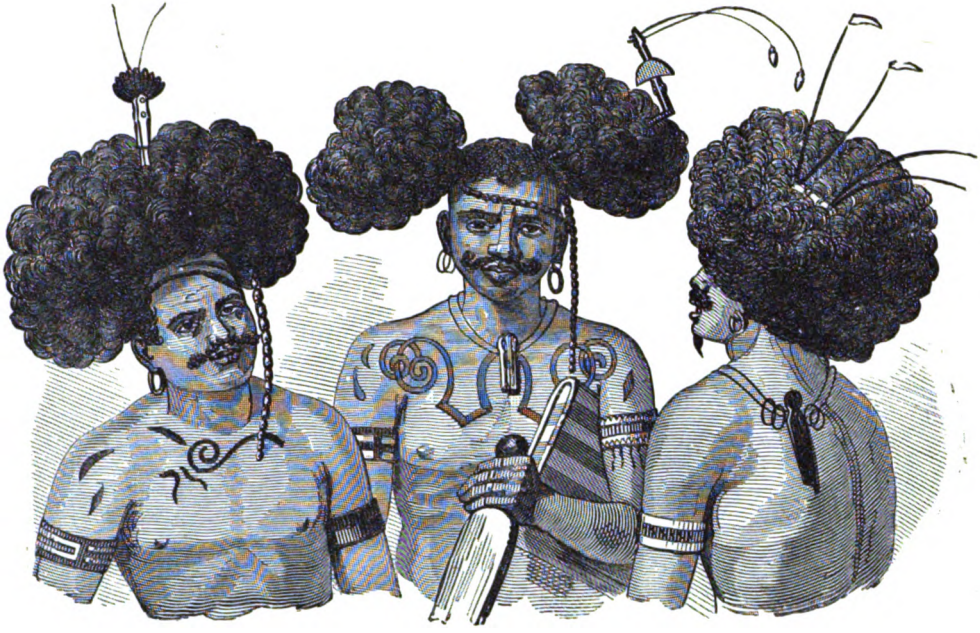

NATIVES OF NEW GUINEA.

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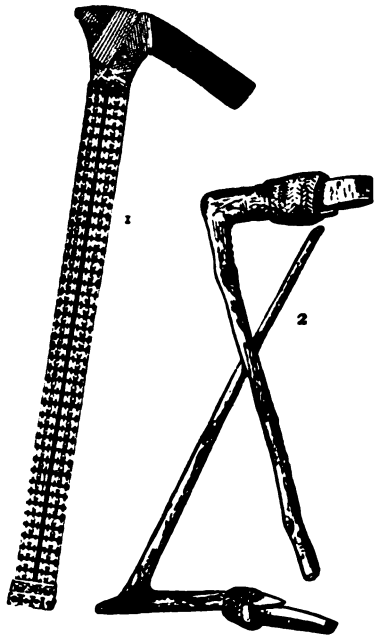
told him that the iron was useless, whilst their axes were *very good*. And really these adzes must be pretty serviceable, for on the verandah of one house we saw a long plank thirty-eight inches in width. Several were twenty-four inches broad. These planks were beautifully smooth. What labour must have been expended in dubbing them out! The adzes were fastened to the handles with strips of rattan, and not, as in Eastern Polynesia, with cinet. Neither the Mauat nor these Manumanu natives seem acquainted with the manufacture of that valuable article.



Stone Adzes—(1) Mangaian. (2) New Guinea.

Suspended from the neck of both males and females were small and beautifully-netted baskets, as a repository for valuables, not unlike the reticule of a European lady. This is sometimes worn in front, sometimes behind.

The men are addicted to chewing the betel-nut. We purchased several prettily ornamented flasks, containing chunam, or coral lime, used with it. This accounts for the unpleasant discolouration of their teeth. In Mauat we saw no trace whatever of this practice. A few Redscar natives use tobacco, but do not seem to care much about it.

Hogs of a peculiarly shaggy kind (*Sus papuensis*) abounded. One of our party was attacked by an immense boar. A strange

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wail, which we imagined to proceed from frightened women and children, proved to be the combined howling of all the dingos or native dogs in the neighbourhood at the first sight of strangers. The dingo of Australia is doubtless derived from that of New Guinea, being found in all the intervening islands.[1]

We came upon a matron preparing the household repast. She seemed in no degree disturbed by our curiosity, nor did she invite us to partake of her hospitality. The viands turned out of the great earthenware pots consisted of cooked yams and half a good-sized pig. An immense lizard, measuring upwards of four feet, was roasting on the live coals. It was cooked entire—claws, tail, and entrails! In every dwelling we found something stewing over a fire; but after the sight of the green lizard, although very hungry, nothing would have induced us to taste the contents.

Numbers of women and girls were filling their jars with water to drink, close to the village, thus proving the river to be fresh half a mile from its mouth. Some gracefully poised these jars on the head, whilst others carried them on the hip. Nearly a score of canoes were moored to the shore. The natives told us that we were the first white folks that had ever visited their village, and that our boat was the first that ever entered Manumanu river.

At the farther extremity of the village the scene was enchanting. An island covered with timber divides the river into two principal branches. In the distance were magnificent ranges of cloud-capped mountains. From where we stood to the opposite bank of the river was more than three miles, and this at the end of the dry season. What, then, must be the volume of water poured down from the interminable valleys of the interior during the rainy season!

[1] In some of the islands (Mer, etc.) many are domesticated, but destructive packs roam in the bush.

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On leaving, a great crowd of men, women, and children followed us to the boat. The little boys waded up to their armpits for a final shake of the hands with the wonderful "haine," *i.e.*, lady. Most of them presented her with wooden dolls[1] of their own rude manufacture.

A sandbank, with two fathoms of water on it, lies near the entrance to Manumanu River. A rush of discoloured water, near the northern shore of Redscar Bay, indicates the true entrance to the river. A vessel of light draught might go up to the village of Manumanu.

On Monday, 25th, the six Rarotongan teachers went ashore. Piri, who happened to have on a bright red checked flannel shirt, was the first to leave the boat. Piri is a finely-built fellow, head and shoulders above the men of Manumanu. The crowd at the river-side fled in absolute terror; but as Piri did not chase them, but gently assured them that their visitors were but men like themselves, and servants of the living God, they came back one by one, and eventually carried their goods to the council-house, which had been set apart by the chiefs for their use. The natives in the evening explained to Piri that it was his extraordinary *skin* (as they at first took his shirt to be) that had frightened them.

We noticed one or two deplorable instances of bone disease (*necrosis*). One lad who followed us about was a living skeleton; it was distressing to look at him.

On Tuesday, November 26th, we set off to explore Manumanu River. We started at 6 a.m., but did not reach the village till 8, the tide being against us. The teachers assured us that they had spent a comfortable night, undisturbed by natives, but that food was scarce. How different from the Mauat coast, where they loaded us with presents of food! A native begged of the writer a fragment of a cocoa-nut he had been eating.

[1] Unlike Polynesian children, who, so far as I know, never played with dolls.

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Our object in calling at Manumanu was to obtain a pilot. An old man, with whom we had become very friendly, agreed to accompany us up the river. Our intention was to explore the principal channel, called by our guide the Veuru, but the old fellow earnestly dissuaded us from our purpose on account of some mysterious danger. Besides, he assured us that it would prove to be only an arm of the sea. We took our pilot's advice, and pulled up the Wanaba, or eastern tributary, under the erroneous impression that the Veuru and the Wanaba would unite to form one noble river at the other side of the island. Ere this decision was arrived at we had passed the Abesi on the left, and the Mapu on the right.

A mile beyond the village we landed on a pleasant grass-plat, where we halted for breakfast. Whilst the kettle was boiling I wandered into the bush, and came upon the immense mound-nest of the *Megapodius tumulus*. On my return I missed my way, and floundered through a mangrove swamp, thankful to escape with the loss of the plants I had collected. *Eucalypti* and *Melaleucæ* of different species mingled with trees of far richer foliage. A laughing jackass, its note differing but little from that of its Australian namesake, approached within a few yards of us. We were hoping to fall in with a ring-tailed opossum, which here attains the length of thirty inches. Our guide wore a pretty head-dress made out of the skin of one.

As soon as we had finished carving the name (*Lælia*) of the yacht on a tree, we again started on our way, this time sailing pleasantly with a fair wind. The heat of the two preceding hours was sultry in the extreme, reminding me of days spent in the Gilbert Group, just under the equator.

Flocks of wild ducks gazed wonderingly at us from long mud-flats as we glided pleasantly along the Wanaba. Two islets, well-wooded, narrowed the course of the river. Farther on, the Mareva, a considerable stream, branched out in a

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southerly direction. The river now became much narrower, and was called by our good-natured pilot the Taribadi. For a long while after leaving the peaceful village where our teachers had found a home we saw nothing but the everlasting mangrove. At length the southern bank became comparatively open. It seemed to be lined with a dense grove of young cocoa-nut trees; but, on a closer approach, our wished-for cocoa-nut trees proved to be a gigantic species of palm, common throughout the Indian Archipelago, but new to me. The fronds were nearly thirty feet in length, *i.e.*, twice the length of a cocoa-nut frond; the fruit (I secured a specimen, weighing sixty pounds) closely resembled the fruit of the pandanus, only eight times larger. The flower also was gigantic. The leaves resemble those of the cocoa-nut; even the mid-rib was the same. Yet the *Nipa fruticans* never attains to any considerable height, and is found only in wet localities. This palm is common throughout New Guinea and the Indian Archipelago. Its long leaves, carefully split into fine shreds, furnish the grass-like petticoat of the women. The oily kernel, of the size of a filbert, is eaten in times of scarcity. The *Pandanus odoratissimus* has four minute seeds, where there is but one of the *Nipa*.

The dark, oozy spaces between this grove of strange palms is the natural home of the alligator. Many recent tracks of this fierce saurian were seen.

The rattan grew sparingly farther on, flocks of pigeons flew lazily across the river, and bitterns were occasionally observed.

The river now changed its direction from north to east, so we felt certain that we had lost all chance of reaching the foot of the mountain-range seen from the village of Manumanu, and which had first suggested the excursion. The river evidently trended towards Mount Owen Stanley,

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being probably one of the many streams flowing from its base. We had not sufficient time to explore this river to its source. Our object was simply to seek out the natives, and, if possible, to discover a healthier site for a mission station. Although the banks of the river gradually rose, the country was evidently inundated in the wet season: hence the absence of population. In our mortification we at first resolved to return, as it would be a long and weary pull against the tide into the middle of Redscar Bay. Curiosity, however, induced us to go on a little farther ere we returned, and well were we rewarded, for now the scenery became exquisitely beautiful. A great variety of trees, some of them slender, but of considerable height, grew on either bank. Vines and creepers innumerable hung in graceful drapery from their loftiest branches. Amongst them were what we at first mistook for ancient cocoa-nut trees—sure sign of human vicinage—upwards of eighty feet high: one had fallen across the river ready to be borne into the ocean by the next freshet. Again we were doomed to disappointment, for it proved to be the *Kentia procera*, with its great clusters of berries for fruit, found in New Britain and other islands in the Indian Archipelago. On the opposite bank grew a strange-looking dwarfish palm, bearing fruit. Fan-palms raised their graceful heads here and there. A large vulture, with a white neck and a very disagreeable loud croak, soared high overhead. Hawks were in hot pursuit of smaller birds that sought safety in the recesses of the forest. A tiny bird, at first mistaken for a large butterfly or moth, amused us by darting in and out of the long grass overhanging the river in search of insects. The hoarse voice of the cassowary was heard in the distance; and the cry of the cuckoo reminded us of home.

At 2 p.m. we camped on a high grassy bank hedged in by

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tall delicate tree-ferns, a frond of which was as long as our boat. We were seven miles from the river's mouth. The Taribadi was here forty yards across, and eight feet deep. Our camping-ground was very moist, apparently having but recently emerged from the great annual flooding. For some time our guide could not be induced to leave the boat, through fear of the "bulom," *i. e.*, alligator. We asked him the length of this dreaded foe: his measurement proved to be thirty feet. When at length the old guide saw us eating, hunger overcame fear, and he sat down with us to luncheon.

Our way home was pleasant, as we were in a great degree shaded from the rays of the hot afternoon's sun by the dense forest. We landed at Manumanu to say good-bye to the teachers. A number of strange natives were pointed out to us: they had that day arrived in canoes from seven villages on the opposite side of the bay. All these villages were anxious to have teachers. Thus the object for which I had left the yacht early in the day was providentially realised after all. Excluding Kido, as being too insignificant, there are now in Redscar Bay alone no fewer than eight villages, with a probable population of some four or five thousand, open to the labours of the Christian evangelist.

An hour after sunset, guided by a lamp at the masthead, we got on board, and found that our friends had been anxious on our account. Another, and, to confess the truth, a tearful farewell in parting from the teachers who came to take back the boat, and we were ready to start at dawn for Bampton Island, near the entrance to the Fly River, on our return voyage. We had succeeded in landing teachers on the south-west and on the south-east coasts of New Guinea proper, at points somewhat more than two hundred and sixty miles apart, and had met with only kind treatment from the natives.

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The south-eastern and western coasts of New Guinea are inhabited by races which differ in colour, language, the partial use of clothing, the chewing of the betel-nut, and in the treatment of their women.

The women of Redscar Bay are by no means a down-trodden race. One of our party had a knife stolen from his belt. I mentioned the matter to the master of the house, who pretended not to understand me. On my again requesting the restoration of the stolen article, his wife (who had appropriated it), with the utmost haughtiness, ordered our entire party out of the premises; and go we did, the husband looking helplessly on.

At Redscar Bay there is a great desire for clothing of every description. On two occasions they attempted to pull off my coat, so eager were they for European attire. Whilst at Mauat I remonstrated with some of the chiefs for not wearing a little covering. They straightened themselves up, and replied with offended dignity, "Would you have us to be like women? Clothing is only for women."

We were interested in tracing a likeness between the dialect used by the Manumanu natives and the Rarotongan language. In the Hebrew, *consonants* are the essential part of the word; in the middle and eastern Polynesian dialects the consonants are constantly changing, the *vowels* being the essential part of these (if one may so express it) *invertebrate* languages:—

S.E. NEW GUINEA.	RAROTONGAN.	MEANING.
Tau	Tangata	Man, husband.
Taukuna	Tuakana	Elder brother or sister.
Taumiri	Tamamiri	Younger brother or sister.
Mata	Mata	Face, eye.
Ima	Rima	Hand, five.
Ae	Vaevae	Foot.
Poka	Poka (indelicate)	Stomach.
Rau	Au	I.

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S.E. NEW GUINEA.	RAROTONGAN.	MEANING.
Oi...	Koe...	Thou.
Ia...	Aia	He.
Rarua	Raua	They two.
Hai	Aí	Fire.
Niu	Nu, Niu	Cocoa-nut.
Taro	Taro	Taro, *i.e.*, the *Arum esculentum*.
Tou	To	Sugar-cane.
Mauta	Moe	Sleep.
Aniani	Kaikai	Eat, food.
Wanua	Enua	Land.
Pata	Maata	Great.
Mauri	Mauri	Life, spirit.
Mate[1]	Mate	Dead, death.
Noo	Noo	Sit, dwell.
Tinana (of human beings)	Tinana (of inferior animals)	Mother.
Tati	Tai	Sea.
Ma	Marama	Moon.
Fetu	Etu	Star.
Au	Rakau	Wood.
Aria	Aria	By-and-by.
Atorai	Aiai	Evening.
Tupuna	Tupuna	Ancestor.
Haine	Vaine	Woman, wife.
Toru	Mokotua	Back.
Patu (=anger)	Patu (=strike)	
Kavakava	Kavakava	Bitter, bad-hearted.
Manu	Manu	Bird, animal.
Tamona	Tai	One.
Rua	Rua	Two.
Toi	Toru	Three.
Ani	A...	Four.
Ima	Rima	Five.
Taura toi (=twice three)	Ono	Six.
Itu	Itu	Seven.
Taura ani (=twice four)...	Varu	Eight.
Ta	Iva	Nine.
Koauta	Ngauru	Ten.

Where do the Papuan and Malayan races meet on New Guinea? We *know* that all the coast natives *west* of the Fly River are black, and that the Redscar and Port Moresby natives are a light copper-coloured race. The point of

[1] This word has the same meaning in the Hova language (Madagascar).

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contact, then, must be somewhere between the Fly River and Redscar Bay. We saw one black man at Manumanu—a visitor from a village lying to the west—strangely contrasting with the crowd around him.

We saw no gold whatever in New Guinea. In the numerous specimens of New Guinea pottery we have examined, there were no indications whatever of gold. I filled a bottle with the sand used by the women in making earthenware. It was heavy and glittering; but has been pronounced by assayers of gold to be entirely destitute of minerals, being composed merely of pulverized shells. Nevertheless, I fully believe New Guinea to be rich in minerals,[1] because it is in reality a mere extension of Australia. Experience has proved how rich Australia is in minerals, especially towards the north and east. Béche-de-mer, tortoise-shell, the golden-tipped pearl oyster, dugong-ivory, nutmegs, mace, teak, ebony, and jute abound in New Guinea. To the Christian missionary this great island has a far higher interest. Hundreds of thousands of immortal souls are awaiting the glad tidings of Christ's salvation. Even New Guinea shall yet stretch out her hand toward God, for the prophecy is, "Unto Him every knee shall bow;" "He must reign."

Emboldened by our success, a small party sailed up to the village of Manumanu some weeks after our visit. They spent a week in exploring that neighbourhood: the result being the certainty that the arm we went up is the true river of Manumanu, the Veuru being only an arm of the sea. They penetrated about a mile farther up the true river than we did, and saw in the distance a village, but were afraid to hold intercourse with the inhabitants. They suffered greatly from intermittent fever, and were glad to get back to Somerset.

[1] Captain Moresby found a quantity of fine steel sand in Robert Hall Sound; and Mr. Octavius C. Stone reports a seam of plumbago, almost pure, two miles in length, on the eastern shores of Fairfax Harbour.

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I may here observe that during the eight weeks spent by us in New Guinea waters in the hottest season of the year, we suffered but little inconvenience from the great heat. This we attribute to the entire avoidance of ardent spirits, and the frequent use of tea as a beverage. Those around us who drank rum suffered a good deal.

Port Moresby.—Great was the excitement some three years ago in the Australian colonies when it was known that Captain Moresby, of H.M.S. *Basilisk*, had discovered on the south-eastern coast of New Guinea a noble double harbour, capable of sheltering the fleets of the world.

Strangely enough, no river empties itself into Port Moresby. The natives obtain drinking water by digging. The hills are barren; white gum trees (*Eucalypti*) grow sparingly in rocky ledges and between immense boulders. The general aspect of the low lands is extremely uninviting; patches here and there only being capable of cultivation. The solitude of the glens is relieved by the presence of magpies, quails, and numerous other beautiful birds.

The inhabitants are for the most part mild and inoffensive, rarely indulging in war. Cannibalism and infanticide are happily unknown. They subsist on bananas, yams, cocoa-nuts, and sago; in seasons of scarcity, as in many of the South-Sea Islands, they cook and eat the stump of the banana. They are excellent fishermen, and are fond of the chase. Kangaroo-hunting is a grand employment. The women here, as at Redscar Bay, are exquisitely tattooed; the men very slightly so. The former wear neat girdles; the latter are nearly nude. The destructive cyclone of the South Pacific is never experienced here.

The Port Moresby natives believe that Kupa, whose lineal descendant is one of their principal chiefs, made the earth, sea, and sky. Ila, the progenitor of another line of chiefs,

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made man. Kaitapu is regarded as the arbiter of human destiny—of success and failure, of good and evil. Hence their unceasing efforts to propitiate this important divinity. A number of villages scattered about the coast bear the name Kaitapu, as being sacred to him. At the return of the planting season, a priest of Kaitapu is sent for to go through certain ceremonies in order to insure a good crop. Prosperity and adversity are bestowed according to the quality of a person's soul; some souls being good, others bad. The soul, which they call Tirava, travels at death to Erema, a land far away in the region of the setting sun, beyond Cape Suckling (the last bold promontory towards the west), where the sago-palm grows most luxuriantly. On this sago disembodied spirits are permitted to feed *ad libitum*. Eventually they return to their old haunts to become the occupants of other human bodies.

When they first saw ships and white men, they regarded them as spirits, as they knew of no other country than their own. Their visitors appeared to them to emerge from the sky, and afterwards to return to it.

When a person dies, the friends fast until the corpse is laid in the grave. The earth is very thinly laid on, in order that friends may look upon the deceased whenever so inclined. When the violence of grief has subsided, the grave is filled in. They are remarkably fond of their children. When a little one dies, the corpse is taken up at intervals from the grave, caressed, wept over, and then returned to its resting-place. Repeated feasts are made in honour of the dead of distinguished families.

Three races of natives are said to inhabit the south-eastern peninsula of New Guinea; the shore natives (amongst whom the teachers are at present located, and who are somewhat diminutive in stature); the inhabitants of the interior, who are described as being tall, well-built, and of a light colour; the third race are mountaineers, short, and possessed of curly hair.

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The Rarotongan teachers located at Manumanu suffered greatly from intermittent fever; some died. The rest, after recruiting at Cape York, cheerfully resumed their work in November, 1873, on the mainland, and are now settled down at the villages of Anuapata (=Great Land) and Elevara, on the shores of Port Moresby. On their first going ashore, most of the inhabitants hid themselves in the bush, leaving only empty houses. At length a few natives appeared, and the teachers were recognised as having been visited by them in their old home at Manumanu. The tidings reached those in hiding. Men, women, and children now flocked to the shore, and gave them an enthusiastic welcome. It was pleasing "to see the tender affection with which the native women received the teachers' wives, all talking at the same time; how fondly they pressed and kissed each other, and the general scratching of finger-ends, which goes for hand-shaking in this part of New Guinea."

The natives of Port Moresby are poorly off for food, and until lately unacquainted with the use of iron.

Mr. Murray mentioned to the four chiefs of Anuapata his wish that Piri, the new teacher, should go to a distant village, and that Rau, one of the old teachers, should accompany him, to assist him in acquiring the language. The chiefs would not hear of such a thing. Piri might go if he liked, but they would not part with one of their own teachers. After much entreaty, it was eventually agreed that Rau, their favourite teacher, should stay with Piri for one "moon" only; at the expiration of that period Rau should return to them, and Piri labour on alone. To secure the return of Rau, one of the Anuapata chiefs volunteered to go with him to his new station. One reason of Rau's popularity is that he excels in the knowledge of the native dialect. He is thoroughly cheerful and good-natured.

The village of Boera, where Piri and Rau went, contains

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about a thousand inhabitants, and lies fifteen miles to the west of Anuapata. It is a well-built village, clean and straight. It consists of three rows of houses. These houses are excellent, and, as everywhere else in New Guinea, are built on stakes ten or twelve feet high, some in and some out of the sea. The natives, like those of Port Moresby, seem to be a good-natured race of savages, smiling upon their visitors. The teachers were gladly received, the natives having already some knowledge of the purpose in view. One of the chiefs gave up his own dwelling for the accommodation of the teachers. Presents were exchanged, and the women very thoughtfully prepared a meal and brought it to the teacher's wife. Close by Boera is another village, with six hundred inhabitants, waiting to be instructed. Boera is in a bay, well sheltered on the east. A sandy beach stretches in front of the village, which is easily accessible by small vessels.

An interesting letter from the Rev. A. W. Murray says:—

"The first inhabited district in the interior of Port Moresby is named Manuolo, and comprises several villages. From early times the people inhabiting these villages had maintained a hostile attitude towards their countrymen on the coast. They waylaid, robbed, and murdered them as they found opportunity. The consequence was, the shore people left off going any considerable distance into the bush. At this their enemies in recent times came right down to the beach to rob and plunder; and among the spoil secured on one occasion was an article which greatly took their fancy, viz., sago. And now a happy thought sprang up in their minds—they would make friends with the people on the coast, so as to share the coveted article without the risk and danger of fighting.

"The principal chief of Manuolo, Manoarobi, with a single attendant, ventured to come to Anuapata. They went to the principal chief, Ila, and told him their errand. They were

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well received. A treaty of perpetual friendship was made. Ila drew off his armlet and put it on the arm of his friend from the interior, thereby signifying that henceforth they should be as one family. Manoarobi soon afterwards returned with a number of attendants and a present. The number of his followers excited the fears of the Port Moresby folks, and the recollection of what they had suffered led to some murmuring. It was proposed that, now they had them in their power, they should kill them all. Ila bravely said, 'No; it is better to be friends and one family.' And this was done. During the intervening years the friendship has remained unbroken, to their mutual benefit.

"These inland people have paid one visit to the coast since the settlement of the teachers at Anuapata. They brought a present of very fine bread-fruit, which is particularly abundant in the interior. The present was spread out in Ila's house, and the teachers were taken by the chief to see it, and to receive a portion of all the different things sent. These inland visitors remained at Port Moresby three days, during which time the teachers had opportunities of making their acquaintance. This led to their proposing that some of the teachers should go and live among them. Small gifts were bestowed upon these inland people."

Considerable success has already attended the labours of the teachers in the Straits Islands, particularly in the Murray Islands. Infanticide is abolished, the Sabbath observed, schools are established, and public worship well attended. Progress is being made on Erub, Tut, Masik, Saibai, and Tauan. Strange as it may seem, the islands nearest to the Australian coast are the most intractable; and yet in regard to these there is now at last a gleam of hope. The natives of Jervis Island bear an evil reputation, as do also their near neighbours and allies, the Mulgrave Islanders. Yet Mr. Murray says, "While sitting among the Jervis Islanders in

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their gipsy-looking camp, a little ugly idol was produced, which is affirmed to be the principal god of the Mulgrave and Jervis Islanders. It is in the shape of an old man, rudely carved and ornamented, and wearing rather a dolorous expression of countenance. Whatever may have been the estimation in which the said god was held in former times, it is evident that he is at a discount now, as his owner parted with him for a knife! His name is Madusa." A valuable teacher is now labouring on those islands; his head-quarters being on Jervis Island close to the remarkable banyan-tree depicted on p. 203.

A more villanous set of black, nude heathens than these islanders I never saw than when we landed amongst them in October, 1872. But the Gospel has lost none of its ancient power; it is the one Divine lever to elevate mankind—the weaker as well as the stronger races. The tribes inhabiting New Guinea and Torres Straits are amongst the most degraded on the earth; yet we dare hope for their redemption through the Crucified One.

More recently Mr. and Mrs. S. McFarlane have settled down at Somerset, to take charge of the Papuan branch of the New Guinea mission. Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Lawes are at Port Moresby, superintending the Malay branch. A medical missionary, the Rev. W. Turner, with his wife, are located at Port Moresby. Other brethren will proceed to New Guinea as early as practicable. A small steamer, the *Ellangowan*, the generous gift of Miss Baxter of Dundee to the infant mission, plies all along the southern coast of New Guinea, and amongst the numerous islands of the Straits. An extract from a recent letter from Mr. Lawes is full of interest:—

"It was well we brought with us from Sydney a small weather-boarded house, for no wood is to be had here. It is a poor little shanty, but the best house in this part of

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New Guinea. The people seem kindly disposed, and have perfect confidence in white men. So far as our lives are concerned we feel tolerably safe; but we shall most likely lose all we possess, for all the people are inveterate, incorrigible thieves and beggars. The chiefs have promised us their protection, but they do not seem to have much power over individuals. One of them went with the teacher to get back something that had been stolen, when the thief coolly demanded payment from the chief before he would give up the stolen property. A little disturbance while the house was building soon brought a lot of excited, armed savages around the place, so that we cannot trust them implicitly. Everything connected with us is strange to them, and we cannot wonder at any strange fancy they may take and make cause of offence.

"It is premature yet to say anything about the place or prospects of our work. I never saw such beautiful scenery as from Redscar Head here. We were somewhat disappointed with this place, so far as its apparent fertility is concerned. The harbour is a very fine one. The village of Anuapata, at which we are living, is built, as all seem to be about here, on piles half in sea and half out. The natives are undoubtedly allied to the Eastern Polynesian races, but, probably, are not the aborigines; for a distinct race of men in the bush speak a different language, and are essentially different to these people.

"All are still heathen; no one has embraced Christianity. The teachers have not been able to teach any one the letters of the alphabet. The children want to be paid for every letter they learn! There seems to be a splendid opening here; for villages all along the coast to the eastward are anxious to have teachers, besides many in the interior. I hope soon to locate the Niue and Rarotongan teachers. Mrs. Lawes and Charley are great attractions. Our little shanty

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is full of naked savages almost all day long. Fortunately for us, they are afraid to be out after dark, for fear of ghosts, so we can reckon on a little peace then. We feel lonely here sometimes; but God is with us. We can really do nothing until we get the language of the people. To acquire this is our first aim, and then we hope to bring home to them the truths of the Gospel."

A wattled church has just been erected at Port Moresby. A primer—the first attempt at printing in their language—is in the hands of the natives. The Gospel by Mark is being translated by Mr. Lawes. And although still heathen, there is an evident improvement amongst the natives. May God speed the heroes of the cross in the great unknown land!

Trunk of gigantic Tamanu Tree.

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VII.

Notes on Natural History.

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MOUND NEST OF THE MEGAPODIUS IN NEW GUINEA.—(*See page* 313.

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CHAPTER VII.

NOTES ON NATURAL HISTORY.

I.—POISONOUS MARINE ANIMALS, ETC.

Portunus (*Angatea*).

THE most poisonous marine animal in the Hervey Islands is "the white-shelled" sea crab (*Angatea*). The native dictum is, "All land crabs are good; sea crabs doubtful." Occasionally a native in a fit of passion or jealousy commits suicide by eating "the white-shelled" crab. And yet, strangely enough, some have been known to eat these dangerous crustaceans with impunity.

Many cases of accidental crab-poisoning have come under my own observation. An affecting instance was that of an aged member of the church and his daughter. With difficulty their mouths were forced open to admit a strong emetic: the old man died the same night, but the daughter survived.

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Another case was of a middle-aged man who ate a "white-shelled" crab whilst his wife was at the early morning-service, which never exceeds an hour. To her horror, upon her return home, she found her husband dead!

Native preachers aptly compare sin to this deadly crustacean, as, despite its frequently fatal effects, many indulge in it.

On the outer edge of our coral reefs exists a sea-centipede (*Nereis*), in appearance like a black thread slowly moving amongst the rugged submarine growths. The *āē* attains the length of five or six feet. Good fish become poisonous through feeding on these sea-centipedes.

Strangely enough, fish that are excellent eating on one island may be poisonous on another. Thus the dainty *matakiva* of Mangaia is poisonous on the neighbouring island of Mitiaro. A chief of that atoll, hearing that it is much prized on Mangaia, concluded it was a mere fancy of his countrymen that it should be hurtful at Mitiaro. Accordingly he ate one, and died a few hours afterwards.

A strange instance of poisoning occurred on the island of Mare. On a Monday morning the *John Williams* anchored off the station of the Rev. J. Jones. For a long time no notice was taken of our visit, not a canoe came off. When at last the missionary pulled off to us in his boat, we anxiously inquired the cause of delay. Mr. Jones had been burying a poor man who had been poisoned by handling a "fish." After attending the services of the Sabbath, the thoughtless fellow went fishing on the reef at sunset. In the doubtful light he unhappily took up a good-sized shell-fish, and put it in his basket. He immediately felt a painful sensation running up his right arm to the shoulder. He went home. The pain increased until he writhed in agony. The body swelled to an enormous size, and by daylight he was a corpse. So remarkable did this seem to me, that I requested a sight of the shell-

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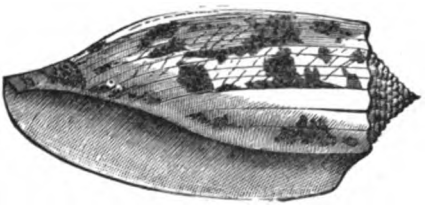
fish which poisons by the mere touch, *although the skin be uninjured.* The request was kindly complied with by the friends of the deceased. I give a sketch of the identical shell, which proved to be the *Conus textilis.*



Conus Textilis.

This variety of shell-fish is well known to the natives of Western Polynesia for its dangerous qualities. A virulent poison is injected by means of numerous minute barbs connected with the mantle. These barbs somewhat resemble the sting of a bee.

II.—THE ROBBER-CRAB.

THE proper food of the robber-crab (*Birgus latro*) is cocoa-nut, to obtain which it climbs the tallest trees with perfect ease, and throws down the ripe fruit. Descending then to the ground it tears off the husk with its powerful claws. The hard shell is removed by inserting one claw into "the monkey's eye," and so breaking it off bit by bit.

In the Ellice Group these crabs are so plentiful as to constitute an important article of diet amongst the natives. The plan for catching them is as follows: a quantity of cocoa-nut is scraped, half-baked in an oven, and then scattered over the ground in little heaps. About an hour after sunset the islanders come with lighted torches, and find the robber-crabs, guided by the savoury odour, greedily devouring the tempting morsels, eight or ten crabs at one little heap. In this way as many as two hundred are caught in a single night. Spending a pleasant day once on an uninhabited island (Nassau Island),

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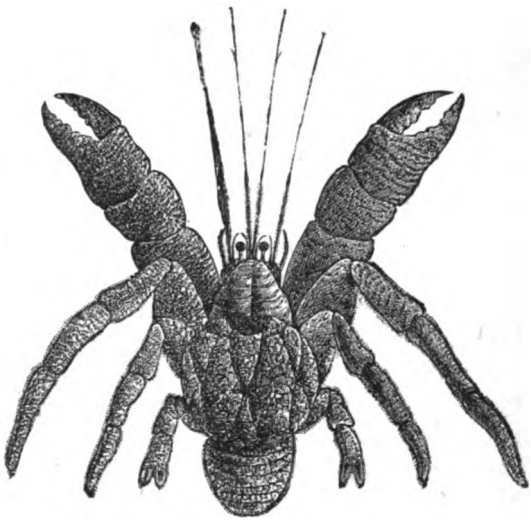
I was surprised to see hundreds asleep on the branches of lofty trees. In perfect safety they hung in rows, holding by their sharp-pointed "toes," in the shade of a primeval forest. These robber-crabs could not have subsisted on cocoa-nuts, as there was at that time but a single cocoa-nut tree growing on the island. In all probability they had fed on the oily nut of the pandanus, which grows in great abundance near the sea. For the benefit of distressed voyagers we planted upwards of thirty young cocoa-nut trees, not without a misgiving that these fierce crabs might destroy them.[1]



The Robber-Crab.

The native sailors who accompanied Captain Williams and myself filled several baskets with them, intending to have a feast on board. The cook happening to be a surly fellow, the baskets were unopened. At nightfall, the crabs, disliking their confinement, forced their way out, and

[1] Such, however, was not the case; for they are now (1876) laden with fruit.

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crawled all over the ship. Some found their way below, and severely bit the toes of the sleeping sailors; others marched into the captain's cabin, compelling him to attack the intruders. At the expense of an ebony ruler, broken with repeated blows, he succeeded in expelling them. Next morning the men going aloft met with several on their way to the masthead!

The *Birgus latro* hibernates about the beginning of July, and emerges from its seclusion at the end of October. Boring a deep hole in the earth, it excavates a cavity about the size of an unhusked cocoa-nut. When this is completed it carefully closes up the passage by which it entered. Its hiding-place is easily detected by the loose soil thrown up. Brushing this aside, the closed passage is at once detected.

Only a single crab is found in a hole. During the period of hibernation it is in a quiescent state; sometimes it wakes up, and gnaws the roots which cross its subterranean home. This is the period when it gets rid of its old shell, and acquires a new and larger one. At such times it is eagerly sought for by the natives on account of its fatness. November and December are the spawning months, after which they are not worth eating.

The robber-crab loves to hide in any natural cavity it may find, taking care to provide itself with a supply of food. It invariably sleeps by day. When there is no moon it travels to a great distance—to the sea, or in quest of a new store of food. Hence the ancient native proverb, "The night is dark; the robber-crab is abroad." By the robber-crab the heathen warrior or murderer is meant.

I once imprisoned a fine specimen in a strong box. To make sure of my crab I nailed down the cover, and placed a log of wood on the top. During two nights it remained tolerably quiet; but on the third it actually forced up the cover and log, and made its escape. The ingenious crab

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inserted its great claw into a flaw, and, converting it into a powerful lever, easily effected its purpose.

A small vessel engaged in collecting oil sprang a leak; the craft was in consequence hove down and carefully examined. It turned out that some of these crabs had got into the hold, and, becoming thirsty, had rasped a small hole through the ship's bottom.

In some islands the robber-crab was until recently an object of worship.

III.—MURÆNÆ.

FEAR is the ruling motive of heathen worship; and it is interesting to observe that this feeling has led to the worship of the serpent wherever that reptile is known. May not this species of idolatry have been connected with the memory of the arch serpent that deceived Eve?

The serpent proper abounds throughout the Indian Archipelago, but is not known farther eastward in the Pacific than Samoa. Teachers who have laboured in that group relate stories of serpents which, when rain begins to fall, coil themselves up in hollows formed by branches of trees, taking care, however, to hide their heads. The reservoir thus formed is soon filled with rain, and birds come to drink without fear, Whilst thus engaged, the crafty reptile lifts its head and attacks the defenceless victim, for whom there is no escape.

In all these eastern islands, where the serpent is unknown, the salt and fresh water eel (*Murænidæ*) take its place in the superstitious veneration of the natives, both being regarded as incarnations of deity.

Until Christianity came, it was unlawful for women to taste eels, on the alleged ground that in the olden time a divinity assumed the form of a great eel in order to approach an unsuspecting woman while bathing. To this day nothing

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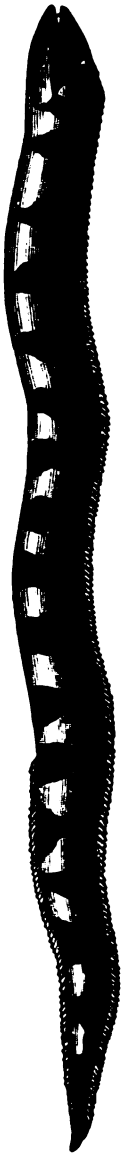

Muræna of the South Pacific.

can exceed the disgust most of the native women feel at eels, which they refuse even to touch. A woman once secretly ate the sea-eel. On discovering the sacrilege, the husband fled from her in horror, and never lived with her again, regarding her as possessed of an evil spirit which would be sure to kill and devour him on some future occasion.

In 1863 about eighty Atafu natives were expelled from the island of Fakaofo, and after drifting over the ocean for several weeks reached Samoa. The occasion of their expulsion, which cost the lives of several, was merely that the Christian natives had dared to eat the sacred conger worshipped by the king and people of Fakaofo.

An elderly heathen from one of the distant northern islands drifted to Mangaia, and spent several weeks ashore. On one occasion he was invited to sup with a church-member. As Tautere was swallowing his first mouthful, he unceremoniously discharged the contents of his mouth, and exclaimed, "Aue tâu Atua e!" (Alas, for my god!) To his horror, he discovered that he was eating a sacred sea-eel.

One variety, the *pui*, is entirely white, and attains the length of six feet. A much fiercer fish is the *vaaroa*, "long-mouthed," which is often eight feet in length, and of the thickness of a man's leg. As its name indicates, the mouth of the *vaaroa* is very formidable; its appetite voracious. Its brown body is ornamented with black spots. It inhabits the outer edge of the reef where the surf for ever beats, and occa-

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sionally such great rents in the middle of the reef as will admit its huge body. One recently caught was supposed to be very old, as seaweed was actually growing on the forehead of the living fish. It is accustomed to draw half its length out of its hole in order to attack anything that may come within reach, whether fish or man. Impelled by hunger, it sometimes leaves its natural home in the coral, to roam about in quest of victims.

In the Paumotu Islands, I have been assured, it is customary for the natives when walking over the coral at low tide to carry with them a large knife to defend themselves from the attacks of this savage species of *muræna*. A native of those islands a few months ago, forgetting his knife, lost the entire calf of one of his legs at a single bite!

A year or two since a poor white man, sauntering without shoes over the reef at Palmerston's Island, was suddenly laid hold of by the heel by one of these *muræna*. Well knowing its habits, he did not at first attempt to extricate himself, or he would have been maimed for life, but allowed himself to be dragged backwards. As soon as the eel got to its hole and began to descend, not suspecting that its victim would attempt to escape, it relaxed its hold for a second, so as to enter the more easily. That second enabled the man to escape by running away at full speed. A neighbour of mine lost two fingers by an unlucky bite from one of these fierce denizens of our coral reef.

A curious method of fishing is practised in these islands—viz., *feeling* for fish. Certain holes in the coral are known to be the favourite resort of a particular kind of fish. Insert your hand whenever you will, you find one. This valuable knowledge is carefully transmitted from parent to child. On one occasion a member of our church when going as usual to feel for fish was instantly made prisoner by a *muræna*, which had devoured the proper occupants of the hole, and had then

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taken up its abode in the new quarters. The woman screamed with agony; but the eel did not in the least relax its grasp. As the tide was rising, the consequences might have been serious. Assistance came at last, a sharp-pointed iron-wood stake being cautiously inserted by the side of the imprisoned hand. The "long-mouthed" now relaxed its hold, and set the woman free. Her left hand was cut right across, the sharp teeth meeting the bone. Had the woman pulled hard to get it out, it would have been necessary to amputate the hand. Yet in the course of a fortnight it was restored.

To get at some of these holes it is needful to dive under the water. Occasionally, as the submerged fisherman is feeling about for his prey, the fish, rushing to escape, literally wedges itself between the upper part of the arm and the coral. In such cases there is little hope for the poor fisherman. A scholar of mine was in this way drowned a year or two ago.

It is believed by the islanders that in some of the low coral islands where there are but few inhabitants, these fish often leave the sea and make their way over sand and shingle to pandanus trees growing near. It is said that they climb up the round stem with perfect ease to hunt for lizards and rats, which feed upon the fragrant yellow and red fruit. But this statement cannot be received except on more direct testimony.

IV.—SWORD-FISH.

THE sword-fish of the Pacific (*Histiophorus*) spawns about the end of September. With the new year the young fish arrive in considerable numbers at all parts of the island. The fish is not more than three inches in its entire length, the sword itself being an inch. The natives are very fond of these young fish. When cooked they carefully break off the swords, and swallow three or four fish at a mouthful.

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The young fish return to the ocean to hunt the spawn of other fish, which often seem to cover the sea in the months of January and February. By the following September they are ten or eleven inches long. The tail resembles a steering oar, and possesses wonderful propelling energy. All Europeans who have tasted the young sword-fish pronounce it delicious eating, its numerous little bones being the only drawback.

By the third season this famous fish attains the length of nearly two feet, and now for the first time receives the dignified name of *aku*, or "sword-fish."

It is rare to meet with one of these young fish which has not injured its sword. But, like the nails on the human body, it is being continually renewed, and grows harder every year of its existence.

The sword-fish is believed to attain to a great age; for the terrible weapons which pierce ships and kill whales are necessarily the growth of many years.

Young sword-fish are easily caught in strong nets. The largest obtained in these islands do not exceed six feet in length; these *histiophori* despise the strongest nets, but are occasionally caught in the daytime with a hook baited with a small black fish. It not unfrequently happens that in chasing flying-fish at night the course of the sword-fish is arrested by the stout outrigger of a canoe, and whilst struggling to extricate itself is easily made a prisoner.

The sword-fish, when fully grown, is ten or twelve feet long, and is the terror of fishermen in these southern seas; but there is no authentic account of such an one having been caught in the Hervey Group. Numerous accidents caused by the half-grown sword-fish have come under my own observation. In one case a wrist was pierced through; the wound was circular, as the sword of the *histiophorus*, unlike the flat one of the *Xiphias gladius*, is round. The assailant speedily withdrew its weapon, and went on its way uninjured.

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Late one evening a native came running in haste for some medicine for a young man who had been carried ashore, wounded by a large sword-fish. A *histiophorus* in hot pursuit of some flying-fish had struck the large canoe in which the young man was seated. The sword could not have been less than two feet in length. Both sides of the canoe were perforated; the knee, happening to be in the way, was pierced just above the joint. For some seconds the poor fellow was stupefied with terror and loss of blood. He limps to this day. In two other cases the thigh was stabbed obliquely, nearly dividing the femoral artery. Eventually both the injured persons recovered.

The worst casualty was that of a youth whose hip was severely injured by this formidable fish. The lad narrowly escaped with his life; but after several months' nursing the ghastly wound healed.

Natives tell of one of their countrymen, who, when swimming, was killed by a sword-fish piercing his stomach.

A friend of mine recently witnessed an interesting combat from the deck of a small schooner. The day was sultry, and the ocean like a mirror, when a number of albicore neared the little vessel. At this a sword-fish, some nine feet in length, darted from its hiding-place under the vessel; the albicore, however, escaped. The disappointed sword-fish returned under the vessel to hide until the albicore should forget their fears and return. Again and again, for half a day, this process was repeated; the quick-sighted albicore at each onset evading their foe. At midday a light breeze sprang up, and the combatants were left behind.

V.—THE OCTOPUS OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

THE octopus is called the *eke* by the Hervey Islanders, the *fee* by the Tahitians and Samoans. In the shallow waters of our reefs young octopi abound. At this stage of their history

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they are known as *maori*, and are eagerly sought for by women and children as a delicacy. The large cuttle-fish which call forth the energy and daring of the islanders, and excite the superstition of a few, are known as *eke tapairu*, *i. e.*, "divine cuttle-fish." The fisherman who catches one of these becomes famous amongst his countrymen.

The octopus is a universal article of diet amongst the South Sea Islanders; but it is very tough and disagreeable to the European palate. I have tasted it many times; but cannot advise my readers to emulate my example. To make it tender, the natives resort to a very cruel practice, viz., beating it with iron-wood sticks or even pounding it *alive* with large stones.

I once saw a woman deposit in the road, in front of her house, a live poulpe just caught. With unerring instinct the fish began to move towards the sea, which was more than one hundred yards away. The woman repeatedly crushed its tentacula with stones, her excuse being that such was the custom from time immemorial to render the food tender and palatable.

On dark nights the poulpe ventures on the reef, and prowls about in search of food. It often happens that rats run about the sand, close to the water's edge, to pick up scraps of taro left by women and girls engaged in torch-fishing. Very frequently a luckless rat, oblivious of danger whilst enjoying these stray morsels, is suddenly seized by the long and strong arms of this animal, and, utterly powerless in its grasp, is drowned and devoured.

At the island of Aitutaki there is a species of poulpe which has two tentacula longer and more powerful than the rest. These sea-spiders, as they are sometimes called, often crawl on the sandy beach and lie to all appearance dead. The rats prowling about in search of garbage thrown up by the waves see what appears to be an unusually good feast. But no

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sooner do some of them go near to nibble than the wily poulpe encloses them in its powerful arms and hurries off to the sea with its prey.

At Manihiki and Rakaanga, and many other low coral islands lying about six hundred miles from Mangaia, the octopus is accustomed to leave the sea and travel over the sand and broken coral to climb the pandanus trees which grow on the beach, in order to feast upon their sweet-scented and sweet-tasting flowers and fruit. At dawn these curious fish may be seen in clusters on the outspread branches of the pandanus thus enjoying themselves; but as soon as their sharp eyes perceive the approach of their enemy, man, they instantly drop on the stones beneath, and hasten back to their proper element.

A small fish called the *pakevakeva*, with remarkably sharp teeth, persecutes the octopus most cruelly. Its bite is directed to a single arm; the attacker instantaneously retreating to a safe distance, lest it should be enfolded in the fatal embrace of the octopus. Cuttle-fish are often caught which have lost all their eight arms by the repeated attacks of this daring little fish. Such octopi are almost defenceless, and experience great difficulty in feeding, being in the same predicament as a man who should lose his hands and feet; his only remaining resource being a dexterous use of his teeth. If whilst in this helpless state it is not devoured by predatory fishes, the eight arms will grow again, and the octopus will become as active as ever. The octopus, like the chameleon, changes its hue at will in order to elude pursuit. The octopus diver is usually provided with a sharp-pointed iron-wood stake, a pocket-knife suspended from the neck, and a small quantity of slacked lime securely wrapped up in leaves. Should the octopus hide itself in a hole inaccessible to the stake, the lime is spread over the entrance; the poulpe dies instantaneously, and floats to the surface.

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The best time for obtaining the octopus is early morning, when it is perfectly white. The contrast with the dark coral bottom enables the diver to see it at a great distance. At midday, and in the afternoon, the ever-changing hues—mottled, yellow, scarlet, and dark brown—almost defy detection.

Should the diver lose his hold of the octopus, a sudden discharge of sepia most effectually conceals it. This sepia is highly prized for bait by anglers of the *api*, a dark spotted fish very plentiful in these waters. When mixed with candle-nut oil and plastered over the fish-hook, it is greedily devoured.

It has been disputed in Europe whether the octopus ever attacks human beings. No native of Polynesia doubts the fact. A fisherman rarely goes alone in quest of octopi; he has usually a trusty friend in the canoe to take care of it. In case of peril, this friend anchors the canoe, and dives down to the assistance of his companion. Saturday is the favourite fishing-day throughout the islands, in preparation for the approaching Sabbath. Not long since the best diver on Mangaia set off with a friend in quest of materials for a good dinner. Peering down through the clear water, he saw with pleasure a very large octopus, with its tentacula spread out over the coral bottom. He accordingly dived down about twelve feet, and prepared to strike the creature. But the octopus had seen its foe and moved its position, so that when Tauri had reached the bottom, it was behind him. Whilst looking about for his victim, he was suddenly made prisoner, both arms being secured by the tentacula of this formidable mollusk. He struggled hard to extricate one hand in order to get at his knife; but in vain. It now occurred to him to strike his feet against the bottom so as to rise to the surface, when to his dismay he found that the canoe and his friend had drifted away to some distance! Before it was possible

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for his companion to reach him, the pinioned diver sank again. Had this process been repeated Tauri would certainly have been drowned. It then occurred to him to walk as best he could along the rugged coral bottom to the shore. Slowly and painfully he moved on, the foe in no degree relaxing its grasp, until he gained shallow water. Very exhausted he emerged from the sea. The octopus now endeavoured to make its escape, but was prevented by its quondam prisoner, who held on to the thick part of the fish. With the assistance of his companion it was soon dispatched. Including its long arms it measured somewhat more than six feet. On Tauri's back was a wound made by the beak.

On another occasion a servant of mine went diving for octopi, leaving his son in charge of the canoe. After a somewhat long interval the diver rose to the surface; his arms free, but nostrils and mouth completely covered with a large octopus, the entire face being firmly clasped by its formidable tentacula. The sight was ridiculous and alarming, as it was impossible for the old man to breathe. With wonderful presence of mind the lad with one hand immediately grasped his father by the hair of his head, and with the other actually tore off the octopus and whisked it into the canoe. But for this timely aid the old man must have been suffocated, as was actually the case many years ago with a man who foolishly went alone.

A native of Mangaia, well known to the writer, one morning went with a companion to dive for cuttle-fish. According to custom, he had a knife, and a small quantity of slacked lime wrapped up in a leaf of the *Dracæna terminalis*, suspended from his neck. A stout stake of ironwood was in his hand. On reaching the bottom he saw in a crevice of the coral the eyes of a large octopus glaring upon him, but ere he could attack it a discharge of sepia hid the sea-monster from sight. Unluckily for him, *both* his hands grasped the stake. To his

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horror, he suddenly felt the octopus running up his back and firmly clasping his arms. Being a very powerful man, he struggled hard to release himself, but to no purpose whatever. To add to his terror, one of the tentacula had got across his open eye, so that he had but one (the left) for use. Almost bereft of his senses, he quietly remained where he was, hoping that his companion would descend to his assistance. At length his friend, wearied with waiting, expressed a little cocoa-nut oil on the surface of the sea, and then peering down, perceived the peril the fisherman was in. Diving to the bottom, he put his left hand behind his back, and firmly grasping his knife in his right hand, quickly severed the tentacula which pinioned the poor man. The octopus, however, not relishing this treatment, made off. Both natives now rose to the surface, and got ashore. The original diver was much exhausted, blood oozing from his eyes and ears. He had drunk large quantities of sea-water. His nervous system received a shock from which it never recovered. The sight of the right eye was destroyed. A few months afterwards he died. The offending cuttle-fish did not exceed six or seven feet in length.

In a neighbouring island, the shallow waters of the reef are enclosed with stone fences, like meadows in the north of England. Openings are made, where, at low tide, fishermen, with large scoop nets, catch the imprisoned fish when endeavouring to escape. Occasionally the grated nut of the noble Barringtonia tree is plentifully scattered over the enclosed waters as fish poison, without, however, affecting the value of the fish as food. The smaller fish speedily float on the surface dead; the larger and more vigorous fish are only partially stupefied by the poison. The delight of the natives (in which I have often shared) is to chase these larger fish, and strike them with a piece of stout hoop iron. On the day of an "ora," or "fish-poisoning," Captain ——, attracted

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by the sight of hundreds of men, women, and children enjoying the sport, put on a pair of immense sea-boots, and strode into the midst of the merry throng; but passing too close to a hollow in the coral, to his astonishment, both his legs were suddenly embraced by a large octopus. My friend could not move an inch. The grasp of the poulpe tightened. Alarmed now for his safety, he shouted lustily for help. Friendly natives soon released him from this awkward predicament by cutting off the tentacula which made him captive. The fish-poison referred to does not sensibly affect the octopus.

The full-grown fish was anciently regarded as a divinity in several of the South Sea Islands. At Rarotonga, the cuttle-fish was the special deity of the reigning Makea family down to the subversion of idolatry. The superstition gained support from a remarkable circumstance connected with a pool of water near the usual landing-place, where passing vessels fill their empty casks. Although usually clear as crystal, at certain phases of the moon it becomes so inky that no one can use it. This is doubtless owing to the presence of cuttle-fish, which go there to spawn.

At the Penrhyn Islands it was worshipped down to the reception of Christianity in 1856. When advised by our native evangelists to eat this fish, the heathen said, "We shall surely die if we injure our god." "Try this once," said the teachers, proffering at the same time a cooked octopus which had been caught by themselves. After much persuasion, one or two of them tremblingly ventured to imitate the example of their spiritual instructors, and just tasted a mouthful. The heathen bystanders felt sure that their impious fellow-countrymen would suddenly swell to an enormous size and burst. After waiting a long time, and finding that no evil consequences followed, they all loudly condemned their own folly in former years, and partaking of the food so entirely new to their palate, pronounced it excellent!

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A number of people on Mangaia go by the name of "the octopus family;" because their grandfather when diving for octopus was drowned by that animal.

Five men one day went diving for cuttle-fish. A number of small ones had been obtained, when Oiri, one of the divers, caught sight of an immense fellow hiding in a hole at the bottom. Although he repeatedly dived he failed to secure the prize. Eventually, however, one of his companions stabbed the cuttle-fish with a long pointed stake. On its being put into the canoe, Oiri remarked, "We will feast on this big fellow when our work is done." This was satisfactory to all parties. They went on diving, and caught a great many more, but none comparable to the large one. The sun was now low in the horizon, so the fishermen went ashore to divide the spoil, and expected to feast upon the *eke tapairu*.[1] But the wily Oiri had changed his mind, and said that as he first saw the fish it was his, and he wanted to present it as tribute to his chief. His companions sullenly acquiesced. The smaller cuttle-fish were divided out, and Oiri marched off in triumph.

But his triumph was short; for the discontented fishermen remembered that if Oiri first sighted and dived for the great cuttle-fish, it was Viringa's strong hand that killed it. They resolved on revenge. One of the divers, named Atoro, soon after paid Oiri a visit, and earnestly invited him to come over to his part of the island to live awhile with his old friends the cuttle-fish divers. So pressing was Atoro, and so seemingly kind, that Oiri unwisely consented to accompany him that same evening. It was dusk when they set out. The suspicions of Oiri were aroused by their meeting on the way a number of armed men, all friends of Atoro, cooking taro.[2]

[1] The cuttle-fish was not worshipped on Mangaia.

[2] Warriors on a killing expedition ate with their weapons in their hands in the open air.

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To allay his fears Atoro gave him his wooden sword to carry. Onward gloomily trudged Oiri, pathetically chanting an old song about brother fighting brother on a celebrated battle-field. Ere the song was concluded, Atoro snatched the wooden sword out of his hand, and with it despatched his victim. Not long afterwards the Gospel of peace was brought to Mangaia, and this same cruel Atoro became one of the early converts.

VI.—TURTLE IN TORRES STRAITS.

WE happened to be in the Straits in the pairing season, in October and November, when turtle are most easily captured. Not a day passed without our seeing single turtle asleep, idly drifting with the current. At other times pairs floated past, amorously clattering the edges of their shells against each other. Four species are common in Torres Straits:

1. The Green Turtle (*Chelonia viridis*), the delight of gourmands, often weighing three hundred and fifty pounds. On several islands we saw the backs of these enormous reptiles deposited on elevated stages as votive offerings to the gods.

2. The Hawksbill Turtle (*Caretta imbricata*), so called from the shape of its mouth, weighing sometimes two hundred and fifty pounds. This species furnishes the tortoise-shell of commerce. As much as four pounds of tortoise-shell may be obtained from a full-grown specimen. The flesh is eaten by the Straits islanders, and by the whites engaged in shelling.

3. The Loggerhead Turtle (*Caouana caretta*), which in these waters is nearly the size of the Hawksbill, and is much prized by the natives for eating.

4. The Mud Turtle, which never weighs more than fifty or sixty pounds, and generally much less. This species is

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particularly plentiful at Tauan, and all along the muddy south-western coast of New Guinea.

Turtle are very quick-sighted, diving to the bottom at the first intimation of danger. In many islands of the South Seas they are caught only by the hook. The two principal ways adopted by the Straits natives are remarkable. As soon as a sleeping turtle is seen they stealthily paddle close to it, when one of their number, with a rope tied under his armpits, leaps upon the back of the unconscious victim. Of course the man goes down to the bottom with the reptile, but immediately twists the fore-flappers over the back, and holds fast by them. The man and the turtle are then hauled up into the canoe.

Another mode of turtling is to call in the aid of the *Echeneis remora*, or sucking-fish, which is about three feet in length, and is easily caught by a line. When caught the Straits Islanders pierce the tail, in order to insert a strong cord, which is also wound round it for the sake of security. Several captive sucking-fishes are kept swimming after the canoe until a turtle is seen, when three or four of them are thrown as near the sleeper as possible. These sucking-fishes at once attach themselves to the turtle, which awakes to find itself a prisoner. The cords are now cautiously hauled in, bringing the sucking-fish and the turtle. This ingenious device is used only with the smaller turtle. Sucking-fishes are sometimes kept two or three days in a lagoon, or in a boat half-filled with sea-water, until turtle are seen.

Occasionally turtle are speared. The Hawksbill is usually taken at night when depositing its eggs in the sand. The Straits Islandersand the natives of New Guinea go turtling in the months of October and November on the innumerable islets and sand-banks frequented by the female at this season in order to lay her eggs. The reptile scoops a large hole in the sand and lays a vast number of eggs, amounting some-

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times to one hundred and fifty or even two hundred eggs. The turtle having carefully covered them with sand, returns to the sea and troubles herself no more about them. In about three weeks the eggs are hatched by the hot sun. At first the young turtle feed on tender grass or succulent plants. When about two inches in length, by an unerring instinct they betake themselves to the sea, and are quite able to provide for their own wants. It is said that the larger turtle often devour the smaller ones.

Throughout the Pacific the turtle was a sacred animal, regarded as belonging to the gods, but eaten by the high chiefs and priests as their representatives. In Torres Straits are numerous turtle-giving gods, whose assistance is invoked, and to whom offerings are made. These gods are merely round painted stones.

In seasons of great drought the Straits Islanders pour a little of the precious water upon the "rain-giving gods" (stones), whilst incantations are being offered. Live turtle are frequently buried close to the idol, the flappers securely tied to prevent escape, and the head only above ground. Our interpreter, Joe, once stole two fine turtle that had been presented to the rain-god. The enraged heathen dared not attack him in the well-protected shelling station. They predicted his speedy death; but when they found that he did not die, they became afraid of him, and said that he was possessed by an evil spirit.

VII.—PEARL FISHING.

SOME six or seven years ago a new and practically inexhaustible source of wealth was opened up to the Australians in the establishment of pearl fisheries in Torres Straits, and

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on the north-western coast near Cape Headland. The golden-tipped variety (*avicula*) has completely thrown into the shade the dark-edged pearl oyster (*margarifera*, Linn.) of the Pacific. The beautiful *avicula* is found on muddy sand-banks all along the Great Barrier Reef, but is most plentiful in Torres Straits, where, after the "fish" has been removed, the shell usually weighs from five to six pounds. In the north-western fishery, shells weighing from ten to twelve pounds have been obtained, but ordinarily 710 Torres Straits shells go to a ton; of the north-west shell 1,000 go to a ton.

The golden-tipped *avicula* is usually found in passages between islands (not on coral reefs), in mud and sands. It usually lies concealed in what divers call "grass"—*i.e.*, a sort of seaweed not unlike grass in appearance. This explains the circumstance that divers sometimes go down and come up without obtaining a shell, where shell is afterwards found in abundance. Divers do not, properly speaking, see, but feel for it with their hands.

In the north-west the pearl oyster is obtained in shallow water, from ten to twelve feet deep; the shell itself is usually inferior to that found in the Straits, being often completely riddled by a parasitic mollusk. This foe actually bores right through the fish, of course killing it. In 1871 about 180 tons of shell were obtained on the north-west coast of Australia, by twelve vessels of from twenty-five to thirty tons, sailing from Freemantle and Melbourne. Divers are obtained from the Coromandel coast and from Java. With these foreign divers, who through fear of hostile aboriginals never go ashore, are associated numbers of friendly Australian blacks, who are apt to desert when tired of this laborious employment. In the beginning of 1873, the Malay divers on board the schooner *Waterlily* took the vessel, after murdering all the whites on board except the captain, who jumped overboard and escaped in the dingey, which luckily was towing astern.

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Ten vessels, some of them over a hundred tons, are engaged in the Torres Straits pearl fishery, sailing mostly from Sydney. In 1871 about 200 tons of shell were obtained. As each ton is worth in London nearly £300, ten times the value of a ton of the dark-edged, it is easy to get some idea of the enormous value of the pearl fisheries of Australia. Of this total about sixty tons were obtained from a narrow strait, two miles wide, known as Mooa Pass. This famous shelling-ground seems to be exhausted for the present, for we twice saw a professional white diver, with his apparatus, come up, after several hours spent under water, with but one shell; yet such is the reproductive power of nature, that in six or seven years these oyster-beds will be perfectly restored. An old store-vessel which had lain at anchor for two years in Mooa Pass, was one day beached on a sandbank to be cleaned. It was curious to see the bottom everywhere covered with young pearl oysters one-third grown.

New beds of pearl oysters are discovered from time to time. Some are known to exist on the shallow south-western coast of New Guinea; but the numerous alligators there prevent diving.

In Torres Straits the ordinary depth from which divers bring up shell is from twenty-seven to thirty feet. As a mere diving feat, just to touch the bottom, men have dived in these warm waters to the great depth of fifty-four feet. The oyster-beds of deeper water await the diving apparatus. Dredging has hitherto been employed without success in North-west Australia and in the Straits, owing to the destruction of the nets by dragging on the coral.

The greatest bit of good fortune recently met with fell to the lot of the master of the *Peveril*, who unwittingly came upon a rich bed of pearl oysters. Another little craft in search of shell actually dropped anchor a little distance from his rival in the very middle of the bed, but without a suspi-

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cion of the fact. The new-comer imagined that the master of the *Peveril* was in search of minerals. As soon as the little craft was out of sight, two boats with eighteen divers were set to work. It is said that seven hundred shells *per diem* rewarded their industry.

Sad accidents sometimes occur to these divers. We saw one, utterly helpless, kindly kept at the shelling-station as a pensioner upon the bounty of the firm by which he had been employed. A shark had divided the tendon of the thigh with its teeth, the limb having been literally pulled out of the monster's mouth by his companions. Another showed us the mark of shark's teeth on his head. He firmly believes that his head was in the mouth of a shark when the foe was attacked by his fellow-divers and compelled to forego its intended repast.

No artificial help is used by these expert divers. The men employed in Torres Straits are Polynesians; among them is a nephew of King Thakombau. Many of these divers were lawfully engaged, and received £18 per annum and rations; but it was openly said to us that others of them were kidnapped for the most part from islands where there are no missionaries. Such divers are very inadequately recompensed. Some of these Polynesians had been away from their homes seven years! The original contract was that they should work on the Queensland sugar plantations for two years, some signing for three. These men were subsequently transferred to the pearl fishery, the natives acquiescing, in the hope of being eventually restored to their own homes. Let us hope that the new imperial act will be faithfully carried out, and an end put to this virtual slavery.

The Straits natives are successfully employed in diving, but they greatly tax the patience and tact of their employers. They do not possess the same physical energy

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as the Polynesians. Women make excellent divers; there have been a few instances in which women have been kidnapped and compelled to dive.

Young Tut women make capital divers. One of them, just before my visit to New Guinea, was bitten in the thigh to the bone, yet without its being severed. Her companions assailed the shark, who, however, succeeded in getting a second bite of the same leg. She was rescued; leaves were applied to the ghastly wounds, and by careful treatment she eventually recovered. Of course she cannot walk, but, strangely enough, she can dive for shell.

The best pearls are obtained in the north-west fishery. In Shark's Bay the shell is too small to be worth the trouble of collecting for its own sake. The fishery is carried on for the pearls, but no pearl which has hitherto been obtained on the shores of Australia approximates in value to a few from the lagoons of the Pacific which adorn some of the crowned heads of Europe.

Naturally enough the Queenslanders feel jealous at seeing Sydney merchants gathering the riches concealed in their own waters. In view of this and other things, the frontiers have been pushed sixty miles beyond the mainland. A few weeks previous to our visit, the Marquis of Normanby, Governor of Queensland, had inspected the pearl fisheries of Torres Straits, going even in one of the shelling-boats to see the diving.

The sorting of these beautiful pearl shells into seven or eight classes is a separate trade, carried on in London.

Curious coral growths are often found on the *avicula*, occasionally goblets of great beauty. I have seen a remarkable one, consisting of a series of tiny coral cups adorning the rim of one large goblet.

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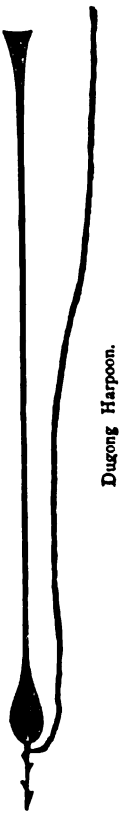
VIII.—THE DUGONG.

THE dugong (*Halicore Australis*) attains the length of ten feet. It has a mouth like a horse, a head like a pig, and a body like a porpoise. It is of a reddish-brown colour, lighter than the porpoise. Its hide is very thick, so that the harpoon used by whalers would be ineffective. A very sharp jagged iron bolt, five inches long, is used by the natives of the south-western part of New Guinea and by the Torres Straits Islanders in spearing the dugong. The long spear-shaft (fifteen feet) ends in a round heavy knob, for the purpose of carrying the deadly weapon home. In this knob the iron bolt is loosely inserted.



Dugong Harpoon.

Two large incisor teeth, or tusks, project downwards from the upper jaw four or five inches. The tusks and ribs (each rib weighs half a pound) yield ivory, now for the first time coming into use. Unsuccessful pearl-shellers collect dugong ivory from the natives and dispose of it at Sydney at the rate of £25 per ton.

Like other cetaceans, the dugong is a warm-blooded animal, and suckles its young. It is most frequently seen in the rainy season, when it brings forth its young. It inhabits the northern coast of Australia, frequents the whole of the "inner route," and is very plentiful in Torres Straits, particularly at Warrior Island, Jervis Island, and Saibai. When we were off Bampton Island, close to the mainland of New Guinea, the sea seemed alive with dugong. For several hours a herd of forty or fifty sported round our yacht, exhibiting their strange-looking heads for a second, in order to breathe, and then diving again.

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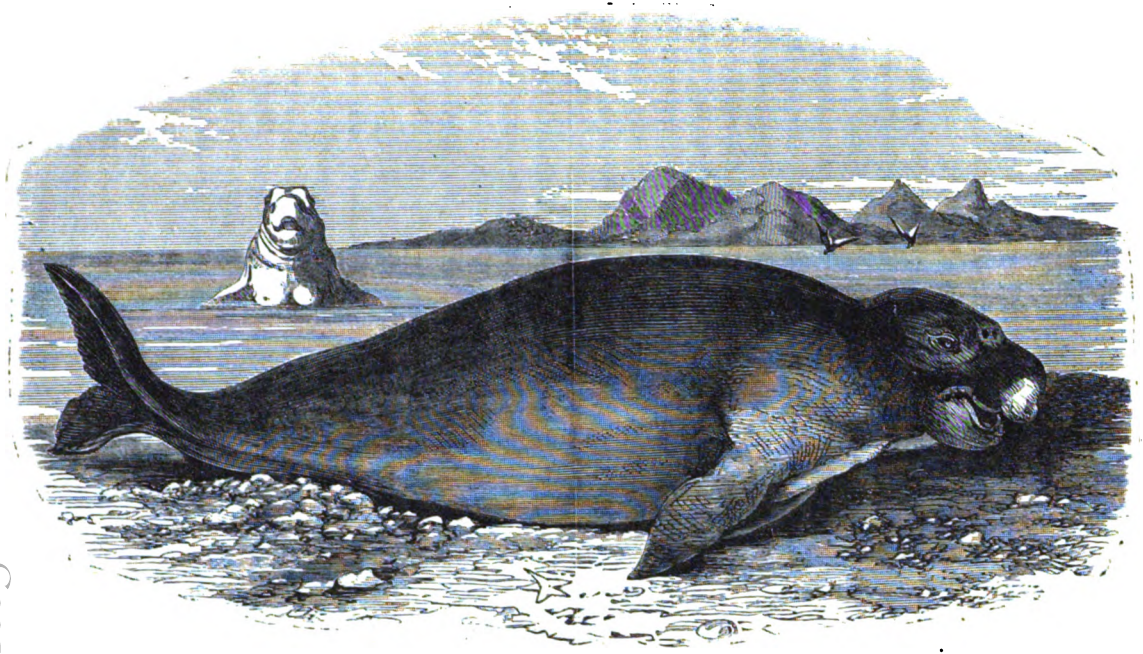

THE DUGONG.

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At Wide Bay there is a successful English dugong fishery, the more valuable parts being cured for sale. The flesh is excellent eating, when fresh tasting like beef or veal; when cured, like bacon. Dugong and turtle constitute the *summum bonum* of a Torres Straits Islander's existence. Their principal deities are those which are supposed to give these blessings.

From the blubber on the belly and the fatty parts of the inside a valuable medicinal oil is obtained—said to be equal to the finest cod-liver oil. From four to five gallons, perfectly transparent and free from any disagreeable smell, are yielded by a single dugong.

The fleshy part of the back is so tough that the natives pound it well with stones in order to make it eatable.

The grass-like sea-weed on which the dugong feeds is slender, articulated, branchless, and of a pale green colour, growing freely in shallow water. The excessive fondness of the dugong for this food renders it entirely oblivious of danger.

The dugong is caught at the new and the full of the moon, because the high tides then cover the reefs. At other times the water is too shallow for the creature to pass over. Natives go in the daytime to see where—hog-like—the dugong has been rooting and grubbing. At night-fall they give it chase, and rarely does a canoe return without one or two.

Dugong are obtained in the following manner:—Cross-sticks are set up on sand-banks, where the water is not more than eight or nine feet at high tide, amid beds of their favourite food. The spearman stations himself upon a plank laid on the cross-sticks, quietly awaiting the dugong. A line of some forty or fifty fathoms is attached to the spear-head, one end being secured to the cross-sticks. At length the herd arrives. The instant the spearman succeeds in striking one in the head—the only vulnerable part—he leaps down upon the animal, with one hand holding on to the line, and with

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the other hurling the spear-shaft back to his friends. A canoe in waiting follows to throw a rope to the adventurous spearman for him to slip round the head or tail, as may be most convenient. The struggle is soon over, and the prize towed ashore. A second wound is never required. It is remarkable that so large an animal should be so easily killed.

In passing through a grove of palms on the Island of Tauan, I came upon a dugong-giving god. It was simply a large, perfectly round stone, painted red. A white streak encircled it. Some sacred stones have two white streaks intersecting each other. The stone itself is intended to symbolise the dugong; the bands or streaks, the ropes which will, it is hoped, make it a prisoner. The head-man who has resolved on a dugong-hunt presents an offering of fish and cocoa-nut. In approaching the stone he mimics the paddling of a canoe. On getting tolerably near, he rushes at the stone and firmly grasps it in his arms, all the while uttering a prayer for success. The firmer the grip of the worshipper, the surer will be his success. As these stones are often of considerable weight, they occasionally slip down—an evil omen in the estimation of the dugong-hunter.

On Warrior Island stood, until lately, a stately banyan-tree, completely ornamented with dugong bones, the supposed shrine of a spirit possessing the power of giving or withholding success in dugong-hunting. Under a remarkable tree of the same kind on Jervis Island dugong-feasting still goes on, the bones being piled up round the trunk.

In some of the Straits Islands, when a dugong is caught, the skulls of parents and other relatives are brought out, talked to, wept over, and presented with a portion. When this worship is concluded, feasting begins, followed by dancing. They believe that the spirits of their deceased friends aid them in chasing dugong, turtle, etc. Hence the importance of securing their goodwill.

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IX.—SHARK-CATCHING AT AITUTAKI.

THE lovely island of Aitutaki[1] seen far off is not unlike a haystack rising out of the ocean. On nearer inspection the seeming haystack proves to be the central fern-clad mountain called "Maungapu." A number of fairy-like islets surround the main island. These islets, but a few feet above the level of the sea, are mere accumulations of sand, shells, and broken coral on upraised portions of a reef built by myriads of unseen workers. But for this natural breakwater the soil and inhabitants of Aitutaki proper would long since have been swept away by the terrific cyclones which too often desolate the Hervey Group.

Aitutaki itself is eight miles long and two and a half broad. It is everywhere fertile, being in fact a tropical garden of no ordinary beauty. It sustains a population of 1550 souls, self-governed, intelligent, and hospitable. The births are far in excess of the deaths. The outlying islets, which are covered with cocoa palms, are invaluable to the natives as fishing stations. Certain delicate fish plentiful here are unknown to the other islands of the group. Underneath these islets are numerous submarine caverns in which sharks live and breed.

Natives distinguish these formidable fish, the terror of tropical seas, into the comparatively tame (*mamaru*) and the ferocious (*parata*). The latter (*Squalus carcharias*) is the large white sort, which spares nothing, and under various names was universally worshipped in the Pacific. The mouth is of a tremendous size, indicative of its savage nature. It sometimes attains the length of thirty feet, and invariably disdains the shallow waters of the lagoons.

The lagoon shark is usually about six feet in length. The

[1] Aitu-taki = God-led.

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head, back, and tail are of a dingy colour; the belly and inside of the fins white. Its mouth is comparatively small. A grand feast at Aitutaki is considered incomplete without a supply of these lagoon sharks. The flesh, which is esteemed a delicacy, is invariably eaten cooked in the Hervey Group. At Tahiti and Samoa it is devoured raw, professedly in revenge.

The Aitutakian method of catching the lagoon shark is remarkable. Arrived over the entrance to the shark cave, the fisherman leaves his canoe to the care of his companions, and dives to the bottom, carrying with him a slipknot of strong cord. He expects to find two or three sharks at home, well satisfied and drowsy after feeding in the lagoon, with their tails towards the entrance. Selecting the largest, the diver adroitly adjusts a noose over the tail, taking care that it hangs loosely. If he has another noose, he secures a second shark. The shark-catcher now, with one bound on the white sandy bottom, rises to the surface, in order to assist his friends in hauling up the fish. The astonished sleepers beneath suddenly find themselves ascending tail first to the surface. Once inside the canoe, a smart blow from an axe between the eyes or on the tail ends their career.

Accidents sometimes happen to the bravest. One of the most successful shark-catchers at Aitutaki was Reubena, whose ancestors had excelled at this perilous sport. Long practice had made him almost amphibious. One Saturday morning he started off with two companions in a canoe across the placid lagoon to one of the more distant islets. Grasping in his left hand a noose provided for the occasion, he dived down to the entrance of a large submarine cave. On entering it, Reubena found several sharks lazily resting themselves. In a trice a slipknot was skilfully passed over the tail of the nearest shark without exciting its ire. The shark at this critical juncture moved, so that there was not room enough

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for Reubena to get out. He now gently stroked the side of the shark, and succeeded in inducing it to move away, so as to permit his exit. This operation is said to be very agreeable to the fish; but if through nervousness the shark be stroked the wrong way, its anger is sure to be excited, and the diver's life would be the certain forfeit.

Reubena was making his escape, when to his dismay another large shark came back from feeding in the lagoon, and blocked up the entrance with his unwieldy body. To get out now was impossible, for even Reubena dared not stroke the *head* of the monster. In utter darkness, the captive fisherman waited, in hope that the shark would go farther in, so as to leave the opening free. But unhappily the huge fish did not move. Reubena's agony became intense, seconds seemed to be hours. Was he doomed to perish in a shark-cave? Very earnestly did he entreat God to save him from this dreadful form of death. At last the shark passed on quietly into the interior, and a faint light streamed in upon Reubena, who was barely able to get out of the cave and rise to the surface. His associates in the canoe, who had become anxious for his safety, seized him by the hair and pulled him in, blood flowing from his ears, eyes, and nostrils.

Reubena was at once conveyed to the islet and placed in the shade. A refreshing draught of cocoa-nut water and a profound sleep restored the energies of the exhausted fisherman. That afternoon the brave Reubena again attacked the submarine shark-cave, and actually succeeded in capturing its inmates.

In the Tokelau Group the sharks which roam in their magnificent lagoons are by no means objects of fear. Even boys and women engaged in fishing easily drive them away by beating and splashing the water. At Atiu the sharks are exceedingly fierce. Several instances have recently occurred

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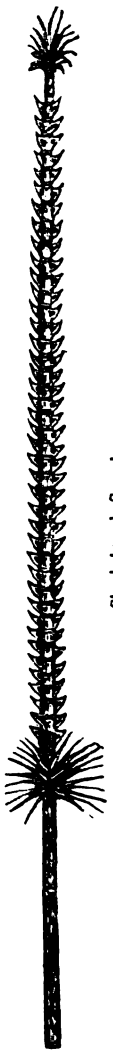
of natives being actually dragged out of their canoes by sharks and devoured. Others, when angling on the outer edge of the reef, were in sight of their companions carried off by these insidious foes concealed in the foam of the breakers.

Not long since a white man in full diving dress went down in Mooa Pass, in Torres Straits, in quest of the pearl oyster. A number of formidable sharks soon surrounded him, their eyes glaring upon the intruder. In the hope of frightening them away, he unwisely stabbed the nearest with the knife used for opening pearl oysters. Their thirst for blood was now most horrible to behold; so that the diver gave himself up for lost. He dared not ascend the ladder, lest they should seize his legs. Very wisely, therefore, he stood perfectly motionless until, providentially, they all took their departure. The diver registered a vow that day never again to interfere needlessly with sharks.



Sharks'-teeth Sword.

In Western Polynesia the ancient practice of burying the dead in the sea has made the sharks there particularly fierce.

I once got into a small canoe, to be paddled ashore at Mangaia, a distance of half a mile. We had hardly left the ship's side when a large shark that had been following the ship chased us. The natives paddled with all their might, but our foe rapidly gained upon us. Nothing could be easier for the shark than to upset our canoe and secure a victim. We therefore deemed it wisest to stop paddling, and when the fish came sufficiently near we gave him, to his intense disgust, several blows on the head with the

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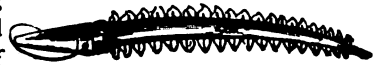
paddles. The foe retreated, and we made for shore. But the hungry monster, recovering from his fright, again chased the little canoe. Again we were compelled to pause and fight. Upon the shark's second retreat we gained the reef, and felt thankful that we were at last safe.

When a shark is caught a number of "suckers"—(*Echeneis remora*), small parasitic fish—are invariably found on its body. At night these parasites, as well as the shark, become phosphorescent. It is asserted by the natives that they leave the shark, and for a short period adhere to the body of any unfortunate swimmer. Upon returning to their huge friend the slimy phosphorescent matter left by these "suckers" unerringly guides the monster to its prey. On the other hand the phosphorescence of the shark at night is a merciful provision to give warning of its approach.

The skin of the shark furnishes the covering of the native drum, and gives polish to their spears. The pointed teeth of the shark are still used for grooving wooden mallets for beating native cloth. In some islands they are used as ear-ornaments. The broad serrated teeth were the only scissors of the olden time. For convenience they were fixed on bits of reed, but the operation of hair-cutting was very painful! An essential part of mourning for the dead was to lacerate the body with sharks' teeth.

The natives of the Gilbert Islands in fighting use swords made of hard cocoa-nut wood, sharks' teeth being securely fixed on either side. Seizing a victim by the hair, his head would be literally sawn off in a few seconds. Sometimes these deadly weapons are double-pronged, to enable the warrior holding two unfortunates by the hair, to saw off two heads at once.



Sharks'-teeth Dagger.

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X.—THE CENTIPEDE.

IT is an interesting circumstance that in the Eastern Pacific, from New Zealand on the south to the Sandwich Islands on the north, there was originally no venemous creature whatever, save the centipede[1] (*Scolopendra*). The centipede of the Pacific is not more than six inches in length. Unfortunately, a larger variety has lately been unwittingly introduced to the Leeward Islands from South America.

When young, the centipede is much slenderer and longer than when it attains maturity. It may then be called a millepede, and is perfectly harmless. The centipede lives and breeds in hollow stones, in the decaying fronds of the cocoa-nut tree, and in the old thatch of native dwellings. It loves these haunts on account of the multitudinous insects found therein. It is often seen in the tall grass, or climbing up trees in quest of food. A phosphorescent trail marks its progress. If crushed at night, a mass of phosphorescent light is emitted; hence the ancient native superstition that "Veri" (centipede) is a divinity—the incarnation worshipped by the unhappy tribe of Teipe, who were devoted to the furnishing of human sacrifices.

The bite of the centipede, although extremely painful, is never fatal to human beings. Turkeys in the tropics often swallow centipedes in mistake for worms, and invariably die a few hours afterwards. The under-jaws (or rather arms) of this formidable creature are armed with a strong claw, furnished with an orifice from which poison issues. Little children in the Pacific amuse themselves by dexterously catching the largest centipedes by the neck, and after

[1] A few years ago the scorpion was accidentally introduced to Tahiti by a vessel laden with logwood—a circumstance much to be regretted.

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retaining them for several seconds with perfect impunity, laughingly throw them away.

One sultry Sabbath afternoon, a brother-missionary at Rarotonga, when preaching, to his horror felt something cold gliding down his back and leg into his right shoe. An intolerable pain in his heel quickly followed. The agony increased, so that the service was brought to an abrupt termination. On leaving the pulpit, he found a large centipede in his stocking. A fortnight elapsed ere he was able to resume his duties.

Another friend, when preaching, was accustomed to rest both his hands on the pulpit. On one occasion a full-sized centipede made its way up the left arm, on the bare skin, across the shoulders, and finally escaped through the loose sleeve of the right arm. Conscious that something was wrong, he wisely let the creature go on its way unimpeded. He was right; for, strange to say, he was not bitten.

In general, these noxious myriapoda lie coiled up asleep by day, and go about at night in quest of insects. On more than one occasion in the evening the writer has been surprised by a centipede falling upon the sheet of paper on which he was writing. Twice when preaching a formidable centipede has fallen on the open Bible before him. Without disturbing the congregation, he raised the book so that the centipede might fall on the floor, where it was immediately crushed with the foot.

The *marae* of the centipede-god was at Vaiau, on the east of Mangaia. An ancient banyan-tree overshadowed the rocky spot, in the midst of the taro patches. Not long after the establishment of Christianity, to the dismay of the remaining heathen, on a still day this venerable tree fell with a mighty crash, symbolical of the utter fall of the ancient idolatrous worship. The huge old tree was rotten at the roots; certainly the old faith was worn out and effete. There yet

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lingers the superstition that the treasures of the almost extinct tribe of Teipe, hidden in certain caves, are guarded by centipedes of enormous proportions, which with immense convoluted folds are ever ready to destroy intruders.

XI.—THE PITCHER-WASP.

THE true vespa, which is social, is unknown in Central and Eastern Polynesia. In the Loyalty Group I first met with the *mumu*, or pitcher-wasp, which is a solitary gay insect with bright yellow bands running across its body. The head is black, the jaws and antennæ pale red, the thorax black, and there is a red spot near the head. It sticks its nest of well-kneaded clay in the queerest places; —sometimes on a tree (when it is easily mistaken for a land-shell), exposed to sun and rain; at other times on a church pillar or rafter; and not unfrequently on a door-post, or on the inner side of a cocoa-nut leaf. These nests closely resemble miniature pitchers, an inch in diameter, surmounted by a tasteful rim. The inequalities of the exterior, occasioned by the successive layers of clay, complete the resemblance.

The mother wasp deposits a single egg in this earthen pitcher, securely suspended from the neck by a silken thread. She now diligently collects caterpillars, renders them unconscious by her sting, and drops them into the cavity. When the pitcher is full, the aperture is closed with a clay lid, and the whole plastered over. As soon as the wasp-egg is hatched, it greedily devours the food provided for its use. By the time it is consumed, the larva has attained its full dimensions, and enters upon the pupa state. Emerging in utter darkness from this, the young wasp taps the walls of

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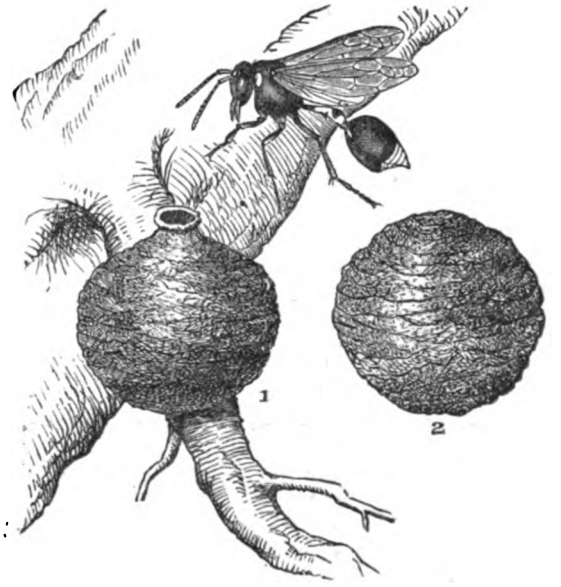
its prison in order to discover the thinnest part, which it quickly perforates, when it gladly exchanges its strange prison-house for the free light of day, able at once to provide for its own wants.

Sometimes three or four nests are built in a row close together. Still, each is the depository of only one egg. In



Wasp and Nests (natural size) *Eumenes xanthura*, of Saussure.

the replastering, intended to protect these nests from the attacks of lizards and birds, the beautiful symmetry of the original pitchers is destroyed.

A much smaller species is found in the neighbourhood of Bournemouth, on our own southern coast; the nest is very similar.

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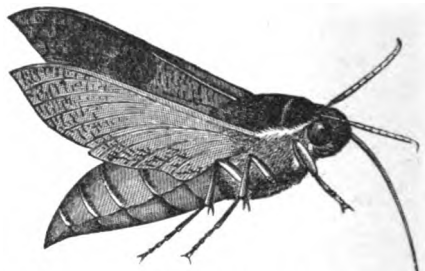
XII.—THE SPHINX MOTH.



A LARGE handsome moth, generally brown, sometimes grey, called the *iriano*, or sphinx moth (*Chærocampa erotus*, of Cramer), is common in the Hervey Islands. The head is brown above and white beneath, the eyes globose, the antennæ white, and hooked at the tip. The silky proboscis, exquisitely coiled up, sometimes attains the length of five inches. At dusk, in the warm season, these insects are very numerous, coming out of their hiding-places, and entering the dwellings of the natives, attracted by the light inside.

In ancient times a certain method of secretly wreaking vengeance upon a foe was, on a dry night, to catch two or three *irianos*, and after carefully unwinding their probosces, tie on narrow strips of stout native *tapa* (cloth) lighted at one end. This cloth only smoulders, and, like touchwood, never goes out. The affrighted moths would then be set at liberty as near as possible to the dwelling of the intended victim. The *irianos* dragging through the air these strips of smouldering *tapa* would make for the highly-combustible thatch. In a few seconds the house would be in a blaze, but the real incendiary would be at a safe distance. To render escape impossible, the doors of the house were sometimes secured with green bark when the inmates were snoring. Pandanus-leaf thatch, when half worn, is peculiarly ignitable. The excuse given for the common crime of house-burning in heathenism was revenge for the murder of some near relative.

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XIII.—MOUND-BUILDING MEGAPODE, ETC.

OF all bird-dwellings the most singular I ever saw is that of the *Megapodius* of New Guinea and the surrounding archipelago. This bird is a member of a small but deeply interesting gallinaceous family known as *Megapodinæ*, which have this peculiarity, that they never sit upon their eggs. They bury them in immense tumuli that excite the astonishment of strangers, leaving them to be hatched by the heat of the sun or by fermentation. This family of birds is found in all the islands between Australia and the Philippines in one direction, and from Borneo to New Britain in the other.

The Megapodius Tumulus.

My first acquaintance with the nest of this remarkable bird was made in New Guinea, when exploring Manumanu River in November, 1872. Whilst breakfast was preparing I strolled into the bush to collect ferns. Close to the river,

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inside a dense growth of timber, was a great mound, with a depression at the top. It was a perfect circle, evidently artificial, great quantities of leaves being mixed with loose earth; but could not have been built by human hands, as there were no traces whatever of cultivation in the neighbourhood. The mound was carefully measured, and proved to be ten feet high and sixty feet in circumference at the base. Our old native guide persisted in saying that it was built by birds. But I remained incredulous until we fell in with several similar mounds on Bampton Island, near the entrance to the Fly River. These were exactly half the size of that just described. The natives utilised them by planting them with bananas and other trees and shrubs.

We had previously seen some eggs of this bird at Mauat, on the south-western coast of New Guinea. Mauat is about two hundred and sixty miles distant from Manumanu, so that it is evident that the *Megapodius* is common throughout the island. The *Megapodius* is also found in the larger islands of Torres Straits, and of the Inner Route, as well as on the mainland as far south as Cardwell. The mounds at Cape York are large, but not equal to the one on New Guinea. It is not surprising that they were formerly regarded as tombs of native chiefs. It is probable that the larger mounds are of great age.

The *Megapodius tumulus* is about the size of a large fowl; it is often called the "Jungle fowl." Its egg is disproportionately large, being three and a half inches in length, and two inches in diameter. It is a true oval in shape, and of a brown colour. The taste is strong and musty to the European palate.

Numbers of *Megapodii* unite at the commencement of the north-west monsoon to build a new mound, or to add to the size of an old one. For this purpose they use their great feet; the natives assert that their wings are also called into

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requisition, but I cannot guarantee the fact. Sand, loose earth, sticks, leaves, and stones, furnish the materials. The eggs, which are very numerous, are hatched by the heat generated by the mass of decaying vegetable matter. The mother birds await the emergence of their young, and then lead them about like other birds. They feed on seeds, fallen fruits, and insects. They love the neighbourhood of the sea and the sandy banks of creeks. The time when they lay their eggs is the hottest part of the year, from September to March. I obtained three young birds, and numbers of eggs. My young *Megapodii* proved irreclaimably wild; and, despite constant care, lived only three weeks in confinement. Night and day, with the briefest intervals of repose, they were scratching the flooring of their cage, scattering in all directions the sand with which they were liberally supplied. Wake at what hour I might from my sleep, they were still scratching vigorously.

The magistrate at Somerset related to me the following anecdote: A native of Cape York went one day in search of the eggs of the *Megapodius*, which are much prized by the blacks. Whilst he was exploring the hidden riches of a large mound, the upper part fell in and suffocated the poor fellow. The family instituted a strict search for the missing man. After a day or two, guided by the footprints about the mound, they resolved to examine its contents. In a short time they came upon the corpse in the attitude of digging; so that it would be no exaggeration to say that this man was smothered in a bird's-nest!

The brush-turkey (*Tallegalla Lathami*), and the pheasant (*Leipoa ocellata*), both seen by us, are also mound-builders. They abound in New Guinea, as well as in Northern Australia. The eggs of the brush-turkey are somewhat larger (three and three-quarter inches long, and two and three-eighths inches in diameter) than those of the *Megapodius*

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tumulus, of a pure white colour, and delicious in taste. The habits of these three birds are similar. They are most appropriately called *Megapodinæ*, or Great-footed Birds, on account of the size and wonderful strength of their feet.

XIV.—THE MAMMALIA OF THE PACIFIC.

1. *The rat.*—It is commonly supposed in this country that in the Pacific region mammals (except a few bats) are altogether absent.

This statement agrees neither with the traditions of the islanders themselves, nor with the testimony of the early voyagers. Referring to the Sandwich Islands, Captain Cook says;—"The quadrupeds in these, as in all the other islands that have been discovered in the South Sea, are confined to three sorts—dogs, hogs, and rats" (*Voyages*, vol. vii., p. 106). The rat alone is universal; it is about half the size of the Norway rat. In many of the islands the indigenous breed has been exterminated by the imported rat. In 1852 a solitary male Norway rat got ashore at Mangaia from the wreck of an American whaler. It made war upon the native rat, so that one of the bedrooms of the mission-house became uninhabitable. On removing the flooring, about thirty dead native rats were found. We caught the offender in a trap.

In some of the islands of the South Pacific it was usual to defend growing cocoa-nuts from the depredations of the native rat by making a sort of screen cleverly secured all round the tree, close to the fronds, at a great height from the ground. When extracting a child's tooth it was customary to offer a prayer, in which the gods were asked to give a *rat's* tooth (*nio kiore*) in its place, *i. e.*, a strong tooth.

Most of the Pacific Islands were, like Mangaia, literally overrun with these rats. There can be no mistake as to this

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small rat being indigenous. At Mangaia they were mythically regarded as the progeny of Echo, the ironical goddess "who talks out of the rocks." The rat figures again and again in their ancient songs and myths.

Two methods of rat-catching were successfully practised in the olden time. One was to make a circle of loops of cinet with slip-nooses, the enclosed space being covered with candle-nuts (*Aleurites triloba*). Rats were thus easily strangled. Another plan was to dig a large bottle-shaped hole in the earth, two narrow pathways being made, to permit the rats to descend to feast on the candle-nuts at the bottom. When this hole was pretty well filled with rats, two men would go down with knobbed sticks to kill the rats.

One morning, some lads climbing up some high rocks dislodged a large stone, and so exposed a mummy cave. The mummy was in admirable preservation, but there was a hole in his side, out of which some little rats were peeping. A rat-nest had been made where the heart had been!

The proverb, "Sweet as a rat," survives in Mangaia to this day, although the adults of this generation have given up the disgusting practice of rat-eating. The Rarotongans revile the natives of Mangaia as the rat-eating Mangaians. I recollect, in 1852, being several times asked, "Will Jehovah be angry with us if we eat rats?" "Why," I asked, in astonishment, "do you ask this?" "Because we have been reading in Leviticus that rat-eating is forbidden," was the reply. Boys to this day set fire to the mountain fern, so that the rats rushing out of the fern, half blinded with fire and smoke, are easily killed with long sticks. This is done when the sea is so rough that they cannot catch fish. These rats feed exclusively upon cocoa-nuts, bananas, arrow-root, candle-nuts, and papao apples.

2. *The hog.*—Of the seven islands constituting the Hervey

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Group, Mangaia and Aitutaki were the only ones without a native breed of pigs. The first were landed in 1823 by the martyr Williams. The original pig of Polynesia is now extinct. It was a lanky, long-legged creature, not unlike the *Sus Papuensis* I saw everywhere in New Guinea. To Captain Cook and the missionaries belong the honour of introducing an improved breed amongst numerous islands of the Pacific. The hog was indigenous to the Sandwich Islands, Tahiti, and to the Friendly Islands. Captain Cook found the hog on Tanna, one of the Southern Hebrides. Nearly three centuries ago Quiros saw pigs on Espiritu Santo, the northernmost island of the same group.

3. *The dog.*—The dog was indigenous to Tahiti, Samoa, Sandwich Islands, and New Zealand. Captain Cook describes them as "having short, crooked legs, long backs, and pricked ears. They are in general fed or left to herd with the hogs; and I do not recollect one instance in which a dog was made a companion. Indeed, the custom of eating them is an inseparable barrier to their admission into society" (*Voyages*, vol. vii., p. 106). Again, speaking of Tahiti, Captain Cook says (vol. i., p. 145): "The dogs which are here bred to be eaten taste no animal food, but are kept wholly upon breadfruits, cocoa-nuts, yams, and other vegetables of the like kind." The native name (*uri*) supports this view.

The dog was unknown in the Hervey Group until one was obtained from the *Resolution*, in 1777, in exchange for a hog. The natives were wonderfully delighted with it. It is a curious circumstance that no really good dog will live in the Hervey Group. The islands are now overrun with curs.

Dogs were introduced to Aitutaki from Atiu. The natives speedily discovered in the hair a number of *fleas*,—vermin never before seen in these islands. They found it to be a

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very difficult task to catch them, as they had a trick of dodging about and hiding in a marvellous manner. The "wise men" sagely pronounced these fleas to be the spirits of defunct white men from whom the dog was derived. Of course, spirits ever elude the grasp of mortals! To this day the only name the natives have for fleas is "dog-lice" (*kutu kuri*).

4. *The bat.*—The last island in the Pacific to the eastward where the bat is found is Mangaia. No other island in the Hervey Group has this mammal. They are very common on Samoa and on Savage Island. What is the law of their distribution?

On measuring one I found it to be thirteen and three-quarter inches from wing to wing; the body was three and a quarter inches in length. It is very interesting sometimes, in the morning, to see hundreds of these creatures clinging to one another, suspended like a vast rope, from the strong branch of a tree, overhanging the perpendicular cliffs of the interior of the island. Their smell is unendurable. At Samoa they were venerated as gods (*aitu*). At Savage Island and at Mangaia they are regarded by the natives as a great delicacy. I once saw a very fine one cooked, and was invited to partake of it, but I declined with thanks. They abound in the numerous limestone caverns of Nieue and Mangaia, and feed upon ripe fruits. They are easily caught at sunrise, when they are in a semi-torpid state.

The landing of the first horse on Lifu.—I shall never forget the landing of the first horse on the island of Lifu in 1862. We cast anchor in Wide Bay, on a Saturday afternoon, as near shore as was prudent. The horse had been brought from Sydney, and had been on board about a fortnight. The creature, blindfolded, was lowered into the water, where a

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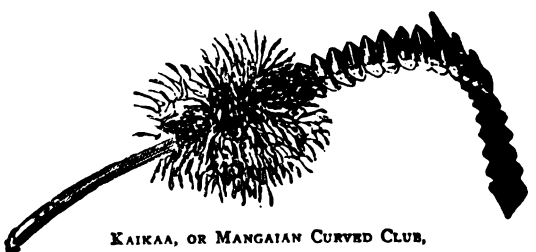
boat was waiting to assist the landing. The horse swam vigorously, its head being kept above water by the halter, which was in the hands of the mate. As soon as its feet touched the ground, the covering of the head was removed, and the horse ran joyfully to shore. In another moment the mate, sailor-like, vaulted on its bare back, and raced up and down the beach. Only two or three native men were about, the body of the people being in the interior getting food for the Sabbath. In a short time a string of women came in from the bush, each laden with a large basket of food. Terrified at the sight of the huge animal—for they had previously seen nothing larger than a hog—they threw down their burdens, and, cat-like, ran up the nearest trees for safety, trembling all over lest the strange quadruped with a long neck should pick them off their perches and devour them! Finding at length that no harm befell them, they cautiously descended to the ground to collect the food which lay scattered in all directions. Whilst thus engaged, our mate dismounted. The poor creatures opened wide their eyes and mouths in astonishment, for until that moment they imagined horse and man to be one! It was just like the old story, so well related by Prescott, of the Mexicans' first sight of the Spanish cavalry, with this difference: ours was a message of peace, theirs of bloodshed.



KAIKAA, OR MANGAIAN CURVED CLUB,
Ornamented with feathers, in shape like the Australian boomerang.

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VIII.

Miscellanea.

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WORSHIP OF THE DUGONG-GIVING GOD AT TAUAN, NEW GUINEA.—(*See Page* 394).

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CHAPTER VIII.

MISCELLANEA.

Saved from Sacrifice. — One day, a few months before I left Mangaia, our aged chapel-keeper came to me and said, "Missionary, I am getting old and feeble. I cannot expect to live much longer. Would you allow me to say a few words to the young people respecting myself? Do you know that but for the Word of God I should have been slain long ago? I was marked for a sacrifice to the gods. About thirty years ago I spoke on this subject in public; but a new generation has sprung up entirely ignorant of the hard service in which their heathen ancestors were bound to Satan."

I was much pleased at the unexpected proposition of the good old chapel-keeper. It was accordingly arranged that one Lord's day morning, as soon as the Sabbath-schools and all the adult population had assembled for service, I would call upon my aged friend to say what he wished. The older members of the church at once guessed the reason of his standing up; to the young folks it was a great surprise. The most perfect silence prevailed, and not a few tears were dropped, whilst Makimou spoke as follows:—

"I was born in the reign of Potiki. At birth I was con-

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secrated to the gods Tangiia and Utakea,[1] whose worshippers, from time immemorial, furnished human sacrifices. I lived in peace, and grew to manhood, during the supremacy of Potiki. But when Marokore succeeded, for the first time I learnt that the leading men had resolved to slay me, and offer me in sacrifice to Rongo, so that the drum of peace might be beaten, and order re-established in the name of the gods. But, happily for me, my sister Tanga had married a man of consequence, and she persuaded him to save my life. Henceforth I lived under the constant protection of my sister and her husband. They hid me so effectually that I lived on through those perilous days. But one morning, in my hiding-place, I heard the trampling of feet, and wild shouts of triumph at no great distance. The warriors had succeeded in slaying Ngutukū by broad daylight, when asleep at his post as guardian of the cave of Tautua. The children of the slain followed the corpse weeping. The song of the warriors, as they exultingly bore on to the altar the body of their victim was :—

'Ngutukū te tuku, e te matakeinanga ;
O taua teve mangeo ua ra !
Tena te tamaki, e tiki ia Kū tei roto i te rua.
Kua motu i te rauaika. Nana ïa ka ora.
E tiki e ta i te rua o Tongaiti.
Vaarire te ika i te kapua e tangi ra.

'Kua maranga o Vaarire i te kapua !
E uru tupu ariki, e ika na Rongo !
E apai e takitaki aere.'

'Ngutukū is doomed to perish, friends ;—
He who is as dangerous as the deadly *teve*.
Let us attack the guardian of the cave.
His hour has come. He vainly dreams of safety.
Up, attack the stronghold of the Tongan clan.
Vaarire[2] is the offering[3] for the altar,—the price of peace.

[1] Both now in the London Missionary Society's Museum. The *marae* is desecrated by being well planted with arrowroot.

[2] Vaarire was the original name of Ngutukū.

[3] Literally, fish.

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'Ah! Vaarire is borne to the altar!
Dance in triumph before this offering to Rongo.
Lift it on high, bear it carefully on.'

"That song of triumph might have been for me." (The old man went through the scrap of song again with striking effect, everywhere substituting his own name for Ngutukū.) "The body of their victim was borne, yet warm, to the *marae* at Keia. After rotting there several days, it was removed in the sacred net to the *marae* of Rongo by the sea. There the ears of Ngutukū were cut off, and divided out to all the chiefs in order, in token of office, in the name of the gods. The drum of peace sounded round the island, and Makimou lived.[1]

"But Marokore's reign was brief. He fell in battle, and the chieftainship devolved upon his conqueror Koroa. Another victim was required for Rongo. I was again selected for sacrifice. But I was again saved—by Paa, who had married Tanga; her former husband, being defeated in battle, had lost his lands and his wife. Many were the efforts made to induce Paa to give me up for sacrifice; but he was deaf to all that Koroa" (Koroa's grandson, the native pastor of this church, sat by the side of the speaker) "and his friends could say, and I lived on, though for a time a close prisoner in the house of my brother-in-law.

"A child was born to Paa by my sister about that time. You all knew my niece who died but a few months ago" (a consistent church-member), "I named her Pangerua, 'Twice-marked-for-sacrifice.'

"Whilst Koroa was vainly endeavouring to secure my poor body for sacrifice, so that his peace-drum might sound, war again broke out, and he was defeated at the battle of Rangiura. The supreme chieftainship now fell to Makitaka, who, like the rest, was persuaded that no offering to Rongo could be

[1] See *Myths and Songs from the South Pacific*, p. 289.

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so acceptable as Makimou. This new chief was a great personal friend of Paa. He asked Paa to insure the prosperity of his rule by giving up 'this bit of dirt'" (*tikipa one:* here the old man most affectingly beat his breast). "But Paa refused 'to put his wife in mourning,' by giving up her brother to death. Finding my protector inexorable, Makitaka's sons slew a young woman named Taike, and presented her body to Rongo. The peace-drum was beaten round the island, and Makimou lived on.

"But then there came the memorable famine which carried off so many of the inhabitants of the island. During all that sad time I was guarded and fed by my sister and her husband.

"At length it was declared by the priests that the gods willed the chieftainship to be devolved upon Pangemiro, so that the food might again grow plentifully. A victim streaming with blood must of course be offered to ratify the change. I was to be that victim; but again Paa interposed to save my life. I was wearied almost to death by the continual expectation that, after all, my brother-in-law's patience would wear out, and I should be given up. In the bitterness of my spirit, I said to Paa, 'Let me die. Cease to care about such a worthless creature as I am. I must eventually be sacrificed. Why not now?' But my protector was firm, and I still lived on. After a little while Rakoia delivered up his uncle to death for the god Rongo. Peace succeeded. I said, 'I shall live a little while longer.'

"Many were my days of peace now. The cocoa-nut palms planted to commemorate Pangemiro's elevation to the temporal sovereignty grew tall and bore fruit" (seven years passed). "I dared occasionally to walk about the island, protected by a friend belonging to the victorious tribe. Till then I never ventured to move away from our dwelling to any considerable distance. At last the charm of peace was broken, and fighting recommenced. After the battle of Araeva, it

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was agreed that Pangemiro should again be supreme chief. A new victim was required. Again I was selected, and again Paa saved me. One morning two leading men came to deceive me by a promise of land and perfect safety, if I would go with them. I declined their offer, knowing that as soon as I had passed beyond the limits of our well-defended encampment I should be slain. And thus it came to pass that Reonatia on his return from fishing on the ocean was speared instead, and hurried off to the altar, whilst I lived on.

"Still I believed that I must die, and in my turn be offered. But, blessed be Jehovah, not long after the offering of Reonatia, the Gospel was brought to Mangaia. I then learnt with wonder that the true peace-offering is Jesus, who died on Calvary in order that all the wretched slaves of Satan might be freed. This was indeed good news to me. After some years the king, chiefs, and the body of the people embraced Christianity and burnt their idols, and Makimou was saved.

"But for that blessed Gospel, this body would long since have been offered up to Rongo, and when rotten thrown by the king, sitting yonder in his pew, to Papa, the mother of the god Rongo. This right ear" (shaking it violently) "would have been cut off, and divided out to the chiefs and landowners on the right (*i.e.*, south) side of Mangaia, as a title to the lands you hold. This left ear would have been cut off, and divided out to the chiefs and landowners on the left (*i.e.*, north) side of Mangaia, to signify what the gods had bestowed upon you. This nose would have been cut off, and divided amongst the kings as their share. Was it not thus with most of my relatives and ancestors? But, thanks be to God, the Word of God has come, and Makimou lives yet. And not only does my body live, but we have the promise and hope of eternal life through the great peace-offering, our Lord Jesus Christ. What I have finally to say to you all,

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my young friends, is just this: Cleave firmly to the Gospel. Never forsake the one living and true God. In the strength of God, say what I said upwards of thirty years ago, when I entered the church: 'Satan, thou hast lost thy victim! I will never part with my hope. Thou art defeated!'"

The large congregation was most deeply moved. Most wept when the old man pathetically put his hand to his ears. On one side of Makimou sat the tottering form of the brother of Paa, who had so often helped to shield him. The aged king, who in virtue of his office as priest of Rongo would have had to offer up the victim, listened with close attention to every word. Makimou then (July 5th, 1868) must have been over seventy-five years of age, and though shrunken in form was still tall, and very venerable in appearance. His fine voice vibrated throughout the large building, but occasionally trembled with deep emotion as the past rose up vividly before him.

I thought this decidedly the best argument I had ever heard on behalf of missions to the heathen. When the old man concluded, I proceeded with the usual service, and, not without exulting gratitude, preached from those memorable words, "God forbid that I should glory," etc. A native afterwards energetically said to me, "It was not so much Paa as God who had preserved the old chapel-keeper, so that he might hear of the great salvation." So far as I know, Makimou is the only native on the island without a bit of land. Why give land to one especially eligible for sacrifice?

Strange thanks for a supper.—During the chieftainship of Makitaka (A.D. 1813), such was the extreme scarcity of food, owing to incessant bloodshed, that there was little else to live upon than rats. One morning Akia went rat-hunting among the rocks. Being very successful, he carried the spoil to a solitary spot to cook. The smoke of his little fire attracted

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two well-armed men, Oruru and Tekea, who were delighted at the sight of a number of rats fizzing over the fire. Akia, being unarmed, felt uneasy at the presence of these visitors, who were well known to him. At their request he gave them some of the cooked rats. The supply quickly disappeared, and a fresh lot was carried to the unwelcome guests by Akia, who naturally thought himself entitled to the remainder.

But Oruru and Tekea were men of consequence, whilst Akia was but a slave. By sheer force they took what was left, devoured the sweet morsels, and then, from mere wickedness, proceeded to murder the poor fellow who had fed them. Not far away there was a cave named Te-ano-ara-o-Teau, *i.e.*, "Where the red-leafed Orotea-tree of Teau grows." Down this dreadful chasm they unceremoniously thrust Akia, despite his earnest entreaties to be permitted to live. As soon as he disappeared below, they hurled down after him the largest stones they could find; and, saying to each other, "The slave is dead," they returned home.

At the depth of eighteen feet beneath the mouth of this deep fissure is a narrow ledge, on which Akia landed almost uninjured, and without being perceived by his foes above. The great stones, intended to crush him, passed close to him in quick succession without touching him. Akia even overheard the words of Oruru to his friend as they started home, "He will trouble us no more."

As soon as the unlucky rat-catcher felt sure that his foes would not return, he carefully looked about for some means of escape. On his left the rocks were perpendicular; at his feet lay a black chasm of unknown depth; but, happily for Akia, on his right hand, *i.e.*, towards the sea, the narrow ledge on which he had alighted extended to some distance. He pursued his perilous path with the utmost caution, since one false step would have been sufficient to precipitate him into the abyss beneath. At length, to his great satisfaction, he

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observed that the ledge took an upward direction towards a small aperture. With new strength he persevered, and eventually succeeded in gaining the top, finally emerging to the light of the now setting sun. In his heathen ignorance he attributed his wonderful deliverance to his tribe-god Matarau, or, "the Lizard possessed of two hundred eyes and eight tails!"[1]

Akia now made straight for Keia, the district to which both he and his cruel neighbours belonged. In the pitch dark Oruru was aroused from sleep by the pressure of a cold nose on his, and the startling words, "It is I, Akia, whom you threw down the cave this afternoon." Oruru, trembling all over at the unexpected apparition, asked, "How did you get out alive?" Akia related his story and went home, where he was joyfully received by those who thought he had been disposed of by some unknown foe.

Akia's hope of propitiating Oruru was not disappointed. Eventually the slave married a niece of the very man who pitched him down the dark cave. Both Oruru and Akia lived to embrace Christianity; the former becoming a church-member, and after some years dying in hope of a better resurrection. Akia learnt to read the portions of the Scriptures at that time printed in the native language; and up to the last was a diligent attendant upon all the means of grace.

One day Akia was fishing at a place where the coral is evidently a thin crust over an opening running far under the reef. This submarine cave is a breeding-place of sharks. Sometimes three or four may be seen asleep on the sandy bottom outside. So that whilst this is a favourite spot for angling, scarcely anything would induce a native to dive in that neighbourhood. On the occasion referred to, an enormous wave rushed past the angler; but Akia, although lifted from his feet for a moment, succeeded in regaining his coral

[1] The two hundred eyes doubtless means "all-seeing." The eight tails may symbolize strength or power.

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perch. But now the back wave meeting the on-coming sea occasioned a temporary whirlpool, which drew down the hapless fisherman to the bottom, a depth of thirty feet. The moment his feet touched the bottom, Akia, never for a moment losing his presence of mind, put forth all his remaining strength in a spring which brought him to the surface. After battling with the waves he once more got ashore alive.

A heathen dance coming off soon after, Akia took part in it. He composed and chanted a brief song in commemoration of his narrow escape from a watery grave, the concluding line of which has passed into a proverb:—

"A mitimiti o te ava ē! Tere mai.
Kua pa te Rongo i nunga nei,—
Te vai maira i Avarua,
Kua tari au ka inga ē!

"Takaiia ra i te papatua;
E ngaei mai a nunga nei,—
Kua aa ra ia ē!
Tai mamaiti mai ra ē!"

"Sucked down, down, by the waves:
The words were on everybody's lips,—
'He lies at the bottom of the sea,
And life is nearly extinct.'

"Yes, my feet pressed the very bottom;
And weeping friends above
Ne'er hoped to see me more!
In truth, I had almost gone."

The cost of a cross word.—When Captain Cook asked "Mourua" and his companion "Makatu," "whether they ever ate human flesh?" they answered in the negative with a mixture of indignation and abhorrence. It was perfectly true that cannibalism had been given up; but it is impossible that they should have been ignorant of what had taken place in their youth. Many years afterwards the infamous Potai was devoured in a cave opposite to the Oneroan school-house; tradition says that his flesh was "particularly ill-tasted!"

The priest-chief Mautara, as formerly noted,[1] was on principle a cannibal during half his life-time, to avenge the wrongs of his family. Yet, passing strange! from the moment of assuming the sovereignty he discouraged the practice, and finally forbade it altogether. One of the latest instances

[1] See page 14.

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in which the great chief's appetite conquered his better judgment is the following:

Amongst the numerous slaves attached to his household were Rongo-ika-eke and Kārua, remnants of one of the almost extinct tribes. At that time they lived in the ever-fertile and beautiful valley of Keia, opposite to the *marae* of Motoro.

Early one morning these slaves returned from torch-fishing with well-filled baskets. One of these baskets, containing the largest and best fish, went to the chief and his cousin Tokoau; the other basket, containing mussels, sea-slugs (*bêche de mer* of commerce), and small fish, was cooked and eaten by themselves. As Rongo-ika-eke sat at the door of her hut enjoying this wretched meal, Temaru, grandson to the chief, a lad about nine years of age, ran to her, and, child-like, commenced a second breakfast. The slave-woman said tartly, "How is this, Temaru? Have you not already had your share?"

Angry at this rebuff, the boy ran off to his grandfather crying. As soon as the chief learnt that his pet Temaru had been scolded by a slave about a bit of fish, he quietly said to Tokoau, "Go, fetch that fish[1] for Temaru."

Now Kārua, who was bringing a bundle of dry sticks and plantain leaves, caught sight of Temaru running crying to the house of the grandfather. A presentiment of evil came over her. Learning from her cross-grained cousin the cause, Kārua gravely said, "Why do you thus give way to your temper? You will surely be eaten by Mautara!"

Rongo-ika-eke at this threw herself on her face, and wept aloud. Tokoau, without a word, dragged her by her hair a few yards to a convenient spot, and with a blow of his stone-adze killed her. In a few minutes more the poor slave was baking in the very oven she and her relative were about to

[1] A person designed for sacrifice or eating was called a fish.

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prepare for the great chief. Temaru was consoled for the refusal of the mussels by a share of this horrid banquet!

Kārua looked on in silence. Had she uttered a word of remonstrance she would have been quieted by the club. But Kārua had once saved the lives of the sons of Mautara, and was noted for her generosity. Her cousin who thus miserably perished was a woman of middle age.

Now the Makatu who paddled off to the *Resolution* in March, 1777, and who, with Mourua, denied that the natives of Mangaia ever ate human flesh, was the son of Kārua. At the time of this slave-woman being eaten he was very young. He grew up to manhood in the family of Mautara along with Temaru.

Temaru became a man of mark in his day. The songs relating to the wanderings and narrow escape of Vaiaa from being eaten were composed by him.

The reflex value of Missions.—Early one morning towards the close of 1852 I first caught sight of the lovely island of Rarotonga, with its lofty mountains robed in perpetual green, and dark deep gorges, and wide plateaux of rich soil near the sea, covered with a rich variety of tropical fruits and flowers.

A cordial greeting was given to the visitors by the good people of Rarotonga, who in crowds thronged into the mission premises at Avarua, in order to present their little offerings of food, etc. In the distance, standing apart from the natives, were two pleasant-looking Europeans, dressed in scarlet serge shirts and straw hats. Inquiring who they were, I was told that they had been put ashore by the captain of an American whaler, in entirely destitute circumstances. They very wisely came to the mission-house, told their sorrowful tale, and were at once rigged out by the kind-hearted missionary, the late Rev. A. Buzacott. They, on their part, wished to be of some

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service to Mr. Buzacott, and therefore volunteered to make the first experiment with a plough just brought out from England. I suspect it was the first time they ever put hand to such an implement, judging from the irregularity of the ridges which remain to this day in the said mission compound.

An evening or two afterwards I wanted to go on board the old *John Williams*, lying at anchor in the narrow harbour. A boat was at hand, but no one to pull an oar. These young men happened to be near, and, seeing my perplexity, kindly offered to launch the boat and take me on board. I felt much interested in them, for their manners were evidently superior to their position. They spoke good English, though with a foreign accent. Going and returning we chatted pleasantly, one of them appearing to be spokesman for both. They described themselves as being Swedish counts, who, being desirous to see the world, had run away from home to America, and there had shipped in a vessel bound to the Pacific. They had failed to please the rough, tyrannical skipper, who even made what is termed "a spread eagle" of one of these young men, and finally sent them (as we have already stated) ashore at Rarotonga penniless.

I felt a pardonable scepticism about their alleged rank, as in the Pacific almost every runaway sailor or beachcomber gives himself airs as being a relative of some of the notables of Europe or America. I met these young men on several occasions afterwards, as they attended our gatherings.

Four years afterwards, *i.e.*, a few months after the conclusion of the Russian war, I paid a second visit to Rarotonga. When talking one afternoon with Mr. Buzacott, then prostrated by sickness, he said to me, "Do you remember two young sailors who turned ploughmen here?" He then put into my hand a letter, saying, "This will please you." It was a letter from the "Swedish count" of 1852, giving his true history. It referred to his having left a

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luxurious home clandestinely, in company with his valet, whom he made his friend, and started off for America. It alluded to months of wretchedness spent on board the whaling vessel; to his having been sent ashore amongst strangers; to the kind notice Mr. Buzacott took of them; to his wonder at seeing the natives of Rarotonga, so lately heathen, regularly attending the house of God, reading the Bible in their own tongue, and dwelling in harmony under the influence of the Gospel; and to his shame that, having been educated in a civilised and more favoured land, he had been living "without God, and without hope in the world." He also stated that, in consequence of what he had seen and heard on Rarotonga, he had been led to search the Scriptures, to repentance, and to faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. He had taken the missionary's advice, and had returned to his friends, and had been well received, and had obtained an appointment in the naval service of his country. At the time the letter was written he was a lieutenant on board a Russian frigate in the Indian seas. At the close of the letter he avowed his real name and rank. He was a Russian nobleman, nephew to a late distinguished ambassador and statesman. If perchance this should meet his eye, I hope that he will forgive me for making public so remarkable and disinterested a testimony to the reflex value of missions to the heathen.

I have the more satisfaction in recording this incident from having observed since my return to England, remarks disparaging to mission work from some Englishmen who might, from their education and knowledge of history, have been expected to know better. On such a matter I would prefer an American sailor's testimony to that of an "earl" or a "doctor." The excuse of youth and levity may indeed be accepted. Men of experience and character, like Lords Napier and Lawrence, or Sir Bartle Frere, do not bring evil reports of missions.

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An American sailor's testimony.—About five years ago, when at the island of Aitutaki, the Rev. H. Royle showed me an interesting letter, forwarded to him some months previously. It was from a sailor on board an American whaler that touched at Aitutaki for supplies. I was so much pleased with it that I asked my esteemed brother for it. I give it verbatim :

"Ship *Syren*, of Boston, *June 7th*, 1870.

"DEAR SIR,—Though a stranger, I salute you in Christ. Some of your people are on board trading. They are evidently Christian natives. Better behaved islanders I never saw on board a ship. Brother 'Never' (Imogo) and I have conversed about an hour. He speaks most highly of you as their pastor. He says that you are 'a good man,' and 'his father.' He says also that God has highly blessed your labours. In this news I greatly rejoice, and thank God. Pray for a poor Christian sailor, as I pray for you. Oh, pray that I may be holy and useful on board this ship. In short, the language and manner of brother 'Never' (Imogo) has drawn tears from my eyes. He has indeed been a blessing to me. Surely God sent him on board to comfort a poor solitary Christian. The ship is good, and the usage is good ; but I want Christian company. And when I found in this islander a Christian brother, how I rejoiced! I do thank God with all my heart for sending the Gospel to this island. 'Glory to God in the highest.' I write in haste, as the boat is going. Accept, then, a few broken thoughts, the utterance of a loving heart. May God make you still a greater blessing to Itotake (Aitutaki) is my earnest prayer.

"I am, dear sir, your brother in Christ,

"J. B. TULLOCH."

Such was the unsolicited testimony of a poor American sailor to the value and success of the missionary enterprise

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in the Pacific. Would that all sailors loved the truth like the writer of the above letter, instead of too often causing the heathen to blaspheme the holy name by which we are called!

A victim saved.—Simeona, a teacher from Aitutaki, was stationed at the village of Pango, in Faté, one of the New Hebrides. The chief was kind in supplying him with food, and permitting none to molest him.

One day he brought a little girl to wait upon Simeona and his wife. She was a nice child for a heathen. On one occasion, in the girl's presence, the chief said to the teacher, "When I die, this girl will die too." Simeona asked for an explanation. Said the heathen chief: "In this country, when a great man dies, four or five persons must be slain to accompany him. If nobody be strangled at my death, people will say, 'He was no chief!' To avoid this disgrace, some years ago I purchased this child (putting his hands upon her head) of her mother for a large pig. There are four other children 'feeding,' in the care of my relatives, against the time they may be required!"

Simeona adopted the child, and she was taken good care of —but not for slaughter!

The "maker" of the sun.—The head man of a neighbouring village came to Simeona, and said, "Do you know who I am?" The teacher replied, "No." The heathen chief rejoined, "You ought to; for I made the sun" (*i.e.*, am a sun conjurer). "That is false," said Simeona. The chief declared that it was in his power to cause the sun to cease to shine. But Simeona cut him short by baring his arm and saying, "Look at my arm and hands. Observe these wonderful joints. Could you make anything like that?" The conjurer was silent. He was earnestly invited to attend the

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services at the Christian village. For a time he did so; but ere long grew weary, and ran off to his own heathen village. Getting sick, the "maker of the sun" did not disdain a little medicine given him by the teacher. He soon got well; and, in a fit of gratitude vowed that he would henceforth give up his old ways, and turn Christian.

But, whilst his judgment was convinced, it was hard to surrender the profit and consequence derived from trading on the superstitious fears of his people. He quickly relapsed into heathenism, and eventually died, trusting to a lie. Simeona went to see the deceased conjurer, and inquired of the relatives the cause of his death. Pointing to a round basaltic stone near the corpse, the brother said, "He was slain by this god." "How could that be," said Simeona, "seeing that he made the sun?" The rebuke was felt: nevertheless the friends insisted, "All we know is, that yon stone was his god, and slew him!"

Buried alive.—A Fatése, who owned plenty of large hogs, spears, fish-hooks, rasped out of shell and wood, and above all, fine mats, fell sick. His neighbours and friends came to see the rich man, who remained in the same state for a considerable time. Weary of waiting for his death, they privately agreed to bury him alive, and divide his property amongst themselves. Accordingly, a grave was dug; dry grass laid at the bottom, and covered with mats. They now proceeded to the hut of the sick man, and told him that, as he must eventually die, they had dug his grave, and had come to put him in. Powerless to resist, the invalid assented. At this he was carried to his grave, and buried alive in a sitting posture; his head, however, above ground.

Next morning, these inhuman creatures came to see whether he was dead. But the unhappy man was alive, and able to converse with them. All that second day he was left

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without food or water. On the morning of the third day, the wretches again went to see their relative, asking, "Are you not dead yet?" In feeble accents the buried man said, "No; but I am very weak and faint." Enraged at this delay, and not knowing how long they might have to wait for his departure, they at once clubbed him to death. They next proceeded to his hut, and took away everything they could lay their hands on; of course feasting on his hogs.

It is the custom of the Fatése to get rid of old people by burying them alive, in order to save further trouble, as well as with a view to a division of chattels.

An infant rescued.—The father of a new-born babe proposed to his wife that he should bury their little one, so that they might not be wearied with caring for her. The mother consented, and the inhuman parent dug a hole and buried the little girl in the forest, all but the head.

Shortly afterwards, by a merciful Providence, another Fatése, not yet baptized, but regularly attending upon Christian instruction, passed through the bush on the way to his plantation. A faint sound, as of a human voice, attracted his attention. He stopped and listened attentively, to ascertain where the sound came from. The low murmur continuing, the semi-enlightened Fatése went in the direction from which it seemed to come, and soon discovered the poor infant. He at once understood the case; but pitying the helpless babe, unearthed her, and tenderly carried her home in his arms to his wife, when they adopted her as their own. The real parents never inquired what became of their child. The little girl lived, and was afterwards baptized and brought up as a Christian.

The two patients.—When Simeona went to Sydney, to await the arrival of the *Dayspring*, he was taken ill of

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dysentery, and was received into the infirmary. At the end of a month he was able to sit up. The man occupying the next bed noticed Simeona using his first renewed strength in reading his Rarotongan Bible, and inquired what book he had got there. Simeona replied, "It is my Bible." "Shut it up," angrily exclaimed his white friend; "it is all lies. Don't read it again." "But it is all true," said Simeona; "and I like to read it."

Another day, this poor white invalid had something nice, which he generously shared with his dark friend. Simeona's appetite was returning, so he gladly accepted it. His companion, however, observed that, ere eating, he reverently asked a blessing in the native language. When he had finished, the white man jeeringly remarked, "What a fool you are that you cannot eat a bit of food without a prayer! I tell you it is all bosh. I am forty years old, but have never seen God. Have you seen Him?"

Simeona replied, "I have not seen God; but I have seen His works." Placing his finger on his elbow and wrist joints, he asked the white infidel, "Who made these?"

The unhappy invalid was silent, and never again spoke to Simeona on the subject of religion. He became worse, and not long afterwards died, as he had lived, without hope. Simeona feelingly mentioned this in a sermon to our people. As I listened, I felt unutterably humbled that a poor Hervey Islander, born a heathen, should rebuke a cavilling countryman of their missionary.

Unconscious prophecies.—On the island of Marè, prior to the arrival of Christian teachers, a general expectation prevailed that "a prosperous kingdom" (*doku dera*) would speedily be set up. The natives unhesitatingly apply this to Gospel times.

At Tutuila the Rev. A. W. Murray heard a new convert

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urge his heathen fellow-countrymen to embrace Christianity thus: "If your father Leiato had been alive, he would have embraced the *lotu*, for he foretold its coming amongst us, saying, 'Blessed are the babes in the womb and the children unborn—*they* shall see the peaceful kingdom.'"

At Rarotonga the following ancient oracle is universally applied to Christianity: "Yonder are the children of God, floating over the ocean like birds on drift cocoa-nut fronds; some are in advance, and others are following."

At Mangaia, in 1821, when the king, as high-priest of Rongo, refused to offer prayers over a human sacrifice, and to beat the longed-for drum of peace, the warrior chief Arokapiti said, "I await a new king from the edge of the horizon, who will give peace." On the eve of the battle in which he fell (the last in heathenism) he remarked, "I go to the spirit-land to send you the new king." Hence the memorial names in the family of Arokapiti, "No-king" (*i.e.*, "high-priest"), and "In-search-of-a-king."

It is a fact that the drum of peace was never again beaten. The natives of Mangaia, at the date of Mr. Williams's arrival, were thus expecting the inauguration of a new and prosperous era by a stranger, who should "pierce the solid blue vault" of heaven. They still love to call the Gospel "the true drum of peace beaten by King Jesus."

This same chief Arokapiti once angrily said to a relative who tried to foment war, "Your god" (Tanè) "has been hidden by me in the rocks. You may weary yourself in searching for him, but will never find him again." This remark could not apply to the idol itself, as it was never lost, and has for many years reposed in the Museum of the London Missionary Society. It unquestionably referred to a mighty revolution in worship and polity expected by that far-seeing heathen chief.

Vaekura, an ancestor of Arokapiti, used to say, "Let man"

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(literally, "the little fish") "be thankful for the humblest shelter; only see to it that God be well housed." This beautiful saying at once passed into a proverb.

How true are the words of Holy Writ, "And I will shake all nations, and the Desire of all nations shall come!" (Hag. ii. 7.)

Forgiveness of enemies.—The Penrhyn Islanders subsist exclusively upon cocoa-nuts and fish. In times of drought the palms scarcely bear a nut; the natives then resort to the fatal expedient of felling some of them, eating the sweet pith of the crown.

On my last visit to that island, I was much interested in the following incident: We met an aged woman horribly mutilated. Upon inquiring the cause, she told us that some heathen visitors from the north-western islands had one night, without provocation, murdered two of her companions. As for herself, she received several fearful cuts, but contrived to crawl into the bush and conceal herself. The murderers then put to sea in a stolen canoe, but were chased and brought back. A council was held. Some said, "Hang all three." But the majority ruled that, because they were heathen, they should not die. Their punishment was, "that they should be kept prisoners until they should learn to read the Word of God, and pray." The savage heathen, astonished at the clemency of the Christian islanders, became very docile, and soon learned to read and repeat a prayer, after which they were allowed to return to their own island homes in the Gilbert Group.

Keeping God waiting.—One evening, after tea, I took a stroll near the beach. I met a worthy old church-member, to whom I said, "If you will come by-and-by to the mission-house, I will show you and some others a 'Zoetrobe' from

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Sydney." A good number came by invitation; but I missed Tepa. When the exhibition was over he came in. I stated that I was tired, and could not show it over again to only one person; and wound up by asking him why he came so late. I shall never forget his reply. In a quiet tone Tepa said, "Missionary, I went to meet my God. It was my appointed time for worship. I could not keep Him waiting."

Dying testimonies.—A dying convert said to the missionary, "I am like a fish chased by fishermen. But I shall elude them all, and, leaping over the intervening reef of death, shall revel for ever in the ocean of Divine love that lies beyond. I know in whom I have believed."

Another remarked on a Sabbath afternoon—the sun was low in the horizon, and the missionary far from home—"We are both on a journey. My sun, too, is setting; but blessed be God, we shall meet again in the same home yonder."

Idol buried under a pulpit.—Tinorei laboured successfully at Manihiki. A church was built; but the heathen party was strong, and determined to put an end to Christianity. For this purpose the great national idol was secretly buried under the pulpit, the flooring of which consisted of coral pebbles, covered with a mat. The flooring was slightly elevated by the bulk of the idol, so that the preacher entering it was sure to kick it, and thus give (as was hoped) mortal offence to the god. A friendly native warned Tinorei not to enter the pulpit the ensuing Sunday, lest he should die. Not heeding this, the good man beat the gong for service himself, and the church was filled. The heathen party mustered in great numbers that day, feeling sure that a triumph was at hand. Truly so; but it was not exactly of the kind they hoped for. At length Tinorei walked boldly into the

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pulpit, striking the little mound with his foot. Without making the slightest allusion to the proceedings of the heathen, he gave out a hymn, and went through the service. The heathen impatiently waited to see Tinorei fall down dead; but they were disappointed. They retired ashamed and vexed. The result was that most of the heathen came over to Christianity, and the very idol which had been concealed under the pulpit was surrendered to the teachers Tinorei and Maretu.

Human sacrifice; two brothers saved.—By the battle of Rangiura the temporal sovereignty was secured to Makitaka (about 1810). A suitable sacrifice to the god Rongo must be obtained. The sacrificial tribes of Teipe and Tonga-iti had taken refuge in the cave of Tautua; but it was hoped that stragglers in search of food might be discovered in the bush.

At break of day a number of warriors started off to Tamarua, a distance of four miles, on this cruel errand. In the lower, and at that time densely-wooded, valley (Kiriapi), they came upon two brothers cooking some food on a fire. The eldest, named Taparutu, was about seventeen years of age; his brother was two years younger. The men at once seized and ate the food of the boys, ordered them to climb some cocoa-nut trees for fresh nuts to slake their thirst, and congratulated themselves upon their good fortune. The brothers were known to be worshippers ("taia te pito no Teipe") of Teipe, and were sure to be acceptable: only one was needed, but both should be conveyed to the priests and chiefs in order that they might make their selection. To save the labour of carrying dead bodies, the defenceless lads were sent on under the care of one of their number, Katia, well-armed. He was then in the vigour of early manhood, but now (1870) dying of sheer old age. Their path lay through a grove of lofty chestnut and other trees, and afterwards over a high hill. Finding

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that his friends loitered behind, Katia resolved to save the boys, on account of a distant relationship to them. He therefore hurried them as fast as possible, and upon gaining the summit of the hill pointed out to them the cottage of Matapa, a chief who had married their aunt Tama-ua. A narrow track to the right, down the steep side of the hill, led to that cottage: there was safety. On the left, the wider track led to the more distant house of Taieti, where it was intended to kill the lads, and select the offering for the god of war. Pointing to the narrow path to the right, Katia bade them run for their lives. Of course the boys, who had given themselves up for lost, did not hesitate to avail themselves of this humane hint. They ran as they had never done before.

Katia now broke off small branches of the low iron-wood bushes on either side of the pathway, and trampled down the fern and reeds, as if a fierce struggle had taken place; and when Taparutu and his brother had got a fair start, their deliverer shouted lustily to his warrior friends for assistance, as the rascals had run away. The astonished warriors rushed up the hillside, and saw abundant indications of a fight. Katia was far a-head in hot chase of the boys, flourishing his spear, and uttering awful threats to deceive his companions, who followed as closely as they could. But somehow Katia did not catch the boys; and as he reached the foot of the hill close to the taro plantations, the boys entered the house of the chief Matapa, who, spear in hand, defied the killing men to enter his dwelling. Matapa was bound to protect his wife's relatives when on his own lands, or else forfeit his dignity as chief.

The warriors, for once effectually baulked, had to go in quest of another sacrifice, which a few days later they obtained in the person of a young girl named Taike.

The boys remained in this place of safety for a day or two, and were then led back by Matapa himself to the cave of

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Tautua, where their parents, who had given them up for dead, joyfully received them. After the girl Taike was offered, the peace-drum was beaten, and the lives of the boys were for a time safe. But a fearful famine—the inevitable result of war—set in. In the hope of preserving life, the brothers started off for the same valley to dig up wild yams. They were successful in their search. After eating as much as they could, they unfortunately fell asleep, when they were discovered and slain out of mere wantonness, not for sacrifice. The spot where they so miserably perished was beyond the domain of their friend Matapa.

In visiting the spot I found the two pathways still existing. Sitting down on the grass where the old chief defied the warriors, I heard the whole story over again from the lips of his grandson. I found that his account exactly corresponded with what I had previously heard from good old Katia, who has been a consistent church-member over thirty years.

A contrast.—When at Aneiteum, in 1863, Dr. Geddie told me that he once earnestly remonstrated with the old chief Nohoat on his cannibalism, and advised him to exact pigs from his people as tribute instead of human victims. The old fellow grew angry, and stretching himself to his full height, said, "Am I not a king? Only human victims are fit for me to feed upon. Do you white men eat pigs: they are good enough for you." It was very interesting to hear the son of this very man preaching to his people the gospel of love from a text in Mark.

Sabbath observance.—A small schooner anchored at Rurutu on a trading expedition. On Sunday morning one of the crew began to fish. The islanders said, "Don't you know it is the Lord's-day? Don't fish." The sailor said, "I don't

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care for your Sabbath. I will fish." Again he got ready his fishing-tackle. The islanders resolved to outwit him. Launching one or two canoes, they quietly waited till the line touched the water, and then cut it, telling the sailor that "though hook, line, and ship belonged to the white man, the waters and the fish were theirs."

At the same island an Italian sailor got permission to spend the Sabbath ashore to shoot wild ducks, of which there were plenty. This got wind amongst the natives, who waited upon the captain (he slept on shore) to know how he came to give permission, seeing that it was an infringement of their laws. The captain sent for the sailor, and told him that he had better desist. The sailor said that he was not going to be cheated out of a day's sport by those natives, and started off to the interior with his gun. But his road was so completely hedged in by the natives (of course unarmed), that, after repeated efforts to get rid of them, he gave it up as a bad job. He returned on board to spend a quiet, inglorious Sabbath.

These Rurutans have no white missionary: an educated countryman of their own officiates as pastor and schoolmaster. The preceding anecdotes were related to me by the captain himself, who is a French Romanist, but who evidently admired these Christian islanders. The Rurutans have just spent £800 on material for the rebuilding of their beautiful new church, opened in November, 1874.

In very few Christian islands in the South Seas is any cooking done on the Lord's day, that the whole day may be spent in sacred exercises. Saturday is therefore a grand day of preparation for the Sabbath—fishing, cooking, and bathing.

Capital punishment.—The first chief in the Hervey Group to embrace Christianity was Tinomana, of Rarotonga, a man of marked piety and decision of character. Unhappily, not

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long before his death, in 1854, his son Také murdered his wife in a fit of jealousy. The case was laid before the missionaries, who merely said, "You have the entire Bible in your own language. Let all the chiefs meet, and inquire what it would be right and wise to do." A meeting was accordingly convened. Tinomana, referring to Genesis ix. 6, said that as he first had embraced the truth, and in his family the sanctity of human life had been violated, he had, at the cost of great pain to himself, resolved to make an example for all time. Accordingly, at a subsequent meeting of people and chiefs, Tinomana sentenced his own son to death. In imitation of English law, a day was fixed for hanging him. But early on that day the maternal relatives of Také came in great force from the eastern part of the island, and declared that they would "hang the man who should hang their boy." The excitement was intense. A second meeting of chiefs was held. Tinomana remarked that it was simply his wish to render human life sacred, and as by hanging his son civil war would certainly break out and the feuds of heathenism be revived, he would commute the death-penalty to imprisonment for life. This was agreeable to all parties. A prison, consisting of two rooms, was built, where the wife-murderer spent the sad remainder of his days. Tinomana's dying charge to his eldest son and successor Setephano, was that he should not release his brother, so that it might not be said that the family who first accepted Christianity dishonoured the laws which sprang out of it. The effect of this remarkable sentence was highly salutary throughout the Group.

A Romish miracle.—At Apia, the commercial capital of Samoa, in 1862, the Romish priest (a French count and vicar) Sabbath after Sabbath preached against Protestantism and the Bible out of the noble translation made by the Protestant

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missionaries. The native Protestant population remaining unconvinced, he at last assured his auditors that he had specially asked the Virgin to grant an unmistakable sign from heaven for their conversion. He felt certain that she would grant his request, if they would come together on the following Sabbath. A great number went. At a certain point in the discourse, the priest called out, in a loud voice, "Let the fire of God descend!" But no fire fell. Again he earnestly invoked the fire; but still it did not fall. When for the third time, and in a stentorian tone, he demanded fire from heaven, the voice of his Samoan servant was distinctly heard from the top of the belfry, saying, in a deprecating voice, "There is no fire; it has gone out!" The natives thoroughly despised this attempt to deceive them.

Conscience.—The same priest had a Samoan catechist, who was guilty of stealing a pig. Some time afterwards the priest told him to go to another village to conduct service. The native replied, "I cannot; I feel I cannot, for I was guilty of theft. I am not fit to preach." "Never mind that," said the priest. "You did well to confess it to me; but I have given you absolution. You are all right now; go to ——, and preach." The Samoan persisted that "his conscience told him that he was unfit to go, and therefore he could not go." The upshot of it was that the man saw the emptiness of Popery, and finally renounced its pernicious creed.

A Madonna.—Some years ago the *St. Mary*, an American whaler, went ashore at Apia. The priests bought her figure-head, and employed a man to make it look somewhat like a woman. After dressing it they put it up in their chapel, the natives ridiculing them for bowing down to and worshipping a ship's figure-head!

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Absolute sway of the heathen priesthood.—Priests were called "gods," as standing in place of and speaking for the invisible gods. None durst say nay to the priest. He could not be approached without the gift of the best food, and a bowl of intoxicating "kava" (*Piper mythisticum*). His word was final. No murder was committed without his cognisance. Ordinary people were the slaves of their warrior-chiefs. These warrior-chiefs were the slaves of the priesthood. The islanders generally—warrior-chiefs included—were accustomed to suck the delicious liquid of the cocoa-nut through the small natural aperture which we call the monkey's eye. For the priest the opposite end was clean knocked off, so that he might quaff freely, symbolising the doctrine that the power of life and death lay with him. The round nut represented the human head. The usual form of the oracle for war was, Split open the nuts of Rongo ("vāi i te akari a Rongo"); all human life being supposed to be at his disposal. To present the priest's nut without previously splitting it open, was an unpardonable offence.

A noble answer.—On the disgraceful French invasion of Lifu in 1864, eight of our Eastern Pacific teachers were conveyed as prisoners on board a war-steamer. The commandant sternly asked them, "Who sent you here?" One of their number, Butaura, meekly replied, "Our Master, who said, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'" "Put them in irons!" was the instant order of the commandant, who was infuriated at the unexpected reply. They were all fettered and shut up in the hold in utter darkness for five days and nights. At certain intervals a man fed them. A wily priest visited them more than once, promising to procure their release if they would renounce the Protestant faith. They firmly refused, saying, "They preferred to die." When they were released they could not use their hands or

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their feet. The surgeon humanely did all he could to relieve their swollen limbs. Meantime their wives were prisoners on board another war-steamer, but were not fettered.

Facts for shipowners.—In December, 1852, the whaling ship *Frances*, of New Bedford, was wrecked on Mangaia. When the captain returned home he published an account of the disaster, from which we subjoin an extract:

"Not an article was stolen from the wreck; and when they picked up what drifted on shore, and were ordered by the native chiefs to bring them back, they immediately did so. When the natives first came on board, one of them came to me, and asked me if he might have some turkeys and ducks that were washing about the deck. I told him to take them, and thought no more about them. On my leaving the island he followed me to the boat with them, and insisted that they still belonged to me, and that he had only taken care of them for me.

"I will mention one more anecdote. I touched at this island in March, 1851, and recruited my ship. On going on board at night I found that I had more than my boat could carry with safety. Not wishing to stay over night, I left three hogs on the beach. On my return to Mangaia in the following December, the same three hogs were brought, and I was informed that they belonged to me, and that no charge would be made for their keeping. I could give many more instances of their honesty.

"WILLIAM SWAIN, Jun."

In 1859 a cutter was driven ashore at the village of Oneroa. The native pastor, Mamae, urged the king and the leading men to exert their authority to prevent her from becoming a total wreck. The people were accordingly collected, and with the aid of long ropes, they succeeded in dragging her

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over the reef, beyond the reach of the breakers. On the following Monday morning, in the adult school, Mamae invited all who were of a willing mind to come and repair the little craft. Accordingly numbers came, and, after three weeks' hard work, they completed the repairs; and on a day appointed the cutter was launched by the united exertions of the men and women of the village. All this was done without fee or reward, as the owner of the little craft was poor.

"*Without natural affection.*"—A sad story was related to me at one of the islands we touched at on our way to Sydney. Three intelligent young men were pointed out to me, who five years before grew weary of caring for their poor old widowed father. Early one morning he was roused from sleep by finding that his sons were tying together his hands and feet. The old man begged to be spared, pathetically saying, "Wait till I die; it will not be long." Deaf to his entreaties, they carried him suspended from a pole to a dark deep cavern. On the way thither the victim somehow contrived to release his hands, and clutched hold of the overhanging branches of trees. He was laid on the ground, and his hands tied more firmly than at first. The old man was then left to die alone in the cave, which was pointed out.

Not long afterwards the Gospel was preached to these islanders. These young men, now much troubled in mind at what they had done, inquired of the teacher whether God would forgive so great a sin. The reply was, that if they truly repented, the blood of Jesus Christ would cleanse from all sin. All three young men subsequently joined the Church, and one of them became a preacher of the Gospel.

The Deacon and the Earl of Pembroke.—When the Earl of Pembroke visited Rarotonga, large gifts of island produce were made to him. In presenting them, Tearikitaraaere

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referred to the fact that the Earl was a stranger, and that in the olden time strangers were usually put to death; adding these noble words: "In Jesus Christ all the world are kin."

A painful question. — A deputation once waited on me in the islands to inquire whether there were any white heathen.

The brothers' conflict.—In the days of the great warrior chief Ngauta, about two centuries ago, there lived with his aged parents in Veitatei, on the south-west part of the island, a young man named Kotu. Koā, his younger brother, lived with his mother's relatives at Karanga, on the opposite side of Mangaia.[1]

These brothers were tenderly attached to each other, and were constantly exchanging visits. Very oddly, one evening Kotu left his home with the intention of visiting his younger brother Koā. About the same time Koā left his home in order to pay a visit to his elder brother. Their road lay across Rangimotia, the central and highest hill in Mangaia. By the time they had arrived at this spot, which was exactly half-way, it was perfectly dark. A drizzling shower had set in.

It was the practice in those times, when walking at night, to wrap up the head and face in native cloth, so as to conceal the features. The brothers met without recognising each other at the narrowest part on the summit of the hill, where a large ironwood tree, the gnarled roots of which yet remain, then waved its light and graceful limbs. The pathway through the fern admitted only of one person passing at a time. Under the branches of this tree they met, and stood

[1] Ngauta's second "lordship of Mangaia" was given to Taia, a relative of these young men, who must have been persons of mark in those days.

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for a long while face to face, without uttering a word, each hoping to tire out the other's patience. It was a point of honour not to step out of the narrow pathway to oblige another: to do so would be an admission of inferiority.

At last they hustled each other. As neither gave way, they prepared for a deadly conflict. The head covering having fallen on the shoulders, each contrived to get hold of the other's long, twisted hair, after the approved murderous fashion of these islanders, and endeavoured to break his neck. As they wrestled and fought, they unconsciously approached one side of the hill, and rolled over and over until they reached the moist spongy bottom. Kotu, the eldest, happened to be uppermost, and was not materially the worse for the disagreeable roll. This is accounted for by the gradual slope; chiefly, however, by the circumstance that the sides are entirely free from projecting roots of trees and stones, and are clothed with soft fern and coarse grass. The hard breathing of Koā showed that he had suffered considerably, and that his strength was nearly exhausted. By a sudden movement Kotu succeeded in disengaging his own head. Now was the critical moment to finish the contest. Firmly planting his knees on the back of his prostrate and exhausted foe, he gathered up all his strength in order to break his neck. Just by was a morass, now planted with taro, in which he intended to hide the corpse. The poor fellow underneath, fully comprehending his critical position, in the agony of death, gasped out the name of their father, or, as some have it, the name of his beloved elder brother—"Alas; Kotu, I perish!" That cry, uttered at the last extremity, saved his life! The arms of Kotu fell powerless; and the brothers wept with shame and grief. In that lonely swampy valley, known as Mataare, an explanation took place. A pandanus tree marks the exact spot. When they had sufficiently rested, Kotu insisted that his brother

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should go with him to his home in Veitatei, and tell the strange tale to their aged father Oeve. They did so; at break of day the southern part of the island was in a pleasant commotion at this singular midnight encounter between two brothers who had ever entertained the warmest affection for each other.

The following song refers to this incident:—

THE BROTHERS.

"Naaku rai e kakō	"'Twas I that wearily ascended
Io te puku roa i Tavaikura	The long hill-range at Karanga.
Ko akarere Koā e !	'Twas I, Koā, that well-nigh perished.
"Ia ua ei, ia ua ē,	"Through the drizzling rain
To reire i kakea Kotu e i kakō !	Kotu climbed the southern side.
Tu e tu akariri Oeve ē !	We met and angrily faced each other.
Tu e tu akariri Oeve ē !	Alas, Oeve ! we angrily faced each other.
Ua akaāuriri ki te kanotau	Murderously we fought through the night
E tei nunga te mārama ē !"[1]	Until daylight appeared !"

Such is the ancient story. May we not regard it as an emblem of the unhappy contests which too often exist between good men of different denominations, who yet really love the Lord Jesus Christ, and who are at heart one with each other? The continual mistakes which are so often made as to each other's motives and character arise from the mists and darkness of this erring world, where sectarian prejudices veil one brother's face from another. But let worst come to the worst, surely instead of brother making a full end of brother, a cry to the common Father, or an appeal to their common brotherhood, will at once put an end to unseemly strife, and cause tears of honest sorrow to fall plentifully. Side by side let us walk on to the house of our common

[1] Author unknown. This scrap was caught from the lips of Reonatia, the last person offered in sacrifice. The very crabbed style of this fragment attests its antiquity.

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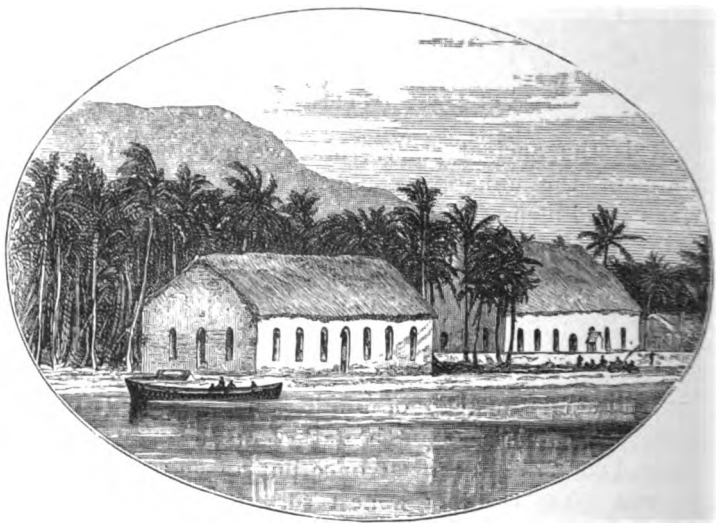
Father above, until in His presence we shall be able to tell the strange story of our errors and misunderstandings on earth. Not a little wonderful will it then seem to ourselves and to all glorified spirits, how it came to pass that brethren in Christ could possibly have been ignorant of each other's true character on earth, and treat each other so roughly.

"The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up."



Church and School-house, Ngatangiia, Rarotonga.

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Harbour at Ngatangiia, Rarotonga.

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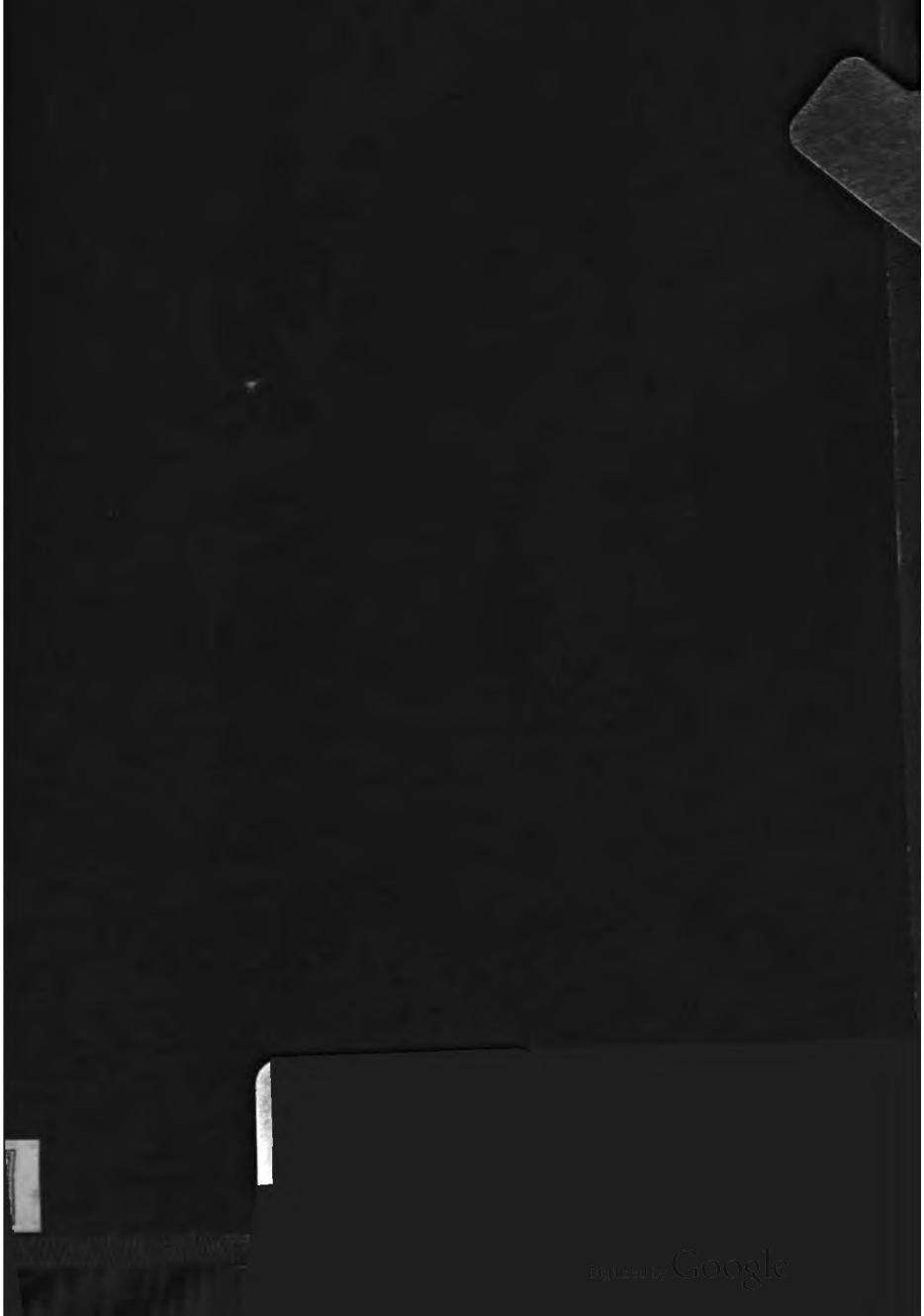
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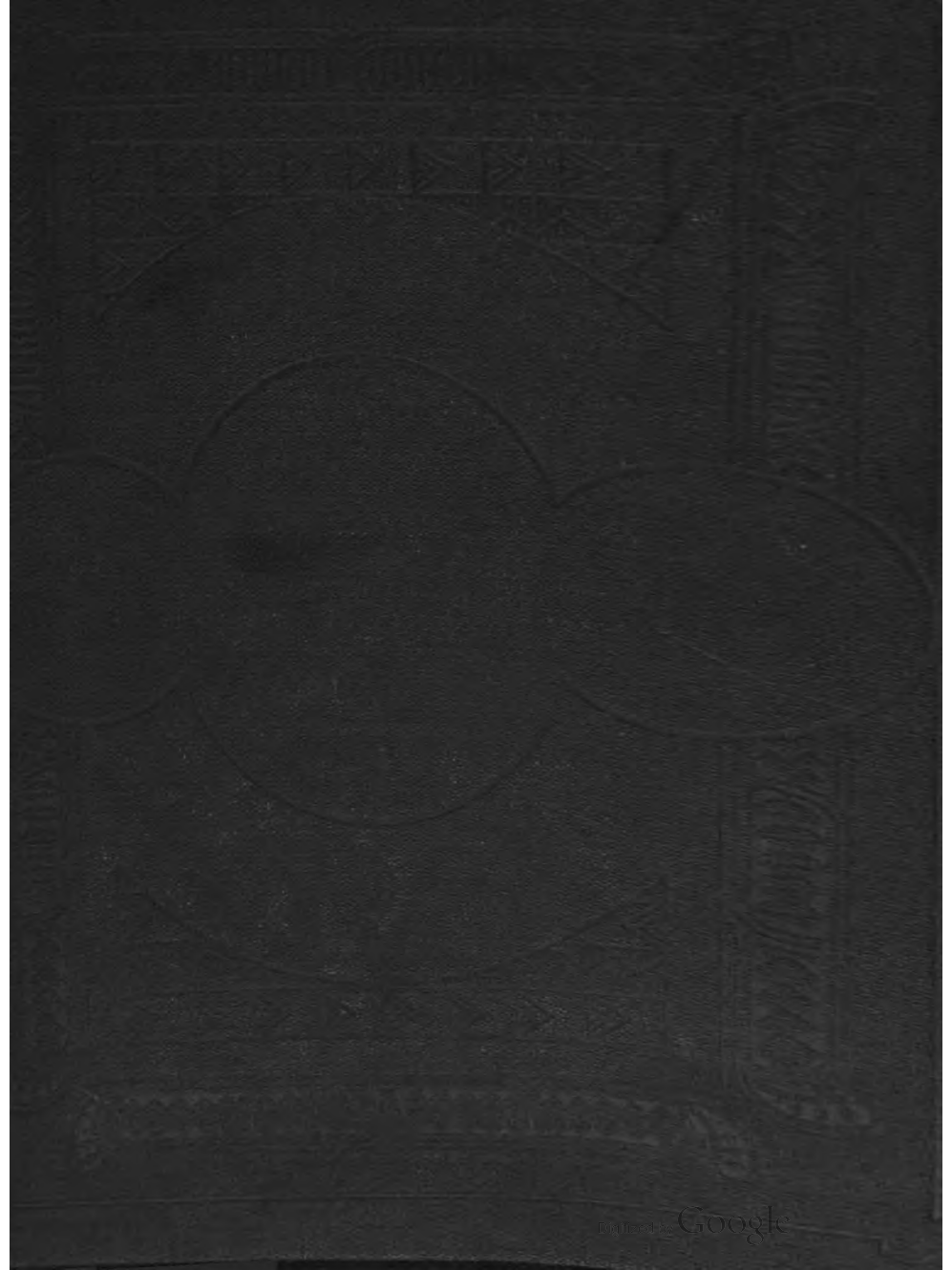
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